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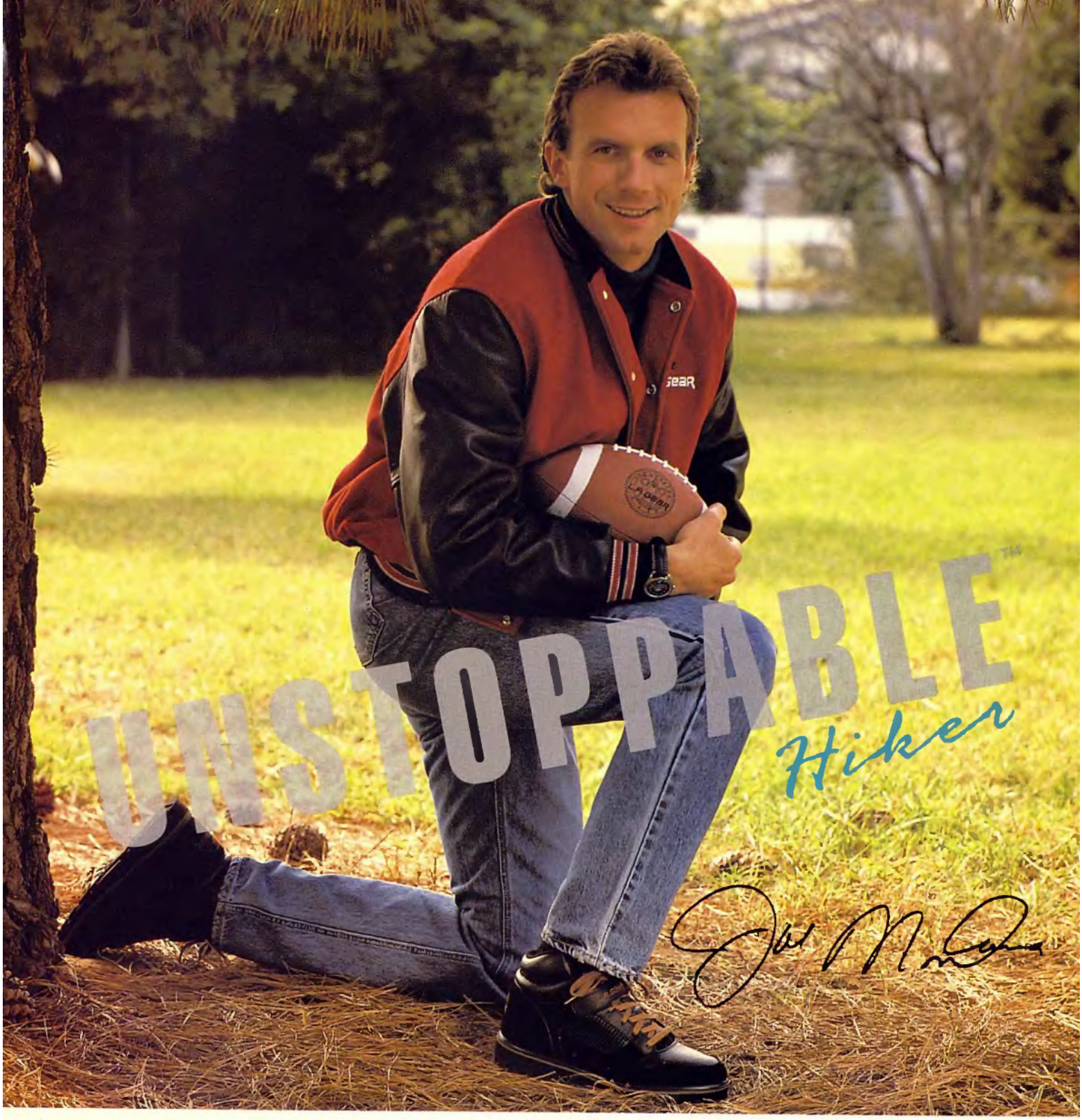

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PLAYBILL

TOP TEN REASONS to read *Playboy* this month:

10. Includes **David Letterman's** *Top Top Ten Lists.*
9. More fun than the *Congressional Record.*
8. Fabulous babes.
7. Learn who **Shintaro Ishihara** is and why you should care.
6. If you don't, you'll have to answer to heavyweight champ **Buster Douglas.**
5. No cholesterol.
4. Surprise scratch 'n' sniff.
3. *Custom Woodworking Guide* was *last* month.
2. Says you're a with-it kind of guy.
1. Did we mention the babes?

Now imagine you hear **Paul Shaffer** and the World's Most Dangerous Band revving up as we unveil a big issue, a bountiful issue, a back-to-school issue. First there is Dave, with his *Top Top Ten Lists* (the book version is due from Pocket Books). But why is Letterman in a back-to-school issue, you ask? Simple: Many small-minded people describe his humor as sophomoric, so he is a natural. **Jim Evans** did the dangerous, Davesque illustration.

But wait, we're not done with academics yet. Consider the *Girls of the Big West.* You'll remember that UNLV's Runnin' Rebels, the Big West basketball power, ran roughshod over the competition on their way to an N.C.A.A. title last April. That school and its conference mates show a far friendlier side in this pictorial, photographed by our favorite campus recruiter, Contributing Photographer **David Chan.**

While you're in a collegiate mood, check out our two fiction entries. **Ron Carlson's** *Hartwell,* illustrated by **Edie Vonnegut,** tells the tale of a professor who's a fool for love—and for one lovely coed, in particular. And our winning College Fiction Contest entry, *The Night My Brother Worked the Header,* by the University of Virginia's **Daniel Mueller,** is a gripping story of lust and blood ties.

After all that coursework, you'll be ready to graduate to our other fantastic October offerings. Foremost among equals is the *Playboy Interview* with Shintaro Ishihara, a strong candidate to become Japan's next prime minister. Ishihara, co-author of the inflammatory treatise *The Japan That Can Say No,* sounds off to Contributing Editor **David Sheff** about America's alleged anti-Japanese racism and industrial incompetence.

Fortunately, Ishihara doesn't say anything about incompetence in the boxing ring, or he'd have to try negotiating with James "Buster" Douglas, the man who conquered the "invincible" **Mike Tyson** last February. Artist and writer **Tony Fitzpatrick** hung out with the champ on a recent visit to Chicago, and with his piece—*In This Corner,* which he also illustrated—he catches a few swings at **Don King** and a private match-up with **Muhammad Ali.**

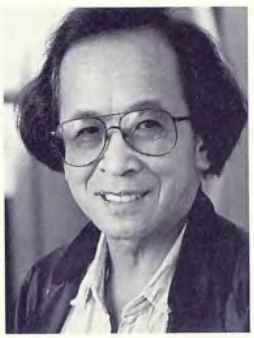
Those who take college football seriously will want to study *Playboy's Pigskin Preview.* Ace prognosticator **Gary Cole,** whose day job is Photography Director, ranked number one in his preseason picks last year, leaving *Sports Illustrated, The Sporting News* and the Associated Press in the dust. Also in a predictive mood this month is car sage **Ken Gross,** who fires away with *Playboy's Automotive Report.* Here is everything you need to know about what's going to be hot on four wheels. It's the first dispatch in what's to be a quarterly series. And don't miss *Fall and Winter Fashion Forecast,* written by Fashion Editor **Hollis Wayne** and photographed by **Beth Bischoff.**

Rounding out the issue are **Paul Engleman's** spicy *20 Questions* with **Kiefer Sutherland,** a star of *Young Guns I* and *II* and the paramour of one **Julia Roberts,** and tantalizing pictorials on *American Gladiators'* ultravixen **Marisa Paré** and Playmate **Brittany York.**

So who needs a top-ten list? In this issue, the page numbers—front to back—are all stacked in your favor. Read on—and please don't try any Stupid Reader Tricks, such as stopping here.

LETTERMAN

EVANS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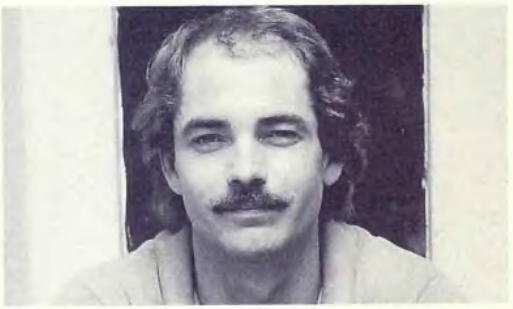
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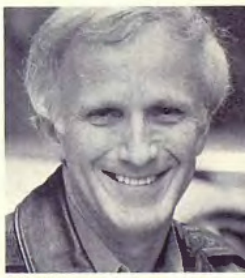
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FITZPATRICK

SHEFF

COLE

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BISCHOFF

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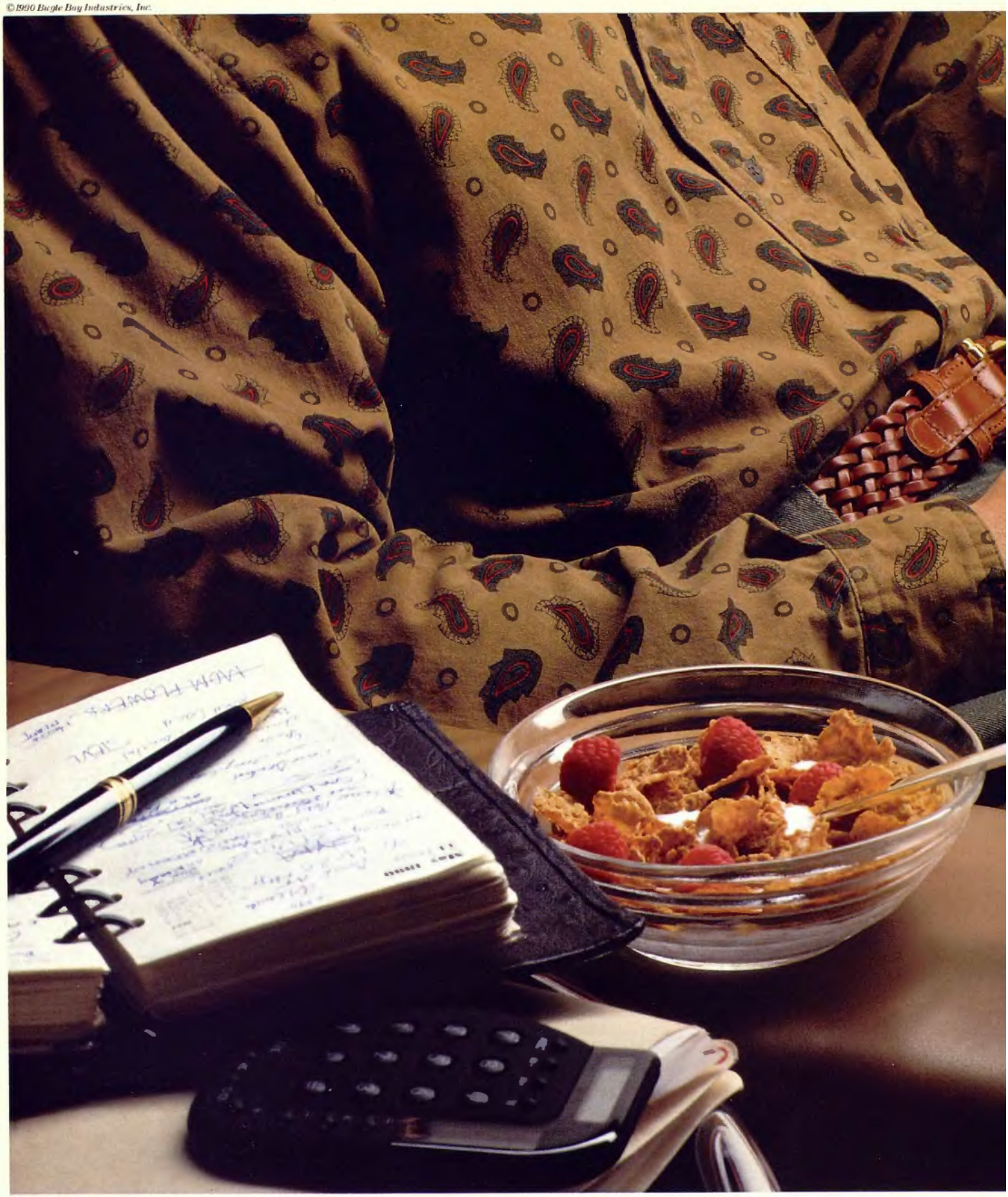

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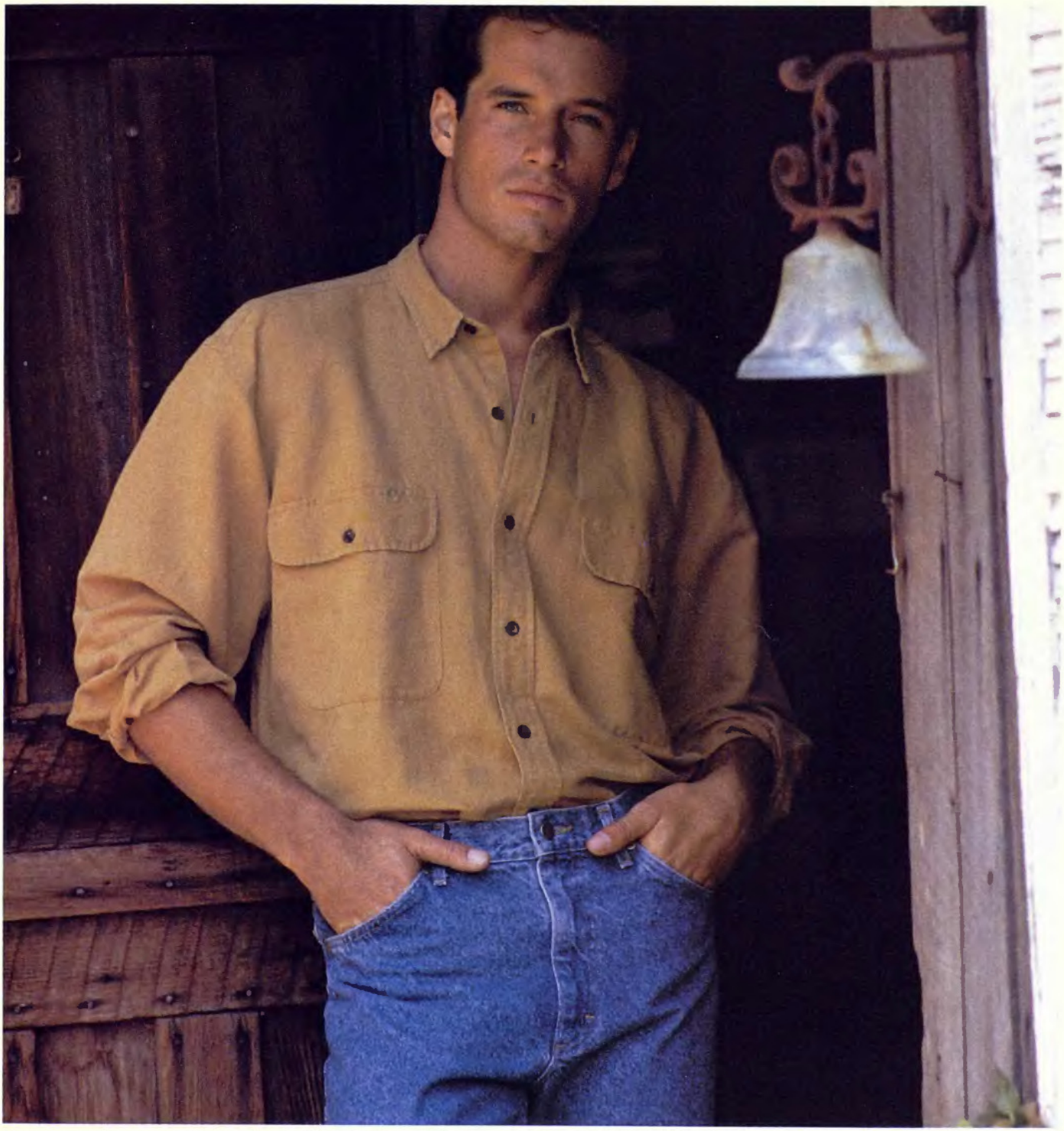

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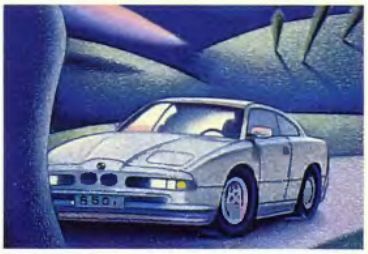

Hot Wheels P. 98

COVER STORY

School's in session and Playmate Melissa Evridge is hitting the books. Our cover was designed by Junior Art Director Kristin Korjenek, styled by Lee Ann Perry and shot by Contributing Photographer Stephen Wayda. Melissa's lingerie is by Ronsard for M. A. Rabinowitz, N.Y.C., and her eyeglass frames are by Alain Mikli fram Spex, Inc., Chicago; her hair and make-up were styled by Jahn Victor and Pat Tomlinson. Our Rabbit is so composed!

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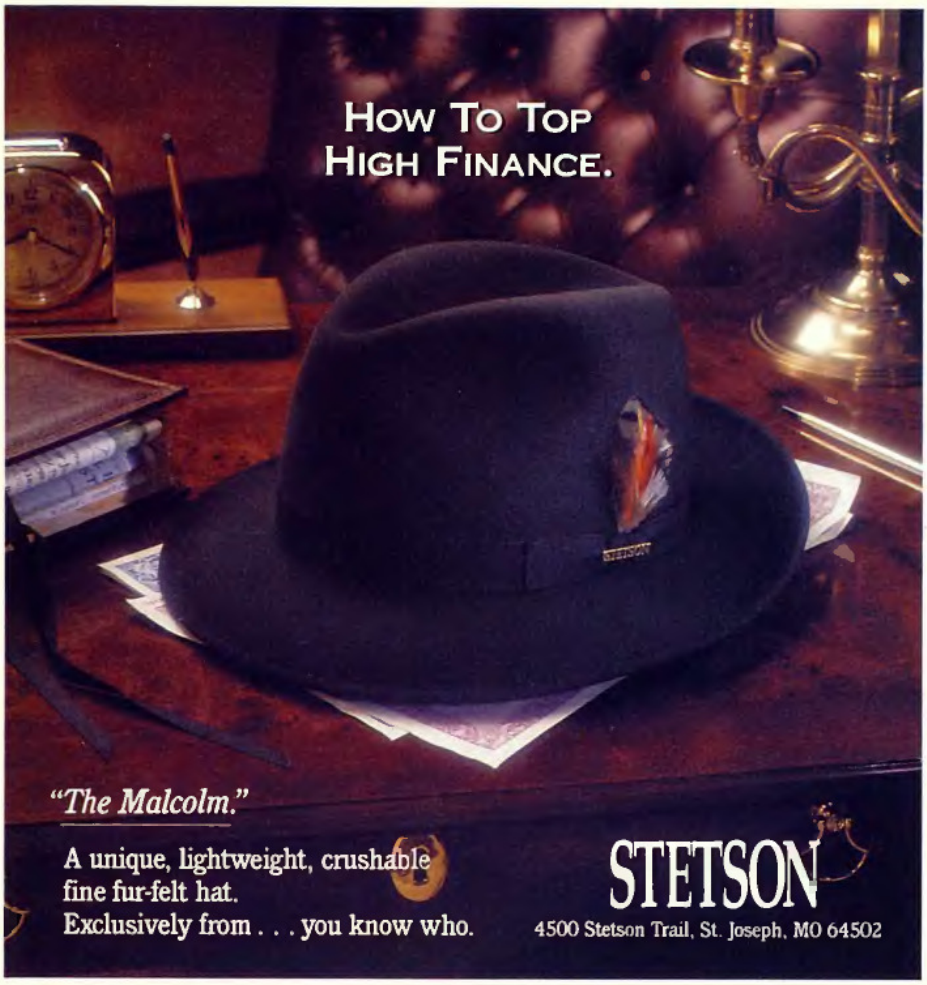
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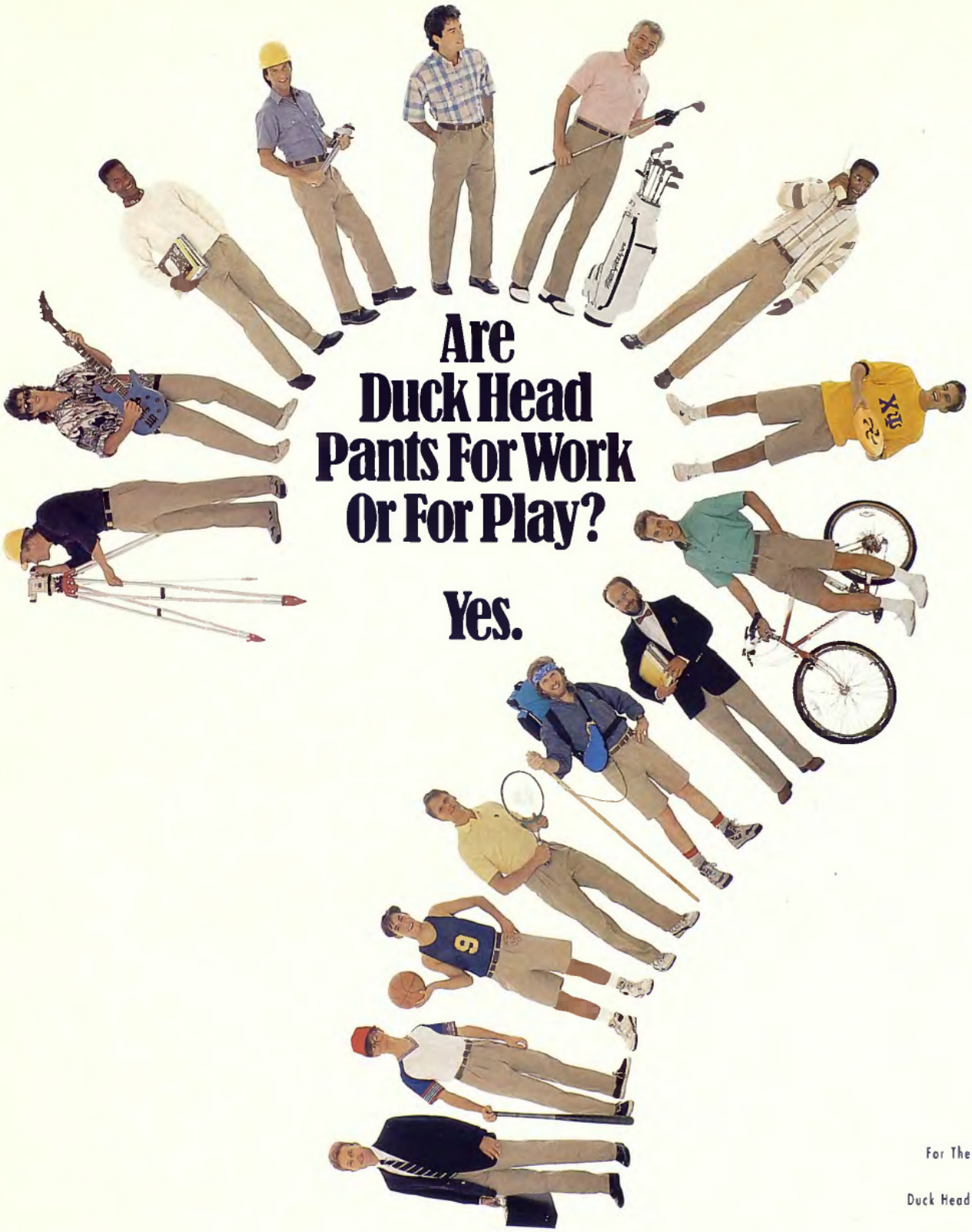

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QUINCY JONES INTERVIEW

I have mixed feelings about the *Playboy Interview* with Quincy Jones in the July issue. The guy is indisputably a musical genius. However, his statements about the manifold blessings endowed by the various rock aid concerts are not only dead wrong but dangerous. He should have paid at least passing attention to the exposés by William F. Buckley, Jr., and others of what really went on with Ethiopia's fascist ruler Colonel Mengistu and his cronies. Briefly: The food sat on the docks rotting (what little was used was as a lure to trick dissidents out of the hills, after which they were captured and relocated in the south to be worked—literally—to death), and the jeeps, which were supposed to be utilized to distribute the food, were immediately commandeered by the military.

It was only American businessmen who profited (obscenely) from any of those knee-jerk aid concerts, and Jones aided and abetted that. Hardly reason for sainthood.

Marc S. Tucker
Manhattan Beach, California

Quincy Jones should know that the number of blacks who are "carrying bags at the airport or pushing fries at the Burger King" and who have master's (or even bachelor's) degrees is pitifully small. Furthermore, while some Harlem and other inner-city preachers, aldermen, spokesmen, etc., were indeed screaming for help when the foot cops still could have stopped the drug epidemic in the street, Jones fails to mention that an equally vociferous segment of the black community still screams "racism," "police-state tactics" or "brutality" at any attempt by law enforcement to clean up the drug traffic.

Arnold Muscat
Reno, Nevada

MONEY AND KINK

Thanks for the July *Playboy Forum* interview with Dr. John Money, "Sex: The Good, the Bad and the Kinky," dealing with sexual mental health. I agree with Dr. Money that we as a nation have become quite sick, and I admire his eloquence in exposing the recent spate of sex-bashing propaganda.

Five years ago, after a 20-year marriage, I got divorced and started dating again. I found women to be more aggressive and liberated than when I last dated, but I also encountered a significant number of people—male and female—in the single world who treated sex as something nasty. I found women who thought I should apologize for having a libido. I was treated as if I were unhealthy for liking sex. I asserted that it was they who were unhealthy and that a robust interest in sex should be applauded, as it is in Europe, not condemned!

Jim Green
New Braunfels, Texas

As a longtime *Playboy* subscriber and a longtime admirer of Dr. Money's work, I must commend you for having the courage to publish an interview with him in July's *Playboy Forum*. His conclusions, drawn from 40 years of research, may not be popular given the sexual witch-hunt that has struck our society, but we should all listen carefully to what he has to say.

Reb Monaco
Hollister, California

WOMEN ON THE BATTLEFIELD?

If I wore a hat, I'd take it off to Asa Baber for his July *Men* column, "Are Women Fit for Combat?" I don't think another man could have written a better discussion of such a touchy topic.

I agree with Baber, but as a woman, I know nothing makes us more determined than to hear a man tell us we aren't fit to do something. And I ask men, Whom would you rather have defending your life on the line—a woman who has gone through hell to get there and wants to be there or a man who doesn't?

Beth Franklin
Birmingham, Alabama

I have to agree with Asa Baber that women should not be allowed to serve in

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front-line combat positions. The issue rests on whether or not women's presence in combat would be enough of a benefit to outweigh the resulting complications.

A few problems Baber neglects to discuss involve the relationships between male and female soldiers. The threat of sexual and verbal harassment is already a problem that has been acknowledged by the Defense Department. Other problems are that many male commanders won't assign women to certain jobs, and that some men have reservations about taking orders from women.

Perhaps the most important concern is the possibility of negative public reaction to female casualties. This is an issue that the media would probably exploit to the fullest, and public outcry would likely be the result.

Jason Zasky
New York, New York

Come on, Asa, stand up like a man and admit that you don't want women in combat. Don't straddle the fence with such thorny, *macho* phrases as, "Women are equal to men, except. . . ." Your excuse is that we are not psychologically ready to see mothers, daughters and wives return from combat in body bags. That may be true. But if that is so repulsive, why do we allow so many of them to be robbed, raped and killed on our own soil?

We cannot wait until America feels that it is ready to accept women in the casualty reports. If we waited until America felt it was ready for progress, blacks would still be in chains and women still unable to vote. Now is the time to include women in combat roles, before the budget-cut ax falls. When the defense budget starts to get trimmed, women's opportunities will be sliced off along with it.

Mark S. Vittek
Austin, Texas

HE'S GOTTA HAVE IT?

It's clear from Asa Baber's recent *Men* columns that he's having far too much fun in his work. This is in direct contradiction to the work ethic that made this country great. Did the man get laid or something? More *Sturm und Drang*, please. Let a bus run over his foot, or allow him to get an infected cuticle. Let's hear some more pain.

Gregg Moscoe
Playa Del Rey, California

A ROMANCE WRITER'S LAMENT

I am a writer of historical romance novels who considers herself a liberated woman. I have always enjoyed reading your magazine and think it is important for women to understand the male psyche. That is why I am so disappointed in your article on romance books, *A Man's Guide to Heaving-Bosom Women's Fiction* (*Playboy*, May). Classifying them all as trash only proves your ignorance of the subject. Many romance novels are excellent. I do extensive research for my books and recreate as well as I can the plot's time period. Thus, I think my novels educate as well as entertain.

I would never refer to *Playboy* as trash. Therefore, I think it is unfortunate that you would take a cheap shot at a genre that indulges women's fantasies in much the same way that your magazine represents men's fantasies. Fantasy and escapism are healthy and fun. Why come down on a whole genre just because it's marketed to women? Shame on you for being chauvinistic!

Romance authors are often unfairly stereotyped as frumpy, love-starved housewives. Well, I'm not frumpy, I'm not at all love-starved and I hate housework!

Kathryn Kramer
Boulder, Colorado

Having seen, via the photo you enclosed, what the author of "Destiny and Desire" and

"Desire's Deception" looks like, we will never again think that romance authors are frumps.

WRONG WAR

Robert Stone, in *Fighting the Wrong War* (*Playboy*, July), is absolutely right. We're losing the "war" on drugs just as surely as we lost in Vietnam, and for the same reason: It's pointless to try to win by force what can be won only by knowledge. We read of big busts, tons of confiscated cocaine, jails filled to overflowing, but the bottom line is more drugs on the street at cheaper prices.

Alcohol and cigarette use are declining, but not because of police or the courts. People are learning that that stuff ain't good for them. Education and rehabilitation are the only way to win in the fight against drug abuse.

Norman Korney
Omaha, Nebraska

CRACKDOWN

Robert Scheer makes a pretty good argument in *Reporter's Notebook*, "Crimes and Misdemeanors" (*Playboy*, July) that United States citizens should question the way the FBI arrested Washington, D.C., mayor Marion Barry—if for no other reason than that the arrest was made in a terribly *macho* way. Certainly, the way the FBI used Rasheeda Moore, who had so much (her three children) on the line, was deplorable.

But despite Scheer's complaints about the FBI, I think that anyone who contemplates the damage crack does to so many people can come to only one conclusion: It was crack, not Moore, that betrayed Mayor Barry.

Brian Hofer
Elk Grove, California

BODY DOUBLE

Having known Marilyn Monroe briefly when I worked as an extra on *Bus Stop*, I almost dropped the July *Playboy* in shock upon seeing Rhonda Ridley-Scott in the *Body Double* pictorial. Rhonda says, "When I do her, I *am* Marilyn." Is she ever! Thanks, *Playboy*, for a touching remembrance.

Lanny R. Middings
San Ramon, California

The New York Yankees, when Joe DiMaggio was married to Marilyn, won American League pennants and World Series. Please tell Rhonda Ridley-Scott to call George Steinbrenner. If she can't wake up a dead team, nobody can.

George Sidoti
East Northport, New York

THE BUNDY BRIGADE

I just finished *Hanging Out with the Bundys*, by Pamela Marin, in your July issue. When I read about the censor who thought that a crewcut meant shaving pubic hair, I laughed so hard I had to put the magazine down.

It reminded me of an incident I heard about during the golden days of radio comedy. One comedian came up with a skit in which he came home and found his little son crying. When asked what was wrong, the boy sobbed, "There's a strange man in Momma's room."

The comic rushed to his bedroom, found the strange man hiding in the closet, pulled him out and demanded, "What do you mean, scaring little kids?"

The network censor who killed that bit was fired. The idiot who made the ruling on crewcuts should have been fired, too.

Bernhardt Sandler
Venice, California

I wonder if country-club housewife Terry Rakolta, who has it in for the Bundys, ever watches the Oscars or other award ceremonies on TV. If not, she should, because she'll see more bared cleavage than they ever show on *Married . . . with Children*.

Wayne Harrison
St. David, Arizona

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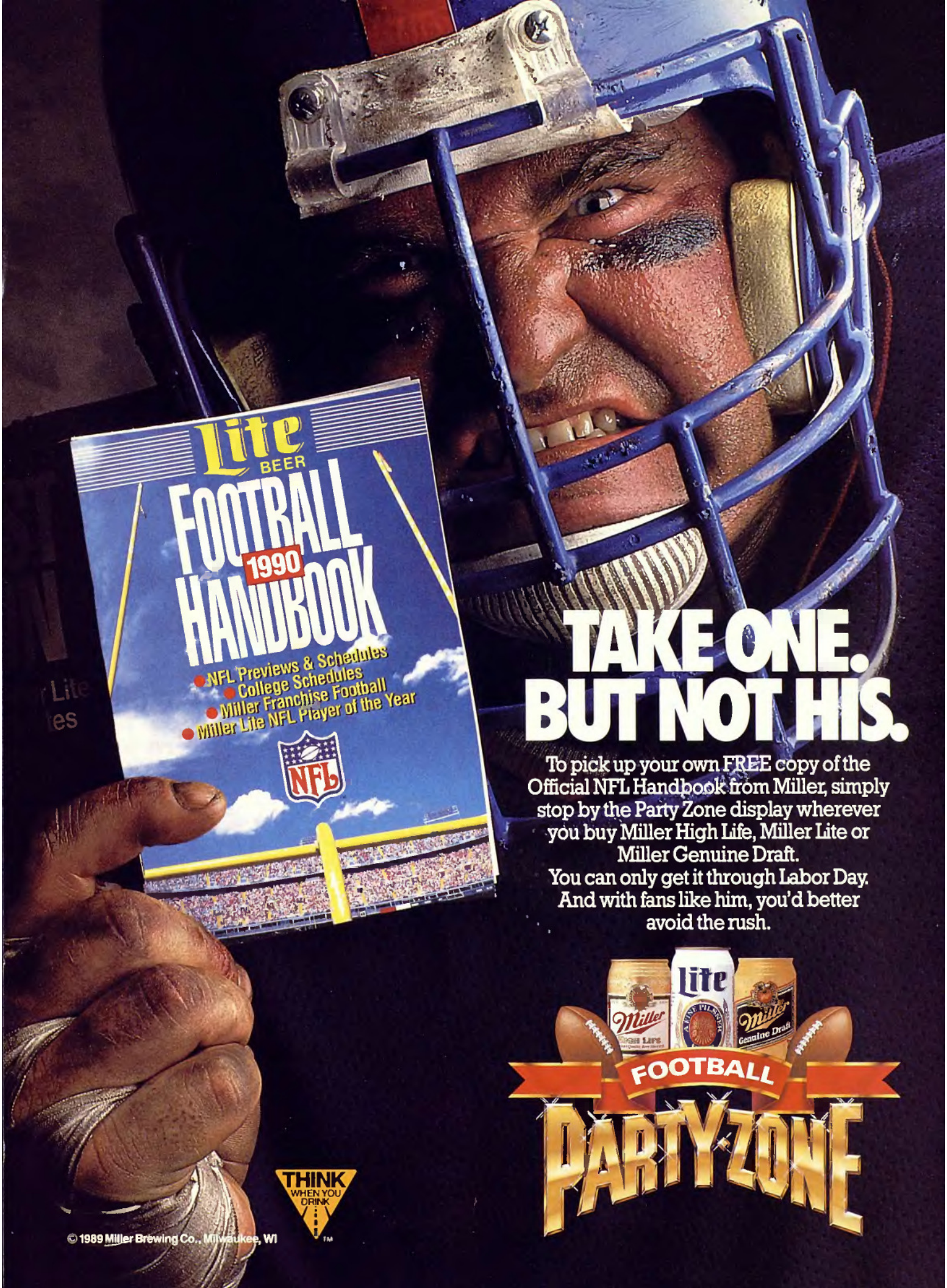

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PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS

TO COMPUTE, PERCHANCE TO DREAM

You say you dread seeing a FATAL ERROR message on your IBM monitor? Or, if you use a Mac, do you dive for cover when you see that cutesy little bomb signifying that something has gone so wrong that you'll have to start all over? The time is coming when you won't have to worry about data death. Some new computers can almost fix themselves—as well as think for themselves.

The road to artificial intelligence is being paved by cognizers, machines that are capable of comprehension and understanding. Cognizers learn from experience. They can be hooked up to various sensors—audio, olfactory or optical—and make judgments and predictions based on past patterns. They also dream: That's how they avoid fatal errors.

The extraneous clutter from billboards, television and other unsolicited sources that our human neurons deliver to us during the day is stored in our short-term memory and can be flushed away in our dreams. In the same way, the cognizer rests by running without input while it deletes the data that might otherwise overflow its capacity. Carlos Tapang, the founder of Syntonics Systems, a developer of cognizers, says a special circuit on his chips senses the machine's need to dream and triggers a mode he compares to R.E.M. (rapid eye movement).

We wonder, where do the similarities between cognizers and humans end? If a cognizer has feelings, we may one day have to buy it a box of Godiva silicons to keep it happy. And what exactly does it dream about? Does a cognizer get horny? Will our next computer have wet dreams? Sleep on it.

COLD-BLOODED KILLER

What's the most recherché home appliance seven bucks can buy? The house gecko, a brownish-gray web-footed lizard that eats cockroaches. The all-natural exterminator is catching on rapidly in New York and Los Angeles. Can roach-ridden Miami be far behind? A New York pet-store clerk tells us two lizards can easily handle an apartment, while six or seven can patrol a house. Ranging from an inch to a foot long, the gecko quietly roams the house at night while its owner sleeps. One drawback: Young male geckos are nearly indistinguishable from females; the unsuspecting matchmaker may wind up with a herd on his hands—or walls.

You say you don't want a family of geckos roaming your crib? You just think they're cute? Buy a gecko T-shirt, a popular artifact among tourists in Hawaii. We hear they're due on the mainland soon.

ROT REPORT

Schlock lovers, rejoice! Not every movie can be the next *Attack of the Killer Tomatoes*, but our regular readers know that prospects abound in the pages of *Variety*. As a public service, we've compiled a list of upcoming gut wrenchers from a recent *Variety* release schedule:

Alien Seed, *Bad Girls from Mars*, *Ballbuster*, *Barbarian Queen II*, *Click: The Calendar Girl Killer*, *Dead Women in Lingerie* (with Lyle Waggoner), *Death Spa*, *Elvis' Grave*, *Flesh Gordon Meets the Cosmic Cheerleaders*, *Frankenhooker*, *Get the Terrorists*, *Ghoul School*, *The Invisible Maniac*, *The King of the Kick-Boxers*, *Lambadamy*, *The Operation*, *9½ Ninjas*, *The Repossessed*, *Robo-C.H.I.C.* (this one stars Playmate Kathy Shower), *Robot Ninja*, *Rock 'n' Roll High School Forever*, *Sexbomb*, *Sgt. Kabukiman, NYPD*, *The Toxic Avenger Part III: The Last Temptation of Toxie*, *Vampire Cop* and the very promising *Wolves, Sex and Rock* (with Troy Donahue!).

Look for those Hollywood scandals soon on a video screen near you—few of them will ever make it to a multiplex near you. Ah, the classics.

ILLUSTRATION BY PATER SATO

MAMMARY LANE

"EASY VICTORY FOR BODACIOUS TATAS," reads the headline in *The New York Times*. And the reader thinks, *Whose* tatas?

Bodacious Tatas is a race horse, a five-year-old mare with a track record solid enough to have earned the *New York Post*'s two-deck headline: "AND THAT'S BODACIOUS TATAS BUSTING OUT IN FRONT." The bay filly has won more than $300,000 for her veterinarian-housebuilder owner and trainer, John Kimmel.

While *Bodacious Ta Ta's* was also a 1984 movie starring Kitten Natividad, Kimmel first heard the term spoken by the actor David Keith in *An Officer and a Gentleman*. The rest is history. Now West Coast TV stations that don't normally follow New York and New Jersey horses have a voracious appetite for videos of Bodacious Tatas' triumphant runs. And Edward Bowen, editor of *The Blood Horse*, a racing journal, denounces Kimmel and his ilk as "smut ferreters." The less judgmental *New York Times* put Tatas in its headline because, as a *Times* reporter commented, "What else can you do, as long as The Jockey Club sanctions the name?" As the organization that registers Thoroughbreds and their names, The Jockey Club turned down Bodacious Tatas at least once before it agreed to register the name.

What great handle has Kimmel picked for his next Thoroughbred? After the—forgive us—tatanic success of Bodacious Tatas, he figures that The Jockey Club is likely to be scrutinizing future titles

RAW DATA

SIGNIFICA, INSIGNIFICA, STATS AND FACTS

QUOTE

"One thing I've learned. No matter what you say, no matter what the news is, more people will respond to your tie than to anything else."—TOM BROKAW, NBC news anchor

BAD HABITS

Percentage of men who snack daily, 40.7; of women, 37.5.

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Percentage of men who have had five or more drinks in one day during the past year, 49.3; of women, 23.3.

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Percentage of men who are smokers, 32.6; of women, 27.8.

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Percentage of men who sleep six hours or fewer on an average night, 22.7; of women, 21.4.

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Percentage of men who always skip breakfast, 25.2; of women, 23.6.

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Percentage of men who are at least 30 percent above desirable weight, 12.1; of women, 13.7.

SECONDS

Number of marriages in one year per 10,000 single women, 589; per 10,000 divorced women, 807.

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Number of marriages in one year per 10,000 single men, 488; per 10,000 divorced men, 1157.

SO HOT FOR YOU

Rating by Midwesterners who were asked to measure their feelings for George Bush on an imaginary thermometer, with 50° Fahrenheit as neutral: 63°.

•

Temperature for Mikhail Gorbachev, 56°, for Dan Quayle, 42°.

FACT OF THE MONTH

The fastest-growing city in the United States is Las Vegas, Nevada, at 5000 new residents per month.

AT EASE

Number of people who visit the Liberace Museum in an average day, 550; number who visit Graceland, 1658; who visit the White House, 6923; who visit Disneyland, 36,986; who visit Walt Disney World/Epcot Center, 71,233.

•

Percentage of adult Americans who shoot pool at least once a year, 19; who lift weights, 20; who bowl, 23; who ride a bicycle, 31; who swim, 41.

CLOCK PUNCHING

Amount of time an average American needs to work to purchase a loaf of bread, 12 minutes; to purchase a pair of men's shoes, nine hours, 48 minutes; to purchase a man's suit, 19 hours, 36 minutes; to purchase a color TV, 34 hours, 18 minutes; to purchase a small car, 686 hours, 16 minutes.

•

Amount of time an average Soviet needs to work to purchase a loaf of bread, 46 minutes; to purchase a pair of men's shoes, 11 hours, seven minutes; to purchase a man's suit, 128 hours, 48 minutes; to purchase a color TV, 681 hours, six minutes; to purchase a small car, 7935 hours, 54 minutes.

WOMEN'S WORK

Percentage of doctors in 1975 who were female, 13; in 1988, 20.

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Percentage of police officers in 1975 who were female, 2.7; in 1988, 13.4.

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Percentage of computer systems analysts in 1975 who were female, 14.8; in 1988, 29.5.

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Percentage of bus drivers in 1975 who were female, 37.7; in 1988, 48.5.

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Percentage of lawyers and judges in 1975 who were female, 7.1; in 1988, 19.5.

with increasing prudence. Right now, Kimmel owns a mare named French Muff and a breeding (mating) to Spectacular Bid. Pondering their hypothetical issue, he sighs and says, "We *know* they're not going to allow Spectacular Muff."

SPOTLIGHT

White's back.

They used to make fun of him. Comedian Franklyn Ajaye called him The Walrus of Love. But only legends earn that kind of recognition and **Barry White** *(backed by his Love Unlimited Orchestra) is a legendary crooner. In the Seventies, his "Never, Never Gonna Give Ya Up," "I'm Gonna Love You Just a Little More, Baby" and "Love's Theme" were monster hits. And now, as the title of his current A&M album says, "The Man Is Back." Marking the occasion, Contributing Editor Walter Lowe, Jr., talked with White after his opening night at Chicago's Regal Theater.*

PLAYBOY: The most significant development in popular music since your last gold album is rap. You're a master of melodies—does rap get on your nerves?

WHITE: There's good and bad rap. Good rap I love: Heavy D., LL Cool J, Kool Moe Dee. I just cut a rap thing with Big Daddy Kane. Rap is an entertainment for young people who can't sing—people who don't have a lot of musical talent go into that world. But people can hear only so much rap music on the radio—they'll grow tired of it.

PLAYBOY: Speaking of fickle audiences, back in the late Seventies, the music industry was flooded with falsettos. Michael Jackson, the Bee Gees and Eddie Kendricks pushed growlers like you out of the mix. Can you compare the appeal of the tenor with that of the bass?

WHITE: Tenors are very valuable artists because a woman can sing along with them in her key. But with a voice like Barry White's, all she can do is listen. There's something about a singer with a deep voice that makes a woman feel she's dealing with a *man*. A man knows how to treat a woman. A boy doesn't.

PLAYBOY: We presume, then, that we speak for more than just ourselves when we say, welcome back, Barry.

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COIN SETS OF ALL NATIONS

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The Canadian 25 cent coin bears a striking design portraying the head of a caribou. It symbolizes the beauty and variety of wildlife in this North American nation.
The Republic of Malta 25¢ piece is octagonal in shape and minted in brass. It bears the new coat of arms of Malta, celebrating its birth as a democratic republic.
The Indonesian 100-Rupiah coin emphasizes the United Nations Food and Agricultural Program and shows a typical multi-family dwelling of the country. The reverse bears the design of a "tree of life" in the Balinese style.
The Republic of Chile 50 Peso piece features a stirring portrait of the country's national hero, Bernardo O'Higgins. This design has been used since 1975, when the peso was revived as a unit of currency by the Chilean government.
The Australian 50 Cent piece is an unusual twelve-sided coin. Its design commemorates the XII Commonwealth Games held in Brisbane in 1982.

All coins shown actual size.

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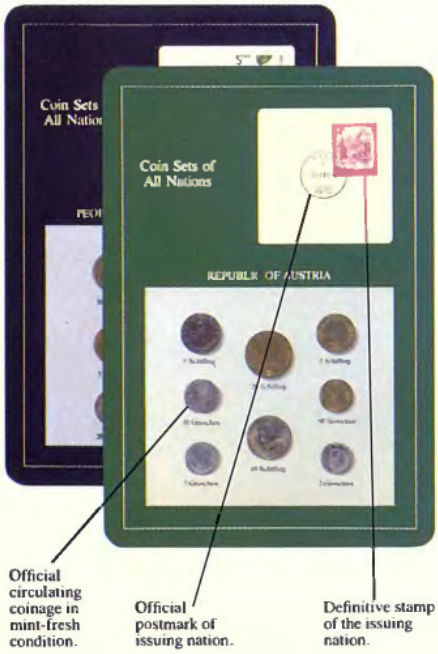
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MOVIES

By BRUCE WILLIAMSON

ANOTHER STYLISH and stunning movie from the Coen brothers, ***Miller's Crossing*** (Fox) will open the New York Film Festival this year. Like *Blood Simple*, the 1984 sleeper that made their reputations, this film has what it takes to succeed. Director Joel Coen co-authored the trenchant screenplay with his brother Ethan, who doubles as producer. This is a gangland drama of the old school, set in 1929 in a nameless city under Mob rule. Albert Finney plays Leo, the reigning political boss; Gabriel Byrne is his henchman Tom. These guys are at war with each other because they both want the same woman (movie newcomer Marcia Gay Harden as a memorable trollop named Verna) and are simultaneously at odds with a powerful hood named Johnny Caspar (Jon Polito). The plot has the energy of a cyclone, sweeping its characters into a whirlwind of sex, treachery and intrigue. Despite his forceful company, John Turturro (see September's *Off Camera*) steals scenes wholesale as an unprincipled bookie named Bernie, who thickens a plot already crowded with double-dealers. *Miller's Crossing* is a new, improved *film noir*, with the tone and texture of the grand shoot-'em-ups they used to make when Cagney was a kid. ¥¥¥¥

•

Compared with the hyperactive action movies splattering movie screens lately, ***Presumed Innocent*** (Warner) is an exciting, cerebral whodunit that will probably work best for viewers who don't know the ending. For the millions who have already read the gripping best seller by Scott Turow, director Alan J. Pakula's meticulous movie version (adapted by Pakula and Frank Pierson) still holds up as a stark tale of lust, intrigue and bloody murder. Harrison Ford gives a mesmerizing performance as a prosecuting attorney accused of killing a bitchy blonde fellow lawyer (Greta Scacchi, strutting her stuff in a series of sexy flashbacks) who had slept around plenty. His career collapses, as does his marriage (to Bonnie Bedelia, excellent as the wife). Raul Julia, Brian Dennehy and Paul Winfield shine as various colleagues and opponents. Of necessity, some liberties are taken with Turow's book, and the political background of the story is muddled, to say the least. Even so, *Presumed Innocent* has tremendous emotional heat and holding power. ¥¥¥¥

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Christian Slater does his Jack Nicholson imitation to advantage as a high school boy who secretly operates a radio station by night in ***Pump Up the Volume*** (New Line). "Hard Harry" plays subversive music, pretends to masturbate at the mike and preaches all sorts of liberation to his teenaged peers. They love him for it—particularly the schoolgirl (Samantha Mathis) who discovers his identity. *Pump* is an unusually cogent look at teenage angst from writer-director Allan Moyle. His movie may be full of plot holes, but there's true grit at its core. ¥¥¥

Byrne, Harden make the *Crossing*.

The Coen brothers, Pakula and company dish up socko films.

•

A poor, fairly handsome Italian immigrant goes to work as a handyman for a sexy local widow in a jerkwater Colorado town back in 1928, with predictable results, in ***Wait Until Spring, Bandini*** (Orion Classics). Things turn out OK when the seasons change and the laborer's unhappy young son (Michael Bacall) coaxes him back to their grieving momma (Ornella Muti). With Joe Mantegna and Faye Dunaway as the workman and the widow, *Bandini* is sweet, slightly flat and old-fashioned but well-acted from first to last. Probably easier to watch than John Fante's novel, adapted for the screen with loving care by director Dominique Deruddere, is to read. ¥¥

•

Medical students help one another die, then return from the dead "to see if there's anything out there" in ***Flatliners*** (Columbia). Director Joel Schumacher (who made a much better movie called *The Lost Boys* three years ago) approaches writer Peter Filardi's screenplay in a murky style that looks more like a horror film than like high-tech science fiction. The five blameless actors involved are Kiefer Sutherland, Julia Roberts, Kevin Bacon, William Baldwin and Oliver Platt, who do everything well but can't conquer the inherent foolishness of a movie that makes their after-death head trips seem trivial. All except Baldwin (Alec's brother) relive some childhood trauma: *He* is "haunted by these images of women I video-taped without their knowing." Baldwin's bedside camera is the only pulse-quickening aspect of *Flatliners*, the title of which refers to the flat line that appears on a monitor when a patient's vital functions fail. Despite a provocative premise, this movie is D.O.A. ¥½

•

Among the crowd-pleasing action hits likely to last all summer, ***Days of Thunder*** (Paramount), with Tom Cruise as a stock-car racer, wins the Shattered Eardrum award for excellence between pit stops. Cruise's superstar vehicle—so perfectly programed by its makers that you can practically hear their wheels spinning—is noisy, smooth and entirely predictable. The movie's best scene has Tom and his archrival (Michael Rooker) racing down a hospital corridor in wheelchairs. The rest charts the saga of an upstart contender who wins big, falls in love with a beautiful neurologist (Nicole Kidman), learns fear, then conquers all with a major victory at Daytona. All anyone needs to know about the racing circuit is supplied by Robert Duvall in a premium performance as the mentor who steers Cruise's career. ¥¥

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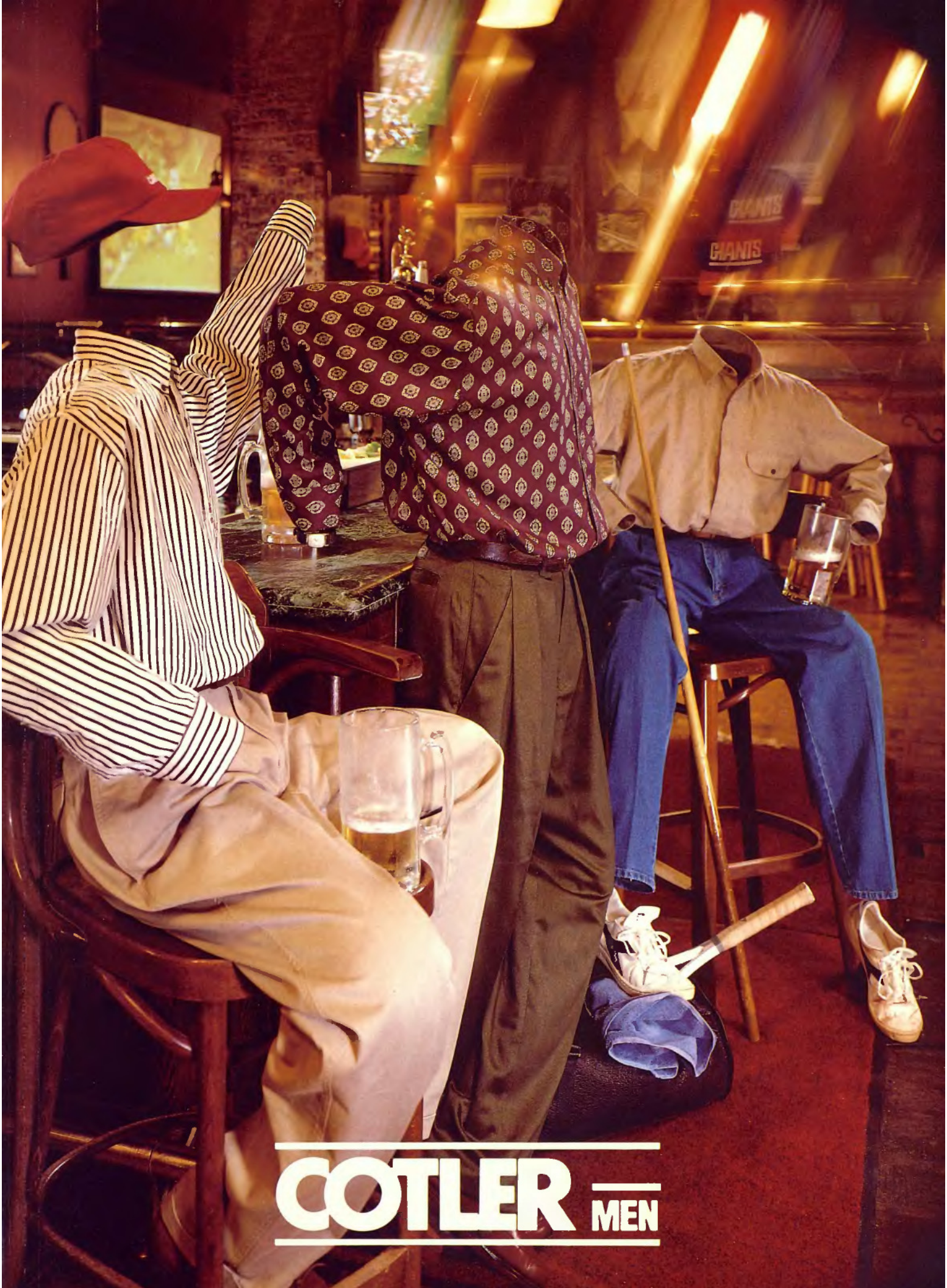
One of France's major recent hits is ***Life and Nothing But*** (Orion Classics), from co-author and director Bertrand Tavernier. Lushly atmospheric and original, an epic with a heart, *Life* may have too slow a beat for many American audiences. Philippe Noiret, the veteran French actor who's almost an institution in himself, plays a lonely army officer who helps families locate their dead on the battlegrounds of World War One. Among those searching the relics—wallets, helmets, notes, frayed photographs—is an aristocratic widow (Sabine Azema) who doesn't know that her missing husband was also the paramour of the young woman (Pascale Vignal) who's seeking any memento of the soldier she loved. The subtle, convoluted interplay between Noiret's reticent colonel and the widow provides counterpoint to the mood, music and scenery of a movie best suited to people who thrive on subtitles. ¥¥½

•

The time of ***Hardware*** (Millimeter) is "the cyberpunk future." On the radio, there's only bad news. Breeding has been banned, which does not rule out occasional coupling for a heavy-metal sculptress (Stacey Travis) and her beau (Dylan McDermott), who brings her the odd bits of junk he scavenges. One piece of debris


GIANTS
GIANTS
COTLER
MEN

Fahey's hitching days are over.

OFF CAMERA

Handsome new Hollywood heman **Jeff Fahey,** 34, was last seen as Theresa Russell's amorous colleague in *Impulse*. He will next go head to head with Clint Eastwood in *White Hunter, Black Heart*—Clint thinly disguised as the late John Huston; Jeff as the brainy writer of a movie much like *The African Queen*. He has spent years shedding his image as the swarthy bad guy of such flicks as *Silverado* and *Psycho III*. "I was usually the heavy," says Fahey, "and in Hollywood, they sort of pigeonhole you. The rent has to be paid in the beginning, so you go with it." At 20, he was a commercial fisherman on Cape Cod. Before that, he'd spent three years seeing the world, hitchhiking mostly, inspired by Jack Kerouac's *On the Road* to rove and "piss from the back of a flat-bed truck." During a year in Israel, "I worked on a kibbutz and on a construction job because I was broke. Now I get *paid* to explore," says the ex-hitcher, "and I don't have to use my thumb."

Separated "after living with a girl for six years," Fahey owns a ranch in Colorado, where he'll build a house. Meanwhile, he shares his Studio City, California, digs with his parents and five brothers, all from a working-class household in South Buffalo, New York. His siblings work in movies, too—behind the scenes. "I get them in when I can. Hey, we're an Irish-American family and we try to keep everybody's head above water." After his transition from movie villainy to romantic roles, Fahey's career is now sailing along. He'll play a Pennsylvania steelworker in *Iron Maze*, with Bridget Fonda. He has also said yes to a prospective TV series, *Parker Kane*, for producer Joel Silver. "He did Mel Gibson's *Lethal Weapon*, Bruce Willis' *Die Hard* and both sequels. If this goes, I'll be a private investigator with an edge of humor." Kane sounds like a potent title role. Fahey agrees: "Smile when you say that."

shapes up as a killer cyborg, which tries to rip every living thing to shreds. Travis is trapped in her apartment with the monster, and writer-director Richard Stanley won't quit while there's a limb, or an eyeball, that has escaped drowning in his computerized blood bath. ¥

•

Plane crashes and other explosions cause most of the nonstop excitement Bruce Willis encounters in ***Die Hard 2*** (Fox). Right-wing terrorists taking over an airport in Washington, D.C., plan to hijack a plane bringing a Noriega-type dictator (Franco Nero) to face U.S. justice. Another aircraft up there in the unfriendly skies is carrying lawman Willis' wife (Bonnie Bedelia, again). Of course, his insouciant assurance sets just the right tone for a preposterous high adventure that gives hordes of thrill-hungry customers exactly what they want. ¥¥¥

•

Bill Murray wears a painted smile, baggy pants and floppy shoes in the early reels of ***Quick Change*** (Warner). He's dressed as a clown for a bank-robbing caper, and a few of his bits are funny. The fun dissipates fast, though, after the scheme behind the scam is clarified. Geena Davis and Randy Quaid play Murray's easily rattled confederates, with Jason Robards in an authoritative stint as a police chief trying to figure out what's going on. All the performers look befuddled at times, probably wondering—with reason—why their agents considered *Quick Change* a good career move. Unh-unh. ¥½

•

In ***Ghost*** (Paramount), Patrick Swayze—still a hunk when he whips his shirt off—recaptures much of the romantic image that gave a lift to *Dirty Dancing*. This time, he's a murder victim brought back as an unwilling phantom to find his killer and save his former girlfriend (Demi Moore) from a similar fate. The only person who can hear him, though, is a pseudo psychic reader with supernatural powers she never knew she had. Whoopi Goldberg plays the psychic with wry disbelief, while Moore, Swayze and Tony Goldwyn (see August's *Off Camera*) help whip up some movie magic under the breezy direction of Jerry Zucker. *Ghost* is suspenseful, witty and . . . well, spirited. ¥¥¥

•

A pair of precocious children fake a religious miracle outside a diner in ***Waiting for the Light*** (Triumph). Because or in spite of their efforts, awesome things happen, some of them designed to buck up anxious small-town Americans during the bad old days of the Cuban Missile Crisis. Don't worry about it. The whole business is simply show business for Teri Garr as the young mom who inherits the decrepit diner, and for Shirley MacLaine as her dotty old aunt. While the actresses spin in place every chance they get, *Light* sputters around them like a damp rocket. ¥

MOVIE SCORE CARD

capsule close-ups of current films
by bruce williamson

After Dark, My Sweet (Reviewed 8/90) The dame courting trouble is Rachel Ward. ¥¥

Chicago Joe and the Showgirl (9/90) Bad seeds wreak havoc in wartime London. ¥¥½

The Cook, the Thief, His Wife & Her Lover (4/90) Controversial erotica set in an extremely odd restaurant. ¥¥½

Days of Thunder (See review) That's Tom cruising, loud and clear. ¥¥

Dick Tracy (9/90) Beatty's majestic comic-book hero fills the screen. ¥¥¥½

Die Hard 2 (See review) Hell to pay at an airport, with Bruce Willis. ¥¥¥

Flatliners (See review) Deadly. ¥½

The Freshman (9/90) The real show is Brando's droll *Godfather* parody. ¥¥¥

Ghost (See review) Some laughs and a new life for Patrick Swayze. ¥¥¥

Hardware (See review) Another man-eating mechanism with a screw loose. ¥

Henry: Portrait of a Serial Killer (7/90) A shocker, so brace yourself. ¥¥¥

The Killer (8/90) He's not Bruce Lee, but Yun-fat certainly kicks. ¥¥

Life and Nothing But (See review) Fine but leisurely French drama. ¥¥½

Life Is a Long Quiet River (9/90) A pair of babies switched in France. ¥¥¥

Longtime Companion (6/90) Take out your handkerchiefs for a wrenching, poignant comedy about the AIDS crisis. ¥¥¥¥

May Fools (7/90) The French aristocracy coming to terms with revolution. ¥¥¥

Metropolitan (8/90) Being young, spoiled and beautiful in Gotham. ¥¥¥½

Miller's Crossing (See review) Gangsters do their dammedest for the Coens. ¥¥¥¥

The Misadventures of Mr. Wilt (8/90) His best goof is a life-sized doll. ¥

Navy SEALS (9/90) Amphibious hot-shots take on terrorists in Beirut. ¥¥¥

Presumed Innocent (See review) Turow's book in a dandy film version. ¥¥¥¥

Pump Up the Volume (See review) A pirate radio station captures the kids. ¥¥¥

Quick Change (See review) Clowning with Bill Murray on a mostly so-so caper. ¥½

Tie Me Up! Tie Me Down! (7/90) Spain's wayward Almodóvar directs a naughty romantic comedy about tough love. ¥¥¥

Total Recall (9/90) Arnold goes to Mars and gets the red planet rolling. ¥¥¥

The Unbelievable Truth (9/90) Amusing even when you can't swallow it. ¥¥

Waiting for the Light (See review) Teri and Shirley, dimmer in the diner. ¥

Wait Until Spring, Bandini (See review) Dunaway meets a working stiff. ¥¥

The Witches (7/90) British lads turned into mice by Anjelica Huston. ¥¥½

¥¥¥¥¥ Outstanding
¥¥¥¥ Don't miss ¥¥ Worth a look
¥¥¥ Good show ¥ Forget it

Lagerfeld PHOTO

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a man. a woman a camera.

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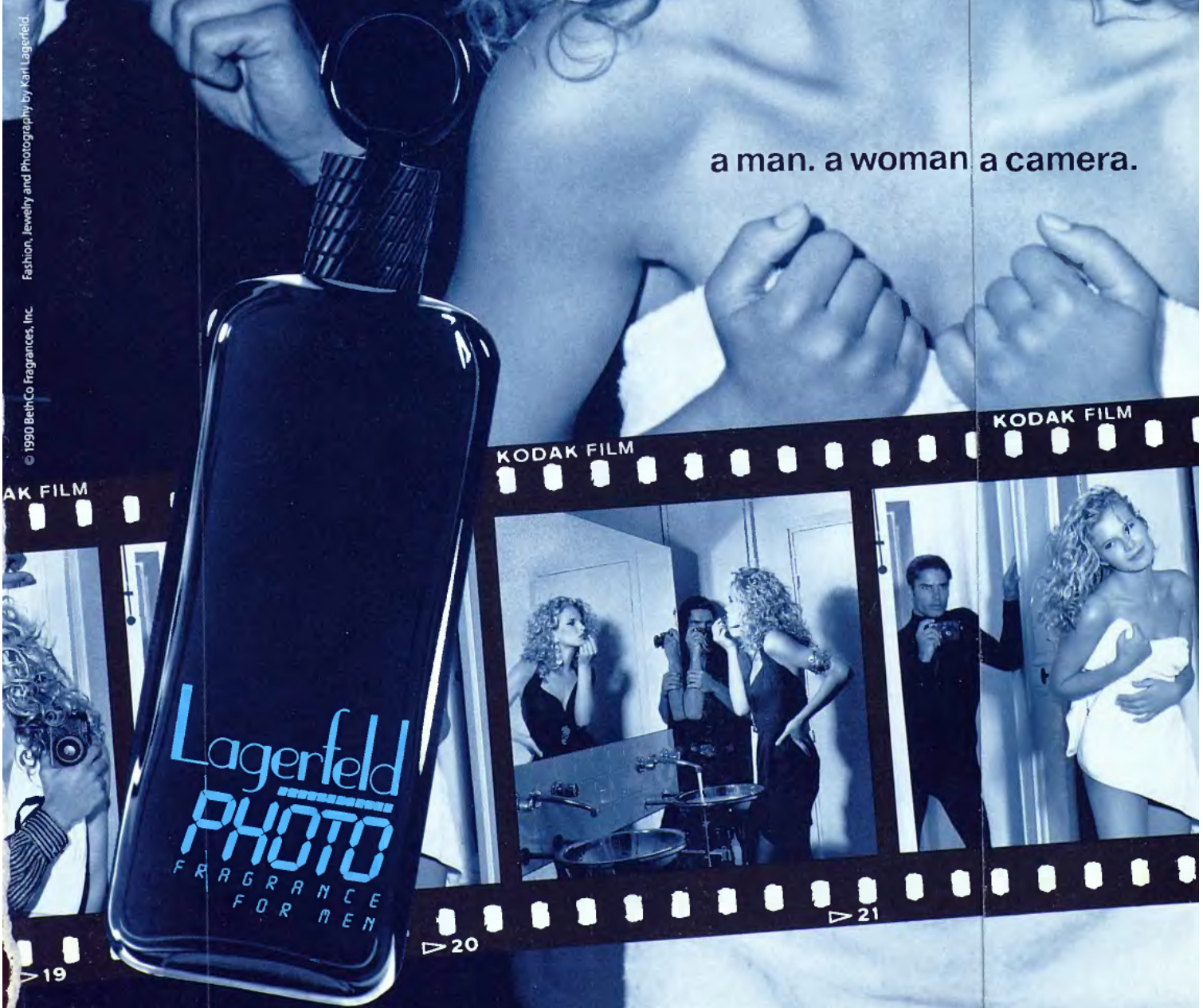

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VIDEO

BRUCE ON VIDEO

our movie critic goes to the tape

Novels turned into movies aren't always as successful as, say, *Gone with the Wind*. Some stories get lost on screen, some are actually improved upon and some deserve to be dusted off for a second look—if not a second reading.

High and Low: Letter-boxing, with dark space above and below, preserves the wide-screen look and makes subtitles easier to follow in Akira Kurosawa's 1962 Japanese thriller based on an Ed McBain novel, *King's Ransom*. With Toshiro Mifune starring, a cops-and-robbers yarn becomes exhilarating art cinema.

The Horse's Mouth: Joyce Cary's eccentric novel was hilariously adapted for the screen by actor Alec Guinness, who memorably portrays oddball painter Gulley Jimson. The definitive portrait of a modern artist, deftly directed by Ronald Neame in 1958.

Lolita: Sue Lyon as the nymphet—with James Mason, Shelley Winters and Peter Sellers in superb supporting roles—in director Stanley Kubrick's neglected 1962 version of the Vladimir Nabokov classic.

The Loved One: "Something to offend everyone" was the ad slogan for this 1965 film based on Evelyn Waugh's caustic send-up of U.S. funeral rites, featuring John Gielgud, Jonathan Winters and other stars galore.

3:10 to Yuma: Elmore Leonard wrote the book; Van Heflin and Glenn Ford appear in this intense 1957 psychological drama about a harried farmer and a crook held hostage. Suspense on a very tight timetable.

—BRUCE WILLIAMSON

VIDBIT

Video-Catalog Tip of the Month: Besides boasting high-quality tapes ("The vast majority of our video masters are taken directly from film") and a massive library ("nearly 900 titles of obscure horror, science fiction and other related genres"), the ***Sinister Cinema*** video catalog is, if nothing else, a fun read. And the library *is* formidable: standard horror (Bela Lugosi, Lon Chaney, Jr.); Fifties s-f (*Attack of the Giant Leeches*); sword-and-sandal epics (*Hercules in the Haunted World*); "Trailers of Terror" (classic previews of coming attractions); "Drive-in double features"—with snack-bar intermission promos (floating heads hawking popcorn and Coke); juvenile schlock (*Hot Rod Girl, Teenage Wolfpack*)—even the *original* Ralph Byrd *Dick Tracy* serials of the Thirties and Forties. Give the Sinister folks a call at 415-359-3292, or write to them at Sinister Cinema, P.O. Box 777, Pacifica, California 94044.

VIDEO SIX-PACK

back-to-school videos

Time to shake the sand from your shoes and get back to the books. Here are six videos that may make academia seem less academic.

The College Success Video: One-stop shopping. Covers the transition to college-level studies, coping with competitive pressures and remaining reasonably sane in the process (Twin Tower Enterprises; $39.95).

A Guide to Successfully Completing the College Financial Aid Form: If you need more explanation, you don't belong in college (Videotakes; $29.95). More advanced students might go straight to ***How to Borrow Money Successfully*** (New Jersey Network; $224.95) or ***Using Credit Wisely*** (Beacon Films; $149).

Exam Preparation: Study and test-taking strategies, plus how to handle exam stress and schedule your preparation time (Beacon Films; $149).

Career Planning: This is what it's all about, right? Features a self-examination of your goals and priorities, and challenges you to come up with a career track that satisfies the inner *and* outer you. (Journal Films & Video; $325).

—TERRY CATCHPOLE

GUEST SHOT

Sloe-eyed **Lee Grant** copped an Oscar for acting in 1975's *Shampoo* and directed the 1986 Oscar-winning documentary *Down and Out in America*. She's currently engaged in both disciplines, co-starring with Meryl Streep and Albert Brooks in *Defending Your Life* and directing a "Capraesque comedy" starring William Petersen. Not surprisingly, Grant doesn't just *watch* videos—she *studies* them. "Ingmar Bergman has a big influence on me," she says. "And when the material is right, Michael Cimino and Francis Ford Coppola create a certain virility, a tremendous vigor and power." For acting inspiration, Grant checks out Kate Hepburn in *Sylvia Scarlett*, Greta Garbo in *Camille*, James Spader in *sex, lies, and videotape*, Joan Cusack in *Working Girl* and Henry Fonda in *The Grapes of Wrath*. She also admits to a sneaking fondness for her own *Valley of the Dolls* gig. "I got to sing—*badly*—and play a bed scene wearing a bra. I *loved* playing a character who'd clearly, um, gotten her skirts dirty. Know what I mean?" Yep.

—LAURA FISSINGER

SHORT TAKES

Dizziest Video of the Month: *The Merrie Monarch Hula Festival, 1987: Miss Aloha Hula Competition*; **Best Video Groundbreaker:** *Tips, Tricks and Problem Solvers for the Handweaver*; **Best Vidgift for Nancy Reagan:** *Interpreting the Natal Chart*; **Kinkiest-Sounding Sports Video:** *Essential Strokes—The Basic Game*; **Favorite Video Duos:** *Clowns and Children*; **Second-Favorite Video Duos:** *Frogs and Toads*; **Best Oh, No! Video:** *ABBA Again*; **Best It's-a-Living Video:** *Traction Today*; **Best Thrill-a-Minute Video:** *The Squat*.

VIDEO MOOD METER

MOOD	MOVIE
FEELING STAR-STRUCK	***Born on the Fourth of July*** (one-time teen love toy Tom Cruise earns stripes in Oliver Stone's Vietnam-vet biopic); ***Driving Miss Daisy*** (Morgon Freeman drives, Jessico Tandy mellows ond everyone feels nice); ***Nine to Five*** (the originol working girls, Jone, Lily ond Dolly, rebel in the perfect Labor Doy rewind).
FEELING FAMILIAL	***All Dogs Go to Heaven*** (Don Bluth's Disneyesque tole of an orphon woif and her loyal Alsotian); ***The Dark Crystal*** (the lote Jim Henson's technicolly stunning tale à la Tolkien); ***The Secret of NIMH*** (Bluth agoin—this time serving up an animated mouse and a decent moral).
FEELING SEXY	***Chloe in the Afternoon*** (Eric Rohmer's sixth "Maral Tale" of a married man's alluring mistress); ***The Love Goddesses*** (exquisite 1965 documentary an screen sirens, resplendent on laser disc); ***La Toya Jackson*** (a concert of hat funk fram the Jackson with spunk).
FEELING TUNEFUL	***Peter Pan*** (Mary Martin champians childhaad in the high-flying NBC-TV classic; a vid-library keeper); ***The Sound of Music, The King and I, South Pacific, Oklahoma!, State Fair*** and ***Carousel*** (CBS/Fox's sing-along sextet af Radgers and Hammerstein classics; nat a dud in the bunch).

STYLE

AIR WING TIP

When it comes to good-looking men's shoes, the heart and sole of the matter is finding a comfortable pair. Fortunately, foot-weary gents need look no further. Nike has teamed up with Cole Haan to create the Cole Haan Tensile Air, a collection of dress and casual shoes with patented air insoles that are technologically just like the ones that keep Michael Jordan in flight. Unlike other attempts at making dress shoes comfortable, the Tensile Air system adds no thickness to the sole and won't compact or deteriorate over time. For comfort and style in the board room, three dress shoes will be introduced, including the classic wing tip shown here, a cap-toe shoe with perforated detailing and a kiltie-tassel slip-on. Three casual styles, including a plain-toe blucher in snuff-colored suede, a cricket oxford and a classic sad-dle shoe with a crepe sole, are per-fect for dressing up a favorite weekend ensemble. You'll see the new collection in department and specialty stores this fall, priced from about $210 to $260. (For information on Where & How to Buy, see page 180.) Who knows, maybe next we'll be pumping up our penny loafers.

THE GASTRONOMIC UNDERGROUND

Famed Los Angeles restaurant Ma Maison is stoking the fire fight between smokers and nonsmokers with its Cigar Night. The first Monday of each month, inveterate puffers now find themselves choosing from a "buffet" of 15 brands. . . . Edible ads imprinted on the casings of frankfurters at ball parks are the newest (wurst) gimmick from hot-dog land. Our advice: Cover the ads with mustard. . . . Pass on the popcorn—Atlanta-based Cinema 'n' Drafthouse is serving up beer and pizza, among other tempting treats, in its growing chain of intermediate-run movie/dinner theaters. The concept is a hit, with new locations sprouting as fast as you can say *The Cook, the Thief, His Wife*. . . . Joz's Launder-Bar in Chicago has put its own spin on the spin cycle. Patrons let their clothes go round while enjoying cocktails, munch-ies, video games and cable on a large-screen TV. . . . Why fly to Texas for authentic Southern barbecue when a five-pound smoked beef brisket will fly to you? Dial 800-344-RIBS and Air Ribs will ship a slab to your doorstep overnight. . . . Supermarkets are taking a bite out of the restaurant business by offering hungry shoppers ready-to-eat meals. This ten-billion-dollar business even has savvy grocers hiring top chefs away from restaurants.

WHERE THE HIP HOP

These days, the club scene spins faster than 285 bpm (for you couch potatoes, that's beats per minute). Here's where to go for some high-energy, shirts-off, serious dancing. • Miami Beach: Club Nu (245 22nd). This longtime leader still gets the rock stars, celebs and biggest special events. • Atlanta: Petrus (1150-B Peachtree). Ladies' night has an entirely new meaning at this former site of the Atlanta Women's Club. • New York: Roxy (515 West 18th). The original roller disco roars back into style—most nights without wheels. • Chicago: Shelter (564 West Fulton). This 30,000-square-foot megaclub draws chic Chicagoans with its European sound and New York attitude. • Houston: Avalon (5078 Richmond). A 38,000-square-foot one-stop bopping center for Lone-Star sophisticates. • Dallas: Starck Club (703 McKinney). Called Metronome during the week, this Eighties hot spot goes by its original name, the Starck Club, on Saturday night. • Los Angeles: Arena (6655 Santa Monica). L.A.'s biggest and newest, with colors that are a cross between *Dick Tracy* and *The Jetsons*.

VIEWPOINT

"Most of my good clothes come from the films I do," admits Adrian Pasdar, star of TNT's upcoming movie *The Lost Capone*. Pasdar plays Big Al's younger brother, lawman Jimmy Capone; off camera, he couldn't wait to sample the film's gangster wardrobe—especially a great-looking double-breasted tan suit with matching fedora, white shirt and brown tie. "On the street, people looked at me as if I were going to pull a tommy gun out of a violin case. Loved that suit!"

SLICK PAPER

With fountain pens rapidly replacing the old Bic standbys, isn't it time to put away those boring note pads in favor of personalized stationery? Dempsey & Carroll, a stationer with stores in New York City and Washington, D.C., has been engraving its 100 percent cotton paper for heads of state and other less celebrated clientele for more than a century, with prices starting at $200 a box. If money's no object, consider Artafax, the Los Angeles stationer to the stars. From Don Johnson and Melanie Griffith to Pee-wee Herman, Hollywood's hottest put their pens to Artafax' personalized imported paper, embossed with calligraphic or gold-leaf lettering and packaged in a basswood chest.

STYLE METER

TIES	IN	OUT
WIDTH	3¾ inches at widest point. Bottle shaped	Skinny ties, bolo ties
KNOT	Tight four-in-hand. Dimpled to create easy drape	Windsor or double-Windsor knot; any fat knot
PATTERN	Florals and nature patterns	Retro patterns
COLORS	Earth tones, spice tones and lots of green	Wall Street yellow or red power ties

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VIC GARBARINI

MOM AND DAD make you take accordion lessons as a kid? Still feel like a dork? Well, fear not, because Stanley "Buckwheat" Dural plays the kind of red-hot Creole dance music on his squeeze-box that's guaranteed to wipe out any lingering nightmares about *Lady of Spain*. On ***Where There's Smoke There's Fire*** (Island), Dural's band, Buckwheat Zydeco, more than gets by with a little help from Los Lobos' David Hidalgo, who produces and tosses in some rapier guitar leads, and bandmate Steve Berlin's solid sax work. Combined with Dural's chunky rhythms and rippling leads (and his cracklin' rhythm section), these boys really set a fire under this collection of steaming instrumentals, rollicking originals and inspired covers, including a churning *Route 66*. But the real showstopper is Dural's vocal duet with country star Dwight Yoakam on a sinuously syncopated remake of the old Hank Williams classic *Hey, Good Lookin'*. This is the kind of rainbow-coalition groove (Creole-*chicano*-country fusion?) the Band was striving for 20 years ago, with Yoakam's reedy tenor holding down the Levon Helm bits with grace and grit.

Hot squeeze-box.

Buckwheat lives,
Bell Biv Devoe gets
mental and Anita Baker burns.

ROBERT CHRISTGAU

The members of Bell Biv Devoe are three New Edition alumni with their eyes on a fourth: new-jack-swing king Bobby Brown. The cover of ***Poison*** (MCA) lays out their program: "Our music is mentally hip-hop, smoothed out on the R&B tip with a pop-feel appeal to it." And with newcomer Dr. Freeze and a consortium of Public Enemy stalwarts combining their knowledge of levels, they bring it off. The problem is that "mentally hip-hop" seems to mean these one-time candy asses can dis girls as well as N.W.A. or 2 Live Crew. The hot young thing who announces "I'm running the show" is "like that with all the guys." The sensual object of *Poison*'s desire is just that, the singer's buddies warn him. How do they know? The answer's one of the nastiest in radio history: "Me and the crew used to do her." Scared of sex? These mannish boys? You'd better believe it.

My prescription is a blind date with Saffire, three over-40 women from Fredericksburg, Virginia, who've just released ***Saffire—The Uppity Blues Women*** (Alligator). A guitarist, a pianist and a bassist, all of whom write and sing, these gals take blues-based bull by the horns, but they appreciate a young man: "He'll let you navigate / 'Cause he ain't worried 'bout seniority / You can tell him where to put it / Keepin' you happy's his priority." The payback? "Old women don't yell / And old women don't tell / And old women don't swell / And they're grateful as hell." The evening might begin a little rough, but after a few choruses of *School Teacher's Blues*, the Bell Biv Devoe posse would figure out how to add three and three. If they're up to Saffire's standards, that is.

DAVE MARSH

Van Morrison was the greatest Seventies singer-songwriter, the only one who managed to combine Dylanesque language with a Ray Charles sense of verbal rhythm. Morrison remains immensely influential, but his recent records are elaborately obtuse, and they're overrepresented on ***The Best of Van Morrison*** (Mercury), on which the likes of *Whenever God Shines His Light*, his duet with Anglo wimp-idol Cliff Richard, just can't compete with the glories of *Gloria*, *Jackie Wilson Said*, *Domino* and *Have I Told You Lately*. If ever an artist's output demanded a boxed set, Van's the man. Get with it, Mercury.

David Baerwald, formerly the vocalizing half of David and David, has many Morrisonlike moments on his first solo LP, ***Bedtime Stories*** (A&M). Since Baerwald's songs tend to envision an ultramodern Los Angeles so extreme it makes Randy Newman's seem sentimental, even such titles as *Good Times*, *All for You* and *Dance* bespeak clenched-heart despair. Unlike Van, however, Baerwald's vision is social as well as personal. On *Sirens in the City*, he casts himself as Bernhard Goetz; on *Stranger*, the final track, he's the young Bob Dylan, making the very statistics of the current socioeconomic calamity sing. The music here is as mesmerizing as it was on David and David's album, and the perspective just as bleakly engaging.

As the least rhythm-centered area of American pop, Nashville has become the last refuge for such singer-songwriter leftovers as Lyle Lovett and Wendy Waldman. Now comes Kevin Welch, the best country lyricist to emerge since Steve Earle. And as a singer, he's damn near a match for Randy Travis. ***Kevin Welch*** (Reprise) features rock-and-roll drums, electric string-band instrumentation and as much emotion as Welch's marvelous drawl can convey. If there's a better country record made in

GUEST SHOT

BRITISH *singer/writer/instrumentalist* ***Lloyd Cole,*** *formerly of Lloyd Cole & the Commotions, recently debuted his first solo LP. Cole, a mainstream star in Europe but a cult figure here, doesn't necessarily want to keep it that way: "I'd much rather be Billy Idol than some cult artist." That seemed reason enough to ask him to review Idol's new "Charmed Life."*

"What's attractive about Billy Idol is that mix of crazed rocker and sensitive, serious artist. He can do both a *Rebel Yell* and a *Prodigal Blues*—the latter is the best cut on his new LP. In U.S. mainstream rock, nobody else really has that mix. The biggest problem with *Charmed Life* is inconsistency in melodies, chord progressions and over-all composing—too many cuts are good ideas that just didn't get fleshed out all the way. Guitarist Steve Stevens, who left the band, was a *tune* writer, and Billy needs that kind of co-writer here. On the plus side, *Endless Sleep* was a smart cover-tune choice, and Billy puts his own stamp on it; he's a great singer who's getting even better; and lyrically, he's taking big steps forward, too—listen to *The Loveless*. Maybe this is a transitional album—Billy on his way to finding Billy the bona fide artist. If you like the guy, especially that voice, the good stuff on *Charmed Life* makes it worth your money."

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How Often In The History Of Music Do We Find Something Small, Yet Incredibly Gifted?

FAST TRACKS

ROCKMETER

	Christgau	Garbarini	George	Marsh	Young
Anita Baker *Compositions*	5	5	10	5	6
Bell Biv Devoe *Poison*	7	6	8	7	7
Pretenders *packed!*	8	7	7	6	5
Van Morrison *The Best of Van Morrison*	10	8	8	7	10
Buckwheat Zydeco *Where There's Smoke There's Fire*	5	9	7	5	8

STOP THE PRESSES DEPARTMENT: When we locate a new band with the right stuff, we like to clue you in immediately. A group in Indianapolis called **Sex Sells Magazines** is, not surprisingly, our pick of the month.

REELING AND ROCKING: Hot off the concert and *Dick Tracy* trails, **Madonna** has a couple of movies in the works. One is an untitled musical written for her by Pulitzer Prize winner **Marsha Norman;** the other is *Blessing in Disguise*, which **Warren Beatty** may produce. . . . **Jack Nitzche** is doing the music for **Dennis Hopper's** next movie, *Hot Spot*, using the likes of **Miles Davis** and **John Lee Hooker** on the tracks. . . . **Tom Waits** will have a part in the film version of **Peter Matthiessen's** book *At Play in the Fields of the Lord*, starring **Tom Berenger** and **John Lithgow.** . . . **Phil Collins** has found a movie script he likes called *Best Wishes*. . . . **Hal Wilner,** *Saturday Night Live*'s musical director, has lined up **Elvis Costello, Vernon Reid** and **Sonic Youth,** among others, for a musical tribute to jazzman **Charles Mingus.** The sessions are being filmed by the **Kinks' Ray Davies** for a possible documentary. . . . The word in L.A. is that the stars of **Oliver Stone's** movie bio about the **Doors** will play the same characters in *Wild Child*, the movie based on **Danny Sugerman's** book *Wonderland Avenue*, about Danny's years with the Doors. . . . Here's a cast: **David's** ex, **Angela Bowie,** as the First Lady and **Hunter Thompson** playing a rock-magazine publisher. Look for them in a horror/comedy film, *The Monster Tour*.

NEWSBREAKS: M. C. Hammer has his own record company called—what else?—**Bustin' Records.** . . . New albums to watch for are due from **Roxette, Toni Childs, Bryan Adams, Robert Palmer, Natalie Cole, Cowboy Junkies** and **Pet Shop Boys.** . . . **Noel Monk,** who managed **Van Halen** and the **Sex Pistols,** has written a book with **Jimmy Guterman.** It's called *Twelve Days on the Road—The Sex Pistols and America*. . . . One of the founding **Yardbirds, Jim McCarty,** has formed a group that includes other Sixties rock musicians called the **British Invasion All-Stars.** They have a new CD called *Regression* and if you'd like to have an autographed copy, send $22 to Brisk Productions, 27 Old Gloucester Street, London WCIN 3XX. . . . **Iggy Pop,** a movie star in *Cry-Baby*, is a rock star again on tour to support his latest LP, *Brick by Brick*. Check him out. . . . Now that the Sixties have become a Nineties fashion statement, maybe you'll want some appropriate prints for your walls. Send two bucks for a catalog to Psychedelic Solution Catalog #13, 33 West Eighth Street, second floor, New York 10011. The company has original posters and reprints. . . . **Little Richard** will do his own voice (who else could?) in an animated version of *Bill and Ted's Excellent Adventure*. . . . Our pals at *Rock & Roll Confidential* ask if we're hip to *The Source*, the voice of rap. The writing's energetic and the news and interviews are a must for rap fans. You can be in the know for $19.95, sent to Box 2023, Cambridge, Massachusetts 02238. . . . Finally, we had novelty songs by **Ray Stevens** in the Sixties and **Weird Al** in the Eighties. Now, in the more sober Nineties, we have **Vince & the Attorneys,** headed by Wisconsin attorney **Vince Megna,** with musicians **Dary Stuermer** and **Mark Torroll.** Vince says their snappy tunes, with titles such as *Not Guilty by Reason of Insanity* and *I'm Gonna Sue You*, are superrealistic views of the justice system carried to the extreme. We thought lawyers already did that.

—BARBARA NELLIS

1990, it'll make headlines—and deserve 'em. Adepts will already know Welch's songs by heart.

NELSON GEORGE

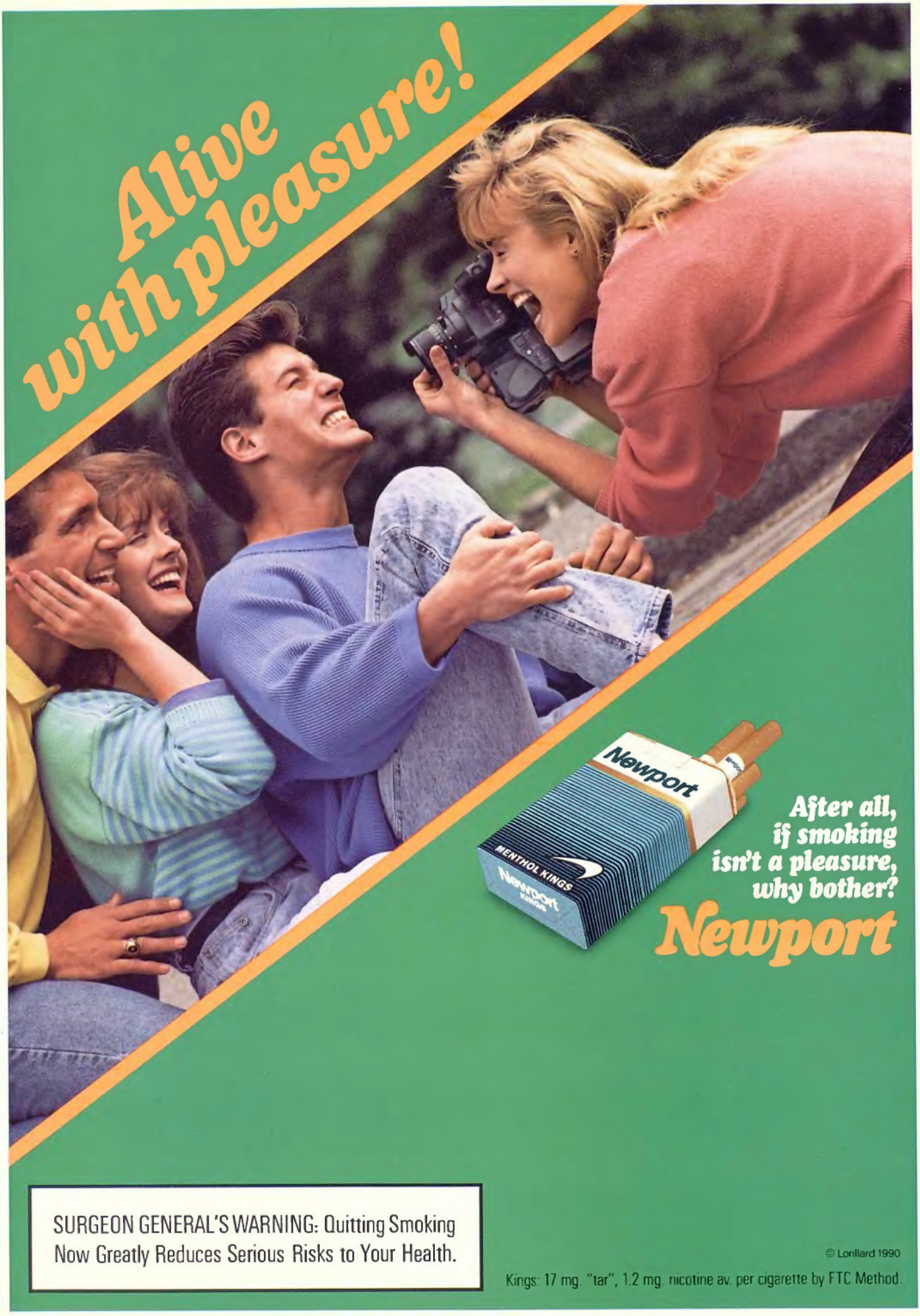
Anita Baker's **Compositions** (Elektra) is a comeback for an artist who didn't need one. Her label debut, *Rapture*, was a brilliant artistic statement that took this Detroit-bred vocalist from cult status to superstardom. Her follow-up, *Giving You the Best That I Got*, was a quality recording, though the songwriting and arrangements didn't fully complement Baker's rich, husky style. *Giving* was good, but there were few moments of ecstasy.

Compositions, a jazzy nine-song collection, is defined by both Baker's voice and her, well, compositions. Alone or with other writers, Baker penned seven songs, each featuring tricky chord changes and a bluesy feel that showcases the contours of her vocal range. *Talk to Me, No One to Blame* and *Fairy Tales* are all smart, soulful mid-tempo tunes that reflect the album's over-all excellence. Made the old-fashioned way—with Baker's vocals recorded at the same time as the backing tracks—*Compositions* has a bright, engaging intimacy. The masterpiece on the album is the James McBride song *Love You to the Letter*, a delicately languid ballad that'll be a staple of Baker concerts for years to come.

CHARLES M. YOUNG

Now that the Pretenders are no longer a band but a revolving group of backup musicians behind Chrissie Hynde, Hynde is truly out there on her own. On the basis of **packed!** (Sire/Warner Bros.), I'm speculating that she doesn't like it. Several of the songs here remind me of Linda Ronstadt in her *Love Has No Pride* phase, so if you have a bad case of the unrequiteds, *packed!* may inspire some tears in your beer. On the other hand, you may find it unnerving that the defiant singer of *The Adultress* and *Precious* has reduced herself to begging for another chance at love. Hynde sings too well to put out a rotten record, but I think the this-is-who-I-am-take-it-or-leave-it approach usually makes for healthier relationships and crunchier rock and roll.

John Mayall is the ultimate conservative who sees no reason to venture beyond the blues when the blues is all there is. And the blues is all there is on **A Sense of Place** (Island). Renowned for his discoveries of others, Mayall has never been afraid of allowing his backup band, the Bluesbreakers, to shine. His latest ace is slide guitarist Sonny Landreth, who shines in a variety of styles. It is that variety and the dynamic production by R. S. Field that give this album its consistent listenability. The benefit of staying in one form for 25 years is that, by God, you *know* that form from its simplest expressions to its most intricate. Who needs world beat, anyway?



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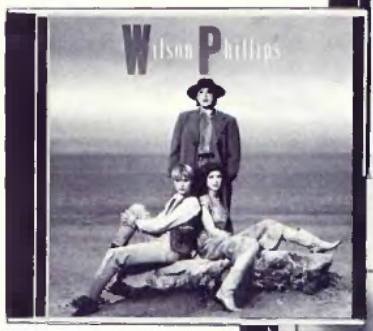

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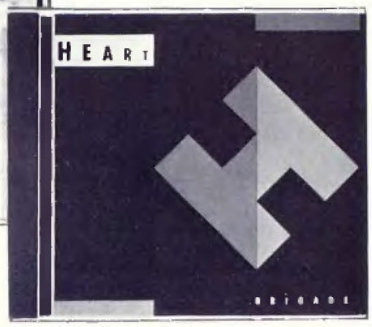

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Bo Diddley Is A Gunslinger (Chess) 379-677

Grateful Dead—American Beauty (Warner Bros.) 358-895

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The Who—Who's Better, Who's Best (MCA) 376-657

Steppenwolf—16 Greatest Hits (MCA) 372-425

The Very Best of Poco (Epic) 367-623

Humble Pie—Smokin' (A&M) 367-573

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BOOKS

By DIGBY DIEHL

WHEN 25,000 booksellers, publishers, authors, agents and critics—all crazed with gambling fever—converged on Las Vegas for the annual American Booksellers Association convention, the book they really needed was ***The Caesars Palace Book of Sports Betting Strategies*** (St. Martin's), by Bert Randolph Sugar. But, like most of the other books presented at the meeting, it won't be available in stores until later this year.

However, this will be a spectacular season for books, judging from the action at the A.B.A. cocktail parties. John Updike was seen talking to Donald Trump about the last book in his Rabbit Angstrom tetralogy, ***Rabbit at Rest*** (Knopf), excerpted in *Playboy* last month. The Donald was trying to find out what tetralogy means and promoting his own sequel, optimistically titled ***Trump: Surviving at the Top*** (Random House). Jean M. Auel hosted a glamourous event in which a hotel banquet room was transformed into a Stone Age setting for ***The Plains of Passage*** (Crown). Amy (***The Kitchen God's Wife;*** Putnam's) Tan and Anne (***The Witching Hour;*** Knopf) Rice took their star turns, too. But Jackie Collins outglitzed them all by receiving the key to the city at a huge tacky mansion where Elvis used to hang out and where she had her party for ***Lady Boss*** (Simon & Schuster).

In addition to the autumnal blockbusters, impressive literary books are due, among them Norman Mailer's "long-awaited great American novel," ***Harlot's Ghost*** (Random House); an erotic novel by Mario Vargas Llosa, ***In Praise of the Stepmother*** (Farrar, Straus & Giroux); Larry McMurtry's fictional tribute to Calamity Jane, ***Buffalo Girls*** (Simon & Schuster); William Styron's memoir of a battle with depression, ***Darkness Visible*** (Random House); and Gabriel García Márquez's new novel, ***The General in His Labyrinth*** (Knopf). All promise hours of rewarding reading.

Other titles to look for in the next few months include ***Under the Gypsy Moon*** (Doubleday), by Lawrence Thornton; ***I Can Not Get You Close Enough*** (Little, Brown), by Ellen Gilchrist; ***Old Soldier*** (Donald I. Fine), by Vance Bourjaily; ***Squandering the Blue*** (Ballantine), by Kate Braverman; ***Enough's Enough*** (Ticknor & Fields), by Calvin Trillin; ***Gorbachev*** (HarperCollins), by Gail Sheehy; ***Time Bomb*** (Bantam), by Jonathan Kellerman; ***Looking for a Ship*** (Farrar, Straus & Giroux), by John McPhee; ***The Lives of the Dead*** (Linden), by Charlie Smith; ***In a Child's Name*** (Simon & Schuster), by Peter Maas; and ***The Motown Album*** (St. Martin's), by Ben Fong-Torres.

Of course, the biggest book news of the fall is that the Stephen King juggernaut is on the move again, leaving less fortunate authors trembling in its wake. As the revised version of his 1978 novel *The Stand* continues to sell briskly and the paperback of *The Dark Half* dominates supermarket racks, yet another book, ***Four Past Midnight*** (Viking), arrives.

There's a blockbuster season ahead.

Publishers promise a rich harvest, from Mailer to King.

In 765 pages, King tells four spellbinding tales of horror and evil—any of which would be sufficient annual output for an ordinary writer. More than just good yarns, these are can't-tear-your-eyes-away stories that burn in your imagination long after you close the book. My favorite is *The Library Policeman*, a chilling story that begins with childish guilt about some overdue library books and a librarian's ominous threat. Without warning, King plunges astonishingly into a vivid exploration of child molestation, alcoholism and the meaning of fear. By now, King's narration is so sure and his characterizations so richly drawn that he turns these unexpected corners and wanders down intriguing sidetracks with the confidence of a great storyteller.

In the longest of these stories, *The Langoliers*, one character remarks, "It seems like one of those stupid disaster movies," when ten people in a 767 wake up in midflight to find the rest of the passengers and crew gone. Without revealing the inventive science-fiction premise, let's just say that their predicament is far more exciting than an airplane disaster and will be far more difficult to make into a movie. King's fertile imagination makes the stories-within-the-story of these characters function perfectly to bring this tale to a shocking climax. In *Secret Window, Secret Garden*, he returns almost playfully to a theme he explored in *Misery* and *The Dark Half*: how fiction can become more powerful than reality. Artfully enough, the final story, *The Sun Dog*, is sort of a prologue to his *next* novel—the last of his visits to the fictional town of Castle Rock—*Needful Things* (to be published in 1991). These are four wonderful pieces of dark magic from a master conjurer who knows how to leave the crowd gasping in amazement.

The necessary agony of sifting through the wreckage of the Vietnam war continues, and one of the most provocative reassessments yet is Olivier Todd's ***Cruel April: 1975—The Fall of Saigon*** (Norton). Todd covered the war for the French weekly *Nouvel Observateur* from 1965 to 1973. At first, he saw the war as a simple act of American imperialism. But his experiences in Hanoi, in Saigon and on the front lines changed his mind and led him to believe that the Viet Cong were really "Red Fascists, the Prussians of Asia." As he recounts the events from January 1 to April 30, 1975, in an urgent, present-tense reporter's style, he argues that the United States should have fought to win in Vietnam (and would have, if Watergate had not prevented Richard Nixon from acting). His conclusions are supported by impressively detailed analyses of events at many levels of military, political and social action. This persuasive knowledgeable book raises questions that future historians of the Vietnam war will have to answer.

Although his five previous books were well written and widely praised, nothing in them could prepare us for the brilliant imaginative leap Alan Cheuse has taken in ***The Light Possessed*** (Gibbs Smith). Ostensibly the fictional biography of a woman painter based on the life of Georgia O'Keeffe, this new novel is a moving meditation on art—on color, shape, light, lines and design. Woven into the compelling story of a woman driven by artistic genius and a fierce sense of independence is a stunning aesthetic vision. Cheuse has captured in language a sense of the world that is normally expressed only in pigment on canvas. After reading this book, you won't look at an O'Keeffe painting the same way again.

The Sixties will never die as long as we have Ken Kesey to keep reliving them for us, and his latest nostalgic effort, featuring 150 color photographs by Ron Bevirt, is ***The Further Inquiry*** (Viking). Touted as Kesey's own version of Tom Wolfe's *The Electric Kool-Aid Acid Test*, this is actually a somewhat disjointed fictional mock trial of Neal Cassady, with lots of illustrations. Cassady, you may recall, drove a brightly painted school bus (dubbed "Further") from coast to coast—loaded with Merry Pranksters who dispensed music and LSD along the way. Oh, well, maybe you had to have been

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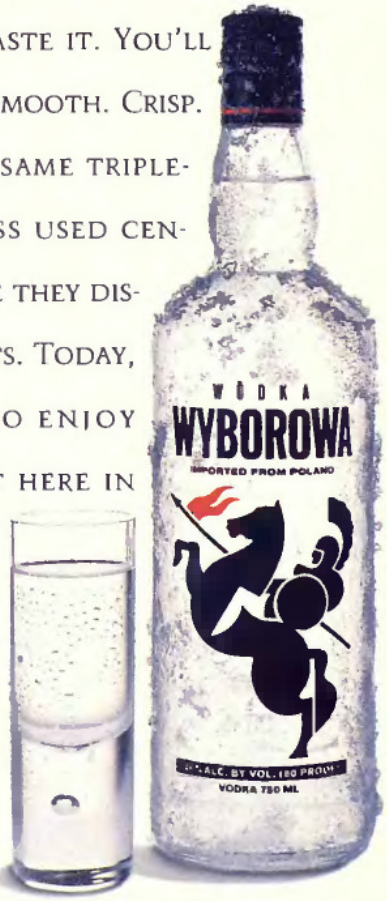

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there to enjoy this book.

Brian Moore has written about his native Belfast before, in novels such as *The Lonely Passion of Judith Hearne* and *Catholics*. But in ***Lies of Silence*** (Doubleday), he obliges us, via the plot of a tense thriller, to confront the continuing crisis of terrorism in Ireland. An ordinary man, symbolic of the Irish majority, is taken hostage and faced with terrible moral choices. Moore's sparse, measured style works well in this short, fast-paced story. But friends of the I.R.A. will not like his tough conclusion.

BOOK BAG

Tell Me More (Putnam's), by Larry King with Peter Occhiogrosso: The irrepressible late-night-talk-show host culls quotes and anecdotes from more than 30 years on the air.

James Brown: The Godfather of Soul (Thunder's Mouth), by James Brown, with Bruce Tucker: The story of the hardest-working man in showbiz, who overcame poverty and battled segregation to become the legendary innovator of funk.

The Play of Words: Fifty Games for Language Lovers (Pocket), by Richard Lederer: Whether you're a team player or prefer to go solo, get ready for a vigorous workout in linguistics and logic.

Eminently Suitable (Norton), by G. Bruce Boyer: Blame the ever-changing god of fashion fads for the trends that come and go. For the definitive guide to the fine art of dressing, Boyer's bible is eminently indispensable.

The Best Comics of the Decade (Fantagraphics), by the editors of *The Comics Journal*: More than 30 cartoonists whose work has appeared in *The New Yorker*, *The Village Voice* and *National Lampoon* contribute to this volume of underground-comic gems.

The Seventies: From Hot Pants to Hot Tubs (Dutton), by Andrew J. Edelstein and Kevin McDonough: A trip down memory lane to the decade that brought you mood rings, streaking, Watergate, the happy face, disco and other far-out stuff.

Lessons of the Rainforest (Sierra Club), edited by Suzanne Head and Robert Heinzman: Twenty-four leading ecologists and other experts explore strategies to save the earth's remaining tropical rain forests.

Going to Chicago: A Year on the Chicago Blues Scene (Woodford), introduction by Laurence J. Hyman and photographs by Stephen Green: A collector's item, complete with history, photos and commentaries by B. B. King, Koko Taylor and Albert Collins.

The Complete Crumb Comics Volume Five: Happy Hippy Comix (Fantagraphics), by Robert Crumb: The eccentric creator of the first underground comics presents the further adventures of Angelfood McSpade, Mr. Natural, Andy Hard-On and other sex fantasies.

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By DAN JENKINS

LIFESTYLE POLICE

One day last fall, a compatriot of mine was apprehended for lighting a cigarette in the press box of a college football stadium. It was a vivid reminder—for me, at least—that the lifestyle police never close a case and always get their man.

My fellow journalist had only taken a couple of drags off his Winston when they came out of nowhere, like Muppets. He was thrown against the wall and strip-searched. They jerked the batteries out of his Tandy laptop. They ordered the sports-information guys from both schools to cut him off their mailing lists. They cuffed him, read him his rights and took away his belt so he couldn't hang himself in his cell.

OK, I exaggerate, but the fact is that more and more press boxes are nonsmoking boxes because of zealous lobbying on the part of the lifestyle police and their Muppet helpers.

This is disturbing news to many of us, because for more than 80 years, the football press box has been one of only two places in the world where a person can cuss, smoke, drink, scratch and call his boss a lightweight asshole without fear of reprisal or arrest. The other place, in my experience, is France.

But since the lifestyle police are now operating in press boxes, it means they are virtually everywhere, working undercover to make this a better country in which *they* can live.

Of course, you never know where you're going to find a member of the lifestyle police—another friend recently discovered that he is married to one, for instance—so I am being pretty darn careful about my activities these days.

I've stopped parking in handicapped spaces as often as I once did, no matter how badly I need to find a rest room.

I don't water my lawn on even days of the week, since I have an uneven address. The lifestyle police have sent more than one neighbor up the river for illegal lawn watering.

I seldom read Mark Twain in public, knowing how fiercely the lifestyle police in California are trying to outlaw this kind of vulgarity.

You've probably been reading about numerous prisons' releasing criminals who have been convicted of murder, armed robbery and rape. This is the result of pressure brought on the prison system by the lifestyle police, who believe that better use can be made of our cellblocks.

The lifestyle police contend that murderers generally murder only people who deserve it, such as a wife who talks back. They contend that an armed robber generally robs only ethnics who ought to get robbed for being in this country in the first place. And they contend that the rapist generally rapes only women who were obviously asking for it.

Put these misunderstood people back on the street and you make room in prisons for society's true criminals: cigarette smokers, readers of Mark Twain and television viewers who don't like the Muppets.

In an effort to understand the lifestyle police, I met with two of them the other day: a man named Ron from Marin County who is said to have invented trout pizza, and a woman from Purdy, Missouri, named Mrs. Spite, who first pointed out the sexual implications in the square dance.

We met at the place of their choice, on the sidewalk outside a restaurant that had no designated area for nonsmokers and was known to attract people who fancied freedom of choice in most matters. Ron carried a placard that read, A MUSHROOM CLOUD IS NOT PASSIVE SMOKE. Mrs. Spite carried a placard that read, DEATH TO ALL WHO OPPOSE RIGHT TO LIFE.

Ron answered my first question by saying, "The lifestyle police is a religious, ecological, patriotic organization of which I am proud to say I have been a member since I first discovered coded obscenities in Nancy Drew mysteries."

Mrs. Spite said, "Contrary to vicious rumor, we believe in the political process. We take an issue to a Congressman, and if he disagrees with us, we look into his drug habits, his tax records and his extramarital relationships. He usually comes around to our way of thinking."

Ron said the concerns of the lifestyle police center on smoking, books, movies, newspapers, hosiery ads, television news, miniskirts, cheeseburgers and humor in all forms. "Humor would be all right if it made fun of the right things," he said, "but it never does."

"It's all part of the war on drugs," Mrs. Spite said. "Many books, for example, have *ideas* in them, and most of these ideas are confusing to young people, whose time would be better spent baking cookies and learning values in the home."

I couldn't help wondering what cheeseburgers had to do with the war on drugs.

"They are at the very core of the problem," said Mrs. Spite. "Cheeseburgers are available in millions of places that stay open late at night. The drug users know they can always find a cheeseburger after they've finished doing drugs. We say cut off their cheeseburgers and you cut off their drugs."

Late at night to Mrs. Spite was ten P.M. She said, "There is no excuse for anyone's not being at home and asleep before the ten-o'clock news comes on. The ten-o'clock news only teaches our young people how to have car wrecks, and it frequently tells them that their favorite sports team has lost a game."

I said, "The press does bring a lot of bad news. It's probably because so many reporters smoke. But isn't this better than living in a world of propaganda?"

Mrs. Spite stiffened and said, "It's not propaganda if you're on the side of right."

I left the meeting with a clearer understanding of the lifestyle police, but what I still don't know is how so many Muppets got into journalism and, therefore, into press boxes.

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MEN

By ASA BABER

The memory lingers on, years after the fact: I am driving in a modest neighborhood in Manoa Valley on the island of Oahu. There is a rainbow in the distance, as there often is in Hawaii. It is a Friday afternoon, and I am supposed to pick up my two sons, Jim and Brendan, ages eight and five, for my legal and assigned weekend's visitation with them.

I can see Brendan playing with a group of children at the end of the street. Suddenly, he breaks away from them and races toward my car. He looks frightened. He is calling my name over and over again. To this day, I can see him in detail, brave and fearful, loving and lonely. I stop the car, jump out and hug him, feel him shaking in my arms. "Where's Jim?" I ask him.

"He's with Mommy. They went away in the car this morning. Jim's not coming. Mommy said you might hurt him."

Brendan hugs me very tightly, and I simply hold him for a while without talking and wait out the lie. "Do you know I'm not going to hurt you?" I finally ask. He nods his head yes. "Do you know I would never hurt you or Jim?" He nods yes again, but he is not sure of anything at this moment.

We get into the car and go to the beach. We make sand castles, and then we wade in the warm Pacific surf. Brendan stands on my shoulders, uses me as a diving board for hours. I love it, but I miss Jim, and the pain that I feel for Brendan and for Jim—for the three of us, really—is enormous. Why can't the three of us be allowed uncontested time together? Why is visitation so often up for grabs? Why is the spirit of Lady Macbeth so alive at visitation time?

Many noncustodial fathers ask such questions. The fact is that visitation is often canceled or delayed by mothers who want revenge against their ex-husbands, mothers who are willing to use their children as pawns in a ruthless war. This is the story that is rarely told when we hear the usual reports of absentee fathers and lonely children. Sure, some fathers are irresponsible. But irresponsibility cuts both ways.

In spite of what you read and hear, most fathers do not vanish from their children's lives simply because they are selfish or unloving or cavalier. Noncustodial fathers—second-class citizens, by definition—are often driven away from

DEALING WITH LADY MACBETH

their children by the heartless tactics of their ex-wives. This is a truth that should be more highly publicized as we seek ways to bring fathers back into the family dynamic.

The statistics concerning fatherless children are not encouraging: More than 21 percent of all American children live in families headed by women only. That is almost twice the percentage who did so in 1970. A study of more than 1000 children from disrupted families (published by the University of Pennsylvania and covering representative samples nationwide from 1976 to 1987) found the following: (1) More than half the children whose fathers did not live with them had never been in their fathers' homes; (2) 42 percent had not seen their fathers in the previous year; (3) only 20 percent slept at their fathers' houses in a typical month; (4) only one in six saw their fathers once a week or more.

Gentlemen, it is time to tell it like it is: Our children are cherished by us, but when we lose custody of them, the biggest battle of our lives is only beginning. Visitation is tough, even under the best of circumstances, but an uncooperative or malicious ex-wife makes it almost unbearable. Nonetheless, it is our job to stay in touch with our children, no matter what the costs. They need us, we need them, and this culture is going to slide right down the tubes if we let angry mothers shut us out and shut us down.

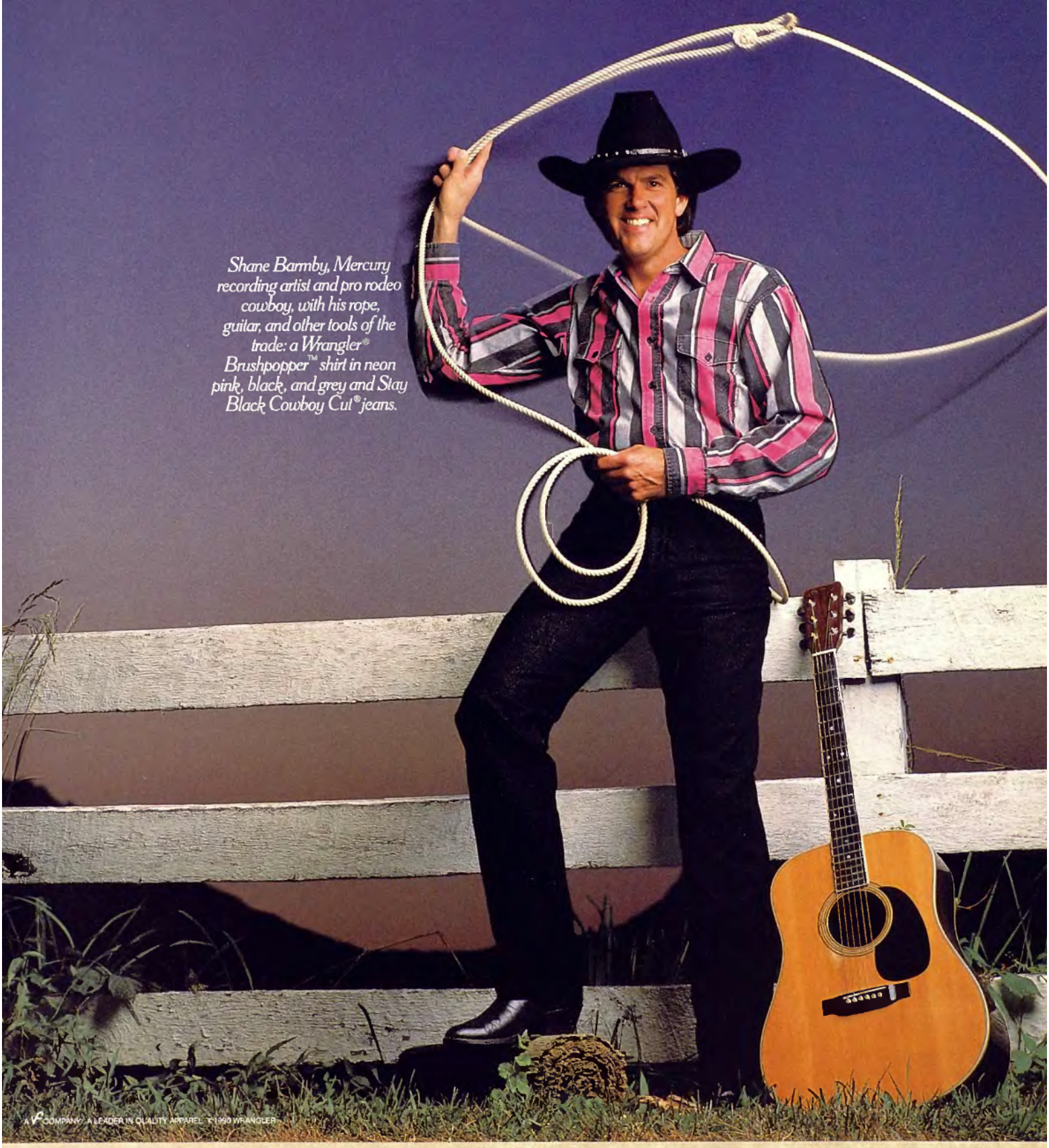
Given all that, let this battle-scarred veteran of the visitation wars offer some suggestions for survival so you and your children can live and grow together:

1. *Be prepared for the psychological truth of visitation.* Especially at first, your children will be studying you to see if you still love them. And how do children scrutinize their noncustodial fathers? By testing their patience, by being combative and wary, by pushing the limits and daring their fathers to abandon them. Your role in all this? To endure the testing, to be patient, to set reasonable limits without letting your own tensions rule you and damage the relationship. I'm not saying all this is easy. But it is your job.

2. *The temptation to tell the kids how their mother is screwing with the visitation schedule will be great—but do not give in to it.* Your time with your children is limited and precious. The more you bitch and moan about their mother, the less credibility you will have with them. They know the two of you do not get along, so don't bore them with the details. Do not invite the image of your ex-wife into the room. Every time you do, the kids lose a little bit of you and are thrown back into the arena of divorce. Your children want to re-establish contact with *you*. Let them.

3. *Every time your ex-wife gets your attention and your anger by playing games with visitation, she has won the thing she wants. Do not give it to her.* The most effective antidote to attempted vengeance is a great big yawn. On visitation day, when you get to the house and the kids aren't there, when they seem to be afraid of you because of the stories she has fed them, when Lady Macbeth seems alive and well in your children's living room, your best tactic is to fold your arms, laugh and chant, "Boring, boring, boring." Humor deflates the meanest of intentions. And kids respond to it and are healed by it . . . as are fathers.

Hang in there, Dad. Your constant tenacity will be reaffirming proof of your love, and your children will thank you many times over. Through all your wonderful years together.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WOMEN

By CYNTHIA HEIMEL

HOLLYWOOD WOMEN

There are twenty-five women in this room and fifty face lifts," said Patti. We were at a barbecue in Malibu, on a gigantic deck overlooking the ocean. There were a bunch of women there eating nothing. The men were happily tucking into ribs and potato salad. Some of them looked good, but some had big pot bellies. I don't know what goes on in a man's darkest, deepest soul, but even the fat fellows looked enormously, richly pleased with themselves.

The women looked wary and skinny, with stringy muscles and questionable breasts. Their faces were disturbing. One, the wife of a retired actor, looked like a high school cheerleader from across the room. She was cute, with a frothy short skirt and bouncy blonde highlighted hair. But up close, I noticed an upper lip serrated with wrinkles and skin pulled drum-tight across cheekbones.

There was another woman, a major celebrity, who looked just plain skeletal, with her face frozen in a grimace, and a famous comedienne who had an entirely new chin. I kept seeing beautiful young girls out of the corner of my eye; after focusing on them, I realized they were sometimes 50, sometimes 60.

•

"Oh, my God! Oh, my God!" said the movie actress. "*People* magazine says I'm thirty-eight! I'll never get another job! Do you think anyone will read it? Maybe no one will read it! You know what this means, don't you? Tom Cruise won't work with me, Dennis Quaid won't work with me."

"There's always Mel Gibson," said her friend. "I mean, how old is Goldie?"

•

The newspaper columnist put Equal in her cappuccino and stared absently at the long-legged blondes swarming into the Ivy in Santa Monica.

"If you look like that," she said, "you're interchangeable. But if you don't look like that, you're invisible. My ex-husband married one of them. If you're a Hollywood executive, you have to have a second wife about thirty years younger than you. If you're a minor executive, you marry a bimbo. If you're a major player, you marry a trophy wife.

"If you're a trophy wife, you're supposed to be terribly bright and do something terribly important, like run a division or produce pictures, but you must also be able to wear your Armani blouse unbuttoned to the waist. You have to be gorgeous. Richard Zanuck and Mike Medavoy both have trophy wives."

•

"I watch the Academy Awards and I really resent them, the new sex girls of the minute," said the movie actress. "This year, it's Julia Roberts. These women don't have any sense of their own collusion in the system. They take pride in being the latest wet dream for men. They never look at the rest of us, who have been there and been used up. Do I sound bitter?

"I went on a date with a plastic surgeon and I told him maybe I should do something about my puffy eyes. Well. Before I knew it, he was planning on chin implants, cheekbone augmentation, getting rid of the little lump on my nose, then a little liposuction thrown in. I told him people liked this face enough to nominate me for an Academy Award, thank you very much."

•

"When you watch soap operas," said the Hollywood director, "the majority of women have had nose jobs and face lifts. They all look alike. Some women, like Victoria Principal, just take the short route and marry the plastic surgeon.

"But you can't blame women in Hollywood, because there are so few good parts. The three good movie parts for women so far this year were in *Last Exit to Brooklyn*, *Miami Blues* and *Pretty Woman*. They were all prostitutes."

•

"Hollywood movies are supposed to provide us with role models," I said to the TV producer. "How can we possibly feel positive about ourselves when all we see are women terrified of aging?"

"Why would you ever identify with women in Hollywood movies?" asked the producer. "All they ever do is get to play girlfriends or moms. But look how far we've come. It used to be that the woman would just swoon and then be rescued by a man. Now a woman comes out from performing heart surgery, swoons and is rescued by a man. Women are allowed to exist only until they're twenty-eight. After that, they're either killed off or become evil.

"And women are never allowed to have adventures. When I was growing up, the only girl on TV I could identify with was Lassie. She got to run around and do things."

"Somebody told me that the guys who took over Tri-Star threw out all the movies in development that had female leads," I said.

"And that surprises you?" asked the producer.

•

"There are more female movie executives than ever before but fewer movies about women," said the director. "And, listen, famous actors go out of their way to find people you never heard of to star opposite them. They'd rather find a model than someone with chops.

"None of the big commodity movies, the franchises—like *Rocky* or *Star Trek*—are based on women. Woman season doesn't start until October, when the sensitive, small-budget movies come out. Women should be allowed to make crummy blockbusters, too! Meryl Streep is pissed off because she doesn't get paid as much as Jack Nicholson. She would have liked to play the Joker. The only woman who could be called a franchise is Bette Midler."

"I guess because she's never played it for sex appeal," I said. "Maybe if they never want to fuck you, they don't have to kill you off."

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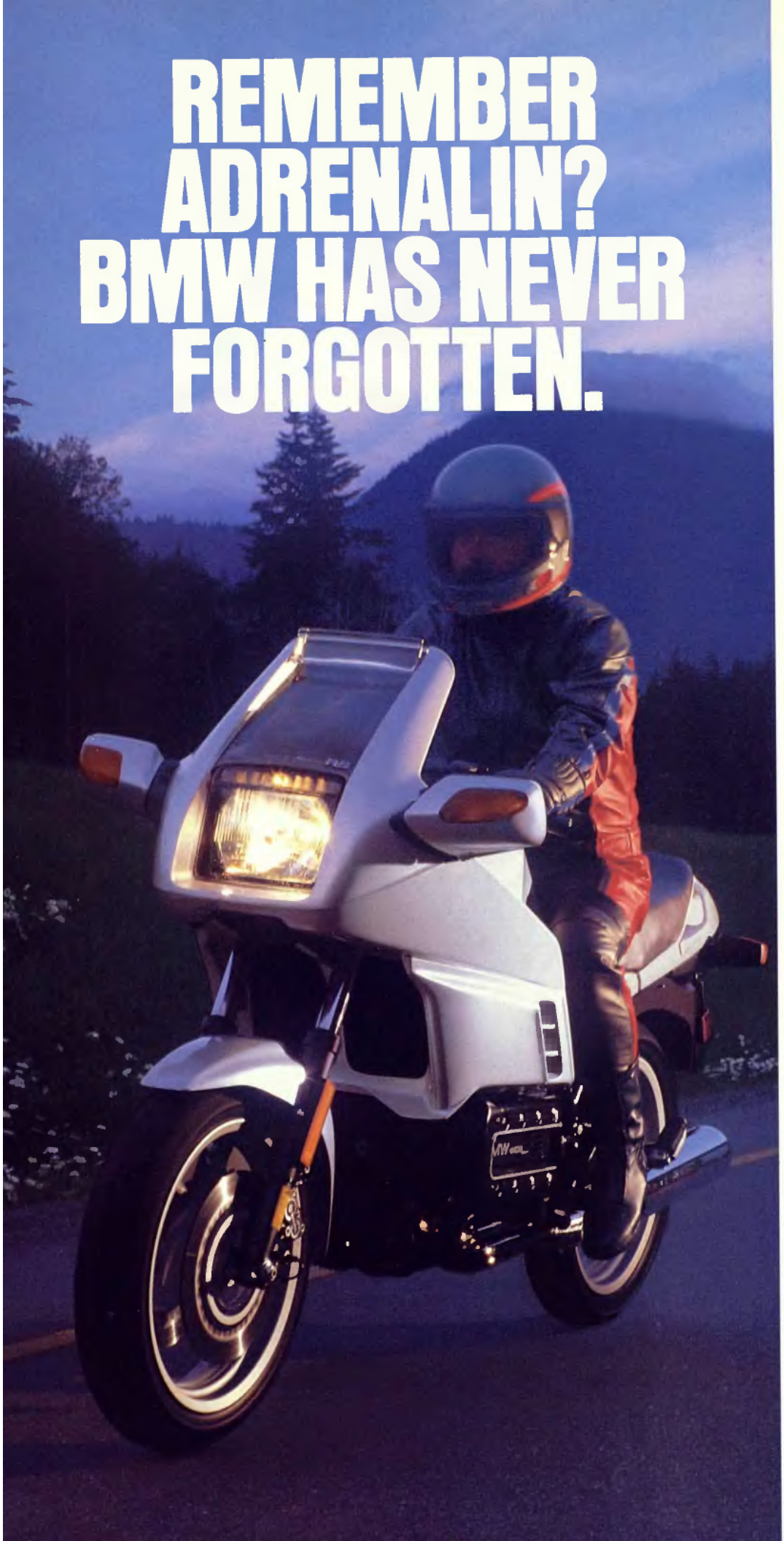

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WORTH THE OBSESSION.

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THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

Recently, I read an article on tantric sex by Charles and Caroline Muir. It described a breathing technique that supposedly enhances orgasm. They suggest: "To increase the length and power of your orgasm, start to inhale (as slowly as possible) about halfway into its peak. The building-up feeling of climax will continue for as long as you can sustain the inhalation. When you begin to release the breath, do it with as much sound as possible. Really sing out. . . . The volume of your sound influences the volume, the depth, of your orgasm. But you want to stay in control of the sound and not use it up too fast; the orgasm will last as long as you continue to vocalize it in your exhalation. With practice, both men and women can learn to keep the orgasm going for more than one complete breath, up to four or six, possibly more." Have you ever heard of such a thing?—C. B., Los Angeles, California.

Sure. Lamaze classes teach women to focus on breathing as a means of distracting themselves from the pain of childbirth. And we've heard of women who use the same techniques to focus and extend orgasm. Since orgasm is the release of tension, anything that builds tension may increase the excitement level. Holding your breath is one way of building tension. As for vocalizing your orgasm, we've known people who vocalize theirs for weeks at a time. ("Please, baby, please, baby, that was great, can we do it again, please, baby?!?!") But forget this tantric garble. Let's talk high tech. You want to experience a real rush? Amplify your orgasm. Everyone knows that singing in the shower doesn't compare to getting on stage at one of those karaoke *bars and wailing into a microphone. Why not suspend a microphone over your bed and run it through the amplifier? You'll be inside the biggest orgasm you've ever heard.*

I've been dating a woman who has a young son. The relationship is serious, to the point that we are talking about taking a vacation together. I know this sounds selfish, but do you have any suggestions for a trip that would give the adults maximum privacy?—J. P., Chicago, Illinois.

There are two things for which adults require absolute privacy on a vacation. One is finishing Scott Turow's latest mystery. But what you are looking for is called destination day care—resorts that are fun camps for both kids and caretakers. Club Med pioneered the concept: It has kid clubs at five locations in the Western Hemisphere. In fact, from September to November, children aged two to five are free at St. Lucia, Eleuthera, Sandpiper and Punta Cana; they are free all season at Ixtapa. We've heard good reports on the family care at The Boscobel Beach Club in Ocho Rios, Jamaica. The concept has caught on in ski country as well. Resorts as diverse as Winter Park in Colorado and Alta-Snowbird

in Utah have on-slope day-care centers for toddlers and learn-to-ski programs for adolescents. We haven't heard of many golf clubs with day care, but it's only a matter of time.

My wife and I just had a baby. I've been thinking of buying a case of champagne to set aside for his 21st birthday. Any recommendations?—E. O., Detroit, Michigan.

Sure. Buy something an adult can really use—a leather-bound copy of "The Joy of Sex" or a CD of 2 Live Crew's "As Nasty As They Wanna Be"—and put it in a safe-deposit box. The way the country's going, erotica may not be available in 21 years. But our paranoid ravings aside, take a pass on the champagne. Bubbly is meant to be savored the year it is sold. The makers have already done whatever aging is necessary. If you keep a champagne 20 years, it may develop a toasted flavor. Why spoil a toast?

My wife and I have been married almost ten years and during that time, we have made love in front of a roaring fire, in the back of a van, on a picnic table, in the living room and in the bathroom, to name a few locations. One of the most erotic experiences I have had with her involved sex in front of a roaring fire. Late one evening, my wife appeared in our basement wearing nothing but a see-through camisole and a pair of crotchless panties. Needless to say, in a matter of seconds, I had removed my clothes and let my rock-hard manhood spring free. After I hurriedly spread a quilt and a few pillows on the floor, we fell into each other's arms and began to fondle each other like there was no tomorrow. After several minutes of this, during which I sucked and squeezed her breasts until her nipples were hard as rocks, I moved down to where I could lick and suck her sweet pussy and send her into ecstasy. This lasted for several minutes before we changed positions and she sucked my dick like a vacuum cleaner. Not wanting to climax yet, we slowed down for a couple of minutes and changed positions again, moving so that she could straddle me and do deep knee bends with my dick sliding in and out of her pussy. Then she moved to her belly and raised her ass into the air, signaling that she wanted me to enter her from behind while her beautiful breasts hung down and bounced each time I thrust into her. From this position, we moved to the traditional missionary and I proceeded to thrust my throbbing erection into her hot pussy with deep strokes. After about ten more minutes of mutual groin-grinding, we both came like an earthquake. What a night! My question is, how can I persuade her to do this more often? I am easily aroused and could make love every day with this lovely lady, yet her drive is not quite as high. She is content with two or three times a week. What can I do?—B. B., Nashville, Tennessee.

Your rock-hard manhood? Mutual groin-grinding? Two or three times a week, and you're complaining? OK, here's our advice. Create an anniversary ritual. Instead of celebrating the day you got married, celebrate the days you had peak sexual experiences. Tell your wife that you would like to declare the third weekend in October as Van Day and reenact that hot encounter with your gearshift knob of love. Declare the first day of November Fireplace Day. If you get enough of these erotic holidays going, you'll fill up a calendar.

I am hoping you can shed some light on a recent hot topic among audiophiles. Is it possible to improve the sound of CDs by painting the vertical edge with a green permanent marker? Are you supposed to paint the inner edge or the outer edge? What is the principle behind the practice?—S. T. B., Miami, Florida.

We've read a few articles about green-lining. In one, syndicated reporter Wayne Thompson claims that the "green-coated disc seemed to take away the veiling that often accompanies digital music. Gone, too, was the harshness often associated with digital software. The entire musical presentation was warmer, more like analog recordings played on high-end-LP turntables." Gee, that sounds like a great leap backward. Thompson proposes a theory that the green marker acts as a "fence," keeping more of the laser beam's light contained on the disc, thus allowing the beam to read the data on the disc more effectively. Some audiophiles recommend black felt tips; others say the turquoise Design Art Marker 255 by Faber Castell is the one to use. We suggest that you conduct your own test. If

ILLUSTRATION BY DENNIS MUKAI

there's any truth to this, expect to see a $750 Magic Marker at your local audiophile shop.

I have a strange fetish: I get off boxing with beautiful women. Over the years, I have had several partners who also got off on this thrill. We would put on gloves, work up a sweat, then fuck our brains out. Then I met a girl who did not like to box. She tried on the gloves and came up with her own scenario. She does all the punching. She is into having sex while both of us are clad only in leather boxing gloves. She will strip naked and put on the gloves or undress down to high heels, boots or garters and lipstick-red gloves. She is absolutely ravishing, and I am completely taken with her. The arrangement has led us into a different realm, bordering on domination and S/M, in which she is a boxer and I am her punching bag, sexual servant and corner man. Have you ever heard of anything so bizarre? Have I created a sexual she-monster? It has gotten to where she won't climb into bed without the gloves.—J. R., Grand Rapids, Michigan.

Has Don King heard about her? Yes, this is one of the strangest forms of foreplay we've encountered. It beats juggling with machetes, but not by much. As long as she pulls her punches, it is harmless. However, the prevailing theory about fetishes is that when you can't do without them, you are no longer in control of your sex life. You may need a referee.

It's no secret that your magazine regularly features some of the most alluring women on the planet, but you have to admit that their mode of dress can do much to influence the impact of a picture. Where do you find the lingerie—the half-cup bras and those sheer stockings with swirls?—W. Q., Seattle, Washington.

What makes you think the girl sitting next to you on the bus isn't wearing a half-cup bra? Ask her where she bought her underwear. Just kidding. Many of the Playmates arrive wearing the lingerie we later photograph. You can find some amazingly sexy stuff at most major department stores. We occasionally send stylists over to Trashy Lingerie (402 North LaCienega, Los Angeles 90048) and Schwartz's Intimate Apparel (945 North Rush Street, Chicago 60611) for last-minute items. If you've seen something specific in Playboy, *either store may have it. But you should also explore some of the major mail-order suppliers. Victoria's Secret (P.O. Box 16589, Columbus, Ohio 43216-6589) has a catalog that will give you some ideas. Also contact Fogal (439 North Rodeo Drive, Rodeo Collection, Beverly Hills 90210) and the famous Frederick's of Hollywood (Box 229, Hollywood 90099).*

I remember having read excerpts in the *Advisor* from the codes of conduct of the Virginia Military Institute and a fraternity handbook. Have you ever come across similar guidelines for the opposite sex? What should a man look for in a wife?—Miss G. S., New York, New York.

What is this—a trap? A few months ago, Esquire *magazine shot its foot off (and, we suspect, other parts of its anatomy) by publishing an owner's manual for the perfect wife. Far be it from us to attempt to improve on nature's most sublime creation, that paragon of moral virtue, the overworked and underpaid spouse. So we will duck this issue by letting women define themselves. Isabel Burton, wife of Sir Richard Burton, the explorer and translator of the "Kama Sutra of Vatsyayana," once concocted a list of "Rules for My Guidance As a Wife." We found it in William Harrison's fine biographical novel "Burton and Speke":*

"I. Let your husband find in you a companion, friend and advisor and confidante, that he might miss nothing at home; and let him find in the wife what he and many other men fancy is only to be found in a mistress.

"II. Be a careful nurse when he is ailing.

"III. Make his home snug.

"IV. Improve and educate yourself in every way that he might not become weary of you.

"V. Be prepared to follow him at an hour's notice.

"VI. Do not try to hide your affection for him, but let him see and feel it in every action. Never refuse anything he asks. Keep up the honeymoon romance whether at home or in the desert. Do not make prudish bothers, which only disgust and are not true modesty.

"VII. Perpetually work up his interests in the world.

"VIII. Never confide your domestic affairs to your female friends.

"IX. Hide his faults from everyone.

"X. Never allow anyone to speak disrespectfully of him before you. Never permit anyone to tell you anything about him, especially of his conduct with other women. Never hurt his feelings by a rude remark or jest. Never answer when he finds fault. Never reproach him when he finds fault. Always keep his heart up when he has made a failure.

"XI. Keep all disagreements for your own room, and never let others find them out.

"XII. Trust him and tell him everything, except another person's secret.

"XIII. Do not bother him with religious talk. Be religious yourself and give good example. Pray and procure prayers for him, doing all you can for him without his knowing it.

"XIV. Cultivate your own good health and nerves to counteract his naturally melancholy turn.

"XV. Never open his letters nor appear inquisitive about anything he does not volunteer to tell you.

"XVI. Never interfere between him and his family.

"XVII. Keep everything going and let nothing be at a standstill; nothing would weary him like stagnation."

It's an interesting list—applicable in large part to members of both sexes. The bad news is that after having followed this advice for 30-some-odd years, Isabel, upon her husband's death, burned all his unpublished notes and 41 unpublished manuscripts, including the complete translation of "The Perfumed Garden of Sheik Nefzovoi." For something completely different, consider the following letter.

Here is something I call a sexual briefing of a truly nasty girl, an awesome lover. To be a truly nasty girl, one has to love wild, kinky, outrageous, hard-core, diabolical, dangerous, animalistic sex.

I love party pleasures, ultrafreaky and nasty boys. I want to participate in an orgy freak party. I want my hands and legs tied to a bed. I want to be ravishingly yet sensually violated. I want some whipped cream poured all over my body, then slowly licked off, while making love. I love masturbating (freaking with myself) in front of my lover. I love to be fucked hard with strong pumping, deep grinding and fast stroking. I love wearing seductive, nasty-girl outfits. I love having my pussy eaten, sucked, licked, nibbled, rubbed, tickled, pulled on, blown in, massaged and bitten. I love making love in strange, unexpected and different places. I love making love with colored lights on, listening to music and sipping vodka. I love oral sex. I like being fucked in my ass when I'm stimulated by some vodka. I like soft, sadistic pain while making love . . . till it hurts so good. I love taking long luster-silk, perfumed milk baths. I love taking nude photos, snapshots, Polaroids. I love long, intense foreplay. I love being finger-fucked with at least two or three fingers digging deep and twirling around inside my sugar walls. I like come skeeted all over my titties and thighs. I like nasty, dirty talk while making love. I love sex toys and games: Spanish flies, French ticklers, creams, lotions, ice cubes, gadgets, vibrators, dildos, etc. I have a freakish fetish for a man's sweat, underarm pits and thighs. I love to ball, make love, have sex, get off, masturbate, freak and fuck!

But I'm not into water beds, chains and whips, toes and feet! Sorry.—Miss C. N., Ypsilanti, Michigan.

[Sic]. *That's editorial jargon meaning we've left this letter in the author's prose. If you can't express your own sexuality in your own language, you may as well move to Florida. So, guys, let's put it to a vote. Which lady would make you happy for the rest of your life—Mrs. Burton or The Nasty Girl?*

All reasonable questions—from fashion, food and drink, stereo and sports cars to dating problems, taste and etiquette—will be personally answered if the writer includes a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Send all letters to The Playboy Advisor, Playboy, 680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611. The most provocative, pertinent queries will be presented on these pages each month.

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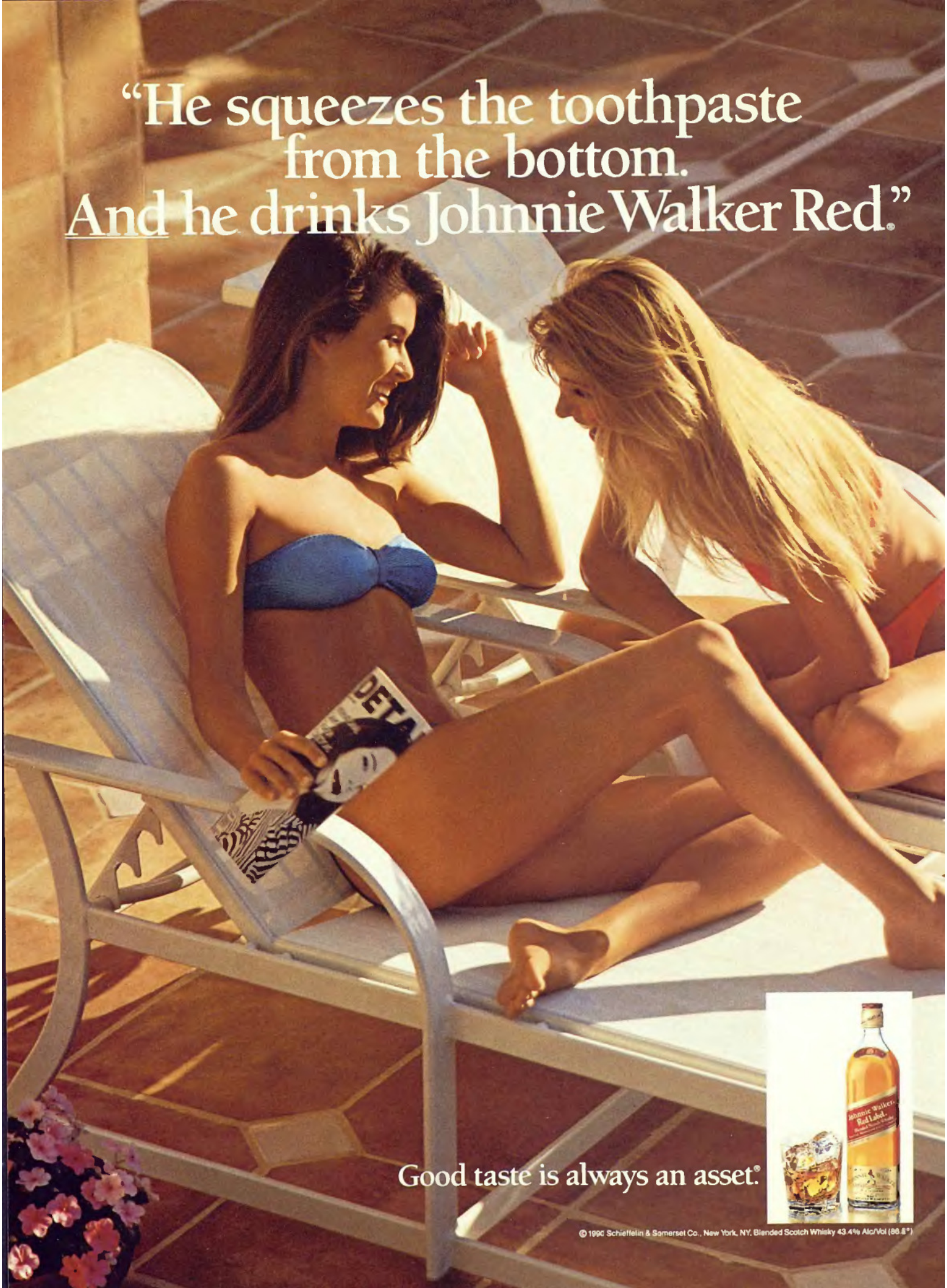

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RATINGS AND REEL LIFE

Cinema Paradiso is a charming film about a young boy coming of age in an Italian village.

The fatherless boy is taken under the wing of the old projectionist at the village movie theater. One day, the boy spies on the local priest, who is previewing a new movie. The curate rings a bell whenever a scene crosses the threshold of Catholic morality and the projectionist tucks a piece of paper into the still-moving reel. Later, he cuts the offensive scenes with a large pair of scissors.

The boy tries to steal the offending frames from the cutting-room floor; the projectionist stops him, saying, "OK, you can have the clippings, but I will keep them for you."

The boy grows into a man. When the projectionist dies, he leaves his protégé a reel of censored scenes. The film ends with these scenes: scratchy black-and-white shots of kisses, clenches and coy nudity. It is a wonderful moment, a hymn to real life.

In the U.S., the self-appointed guardians of public morality are the anonymous members of the Classification and Rating Administration (C.A.R.A.) of the Motion Picture Association of America (M.P.A.A.), who gather in secrecy to give films X, R, PG-13, PG and G ratings. This star chamber has been meeting for 22 years, reviewing films submitted voluntarily by producers. The industry established C.A.R.A. to provide timely and accurate rating information. It has been a headache since its inception.

Parents complain that the ratings aren't enforced. And they're right: When a team of *USA Today* reporters in six cities followed 22 kids aged 11 to 16, all but five were able to buy their own tickets to R-rated *Total Recall*.

Some parents have pushed for additional categories: RS (restricted because of sex), RL (restricted because of language) and RV (restricted because of violence). They want to make an informed choice and presumably don't have time to watch Siskel and Ebert (who have themselves supported an A-for-adults rating) or see the movies themselves.

Even with the chronic background grumbling, until now, no one has seen the rating system for what it is—ineffective posturing at best, indirect censorship at worst.

Instead of the priest's bell and the projectionist's scissors, we have the open-jawed threat of an X rating. To avoid the stigma associated with X ratings, directors cut 12 seconds of sex between Mickey Rourke and Lisa Bonet in *Angel Heart*, three and a half minutes of sex between Rourke and Kim Basinger in *9½ Weeks* and a few frames of sex between Rourke and Carré Otis in *Wild Orchid*. The M.P.A.A. demanded that a minute of an orgy be cut from *Scandal* and a *ménage à trois* from *Crimes of Passion*. The cuts are restored on the unrated videos.

The M.P.A.A. recently gave *Tie Me Up! Tie Me Down!* an X rating because, as one of its critics noted, "they made love too realistically." Because of the X rating, most theaters won't book the film. Moviegoers confuse an X with exploitation or porn films (which generally are not submitted to the M.P.A.A. but are advertised as XXX by their makers). Family newspapers take it upon themselves to be *de facto* censors by not publishing advertisements for the film. An X rating is not as direct as the priest's clipping offensive scenes, but it is almost as effective.

Pedro Almodovar, the director of *Tie Me Up!*, filed a civil suit to force the M.P.A.A. to rescind the X and to replace it with a less damaging rating. Almodovar argues that the M.P.A.A. has inconsistent and arbitrary tastes, if not an outright bias against foreign films. His attorney, William Kunstler, asked a judge to view scenes from American-made R-rated movies—*The Postman Always Rings Twice*, *The Accused*, *Blue Velvet*, *Fatal Attraction* and *9½ Weeks*—that are far steamier than those in *Tie Me Up!*

Other directors have taken to ignoring the M.P.A.A. Peter Greenaway, director of *The Cook, the Thief, His Wife & Her Lover*, declined to have his film rated. MGM/Turner has decided not to use the M.P.A.A. ratings for any of its video releases, relying instead on descriptive comments from the Film Advisory Board.

We don't need a rating system for films—certainly not one that treats us all like children. And we question parents who are willing to base their judgment on a simple-minded letter rating awarded by a faceless committee.

In *Cinema Paradiso*, the boy found a father in the projectionist. The old man withheld the censored clips but also quoted movies to explain life. In any case, the boy saw plenty by watching the townspeople who went to the theater to grope, kiss, fondle, fuck, murder, marry and reproduce.

If life doesn't have a rating system, the movies don't need one.

THE OLD CODE

In 1927, Hollywood came up with a ratings code for movies. The list of prohibited actions, as listed in Corbett S. Steinberg's *Film Facts*, featured:

- **Pointed profanity—by either title or lip—including the words God, Lord, Jesus, Christ, hell, damn and Gawd.**
- **Any licentious or suggested nudity—in fact or in silhouette.**
- **The illegal traffic in drugs.**
- **Any inference of sex perversion.**
- **White slavery.**
- **Sex relationships between the white and black races.**
- **Sex hygiene and venereal diseases.**
- **Scenes of childbirth.**
- **Children's sex organs.**
- **Ridicule of the clergy.**

Activities that demanded special care:

- **Techniques of committing murder.**
- **The use of firearms.**
- **Theft, robbery, safecracking.**
- **Rape or attempted rape.**
- **Man and woman in bed together.**
- **Deliberate seduction of girls.**
- **Surgical operations.**
- **Excessive or lustful kissing.**

It just goes to show that while the movies have changed, the sensitivities of would-be censors haven't.

READER

"SEXUAL REPRESSION"

Hugh M. Hefner's memo "Sexual Repression and Perversion" (*The Playboy Forum*, July) troubles and offends me. Hefner brands a child-molestation case that is still in the courts as a "witch-hunt." He says that parents are "hysterical" if they believe their children when they say they've been molested—as if possible molestation is not grounds for parental outrage. His declamations against the McMartin case insult any parent who has ever had the courage to trust his or her child. The disturbing myth that children are liars is perpetuated by attorneys who represent people accused of child molestation. Those lawyers are adept at confusing and intimidating adult witnesses; terrified preschool children are easy prey. As a teacher and a mother, I have observed young children tenaciously hold fast to the truth, even as the adults who are supposed to protect them berate or abuse them.

Sexual freedom between consenting adults and freedom of speech are the rights of adult Americans. Let's remember that part of the responsibility of being an adult is to protect our children from harm.

I hope that you will put your considerable clout to better use in the future—perhaps as an advocate for the children who seem to have no voice in America.

Teresa Jicha
Garden Grove, California

One of our jobs as adults is to maintain a system of justice that protects the rights of both children and adults. Hefner's memo and the article "McMartin, Anatomy of a Witch-hunt" ("The Playboy Forum," June) describe a justice system abused by hysterical parents, by untrained and zealous investigators and by an unskeptical press.

The McMartin case is not the only witch-hunt. Between 1983 and 1987, there were allegations of ritual child sexual abuse in more than 100 communities across America. The Memphis Commercial Appeal *investigated 36 such cases and found that of 91 persons charged with child abuse, 45 had had their cases dismissed, 11 had been acquitted, 23 had been convicted and 12 cases were pending. Many of the investigators who questioned the children had read a book titled "Michelle Remembers"—purportedly the story of an adult who experienced ritual abuse as a child. The author, who showed up regularly on programs such as "700 Club," claims to have been drugged, taken through tunnels, sexually assaulted by black-robed figures, buried in a cemetery and forced to eat a dead baby. The children told identical stories in so many recent child-abuse cases, including McMartin, that objective observers have concluded that there is a good chance that the questioners led the children—as clearly happened in McMartin—into acknowledging events that were on the investigators'—not the children's—minds.*

According to an article in the Appeal, *Kenneth Lanning, an FBI agent, is very skeptical of the interviewing techniques employed by child-abuse investigators: "In some cases, children have been asked leading questions by parents and investigators and were rewarded with toys, candy—even Cabbage Patch dolls—for giving information. Some people interviewing children—parents, social workers, police, therapists . . . are recruiters 'to the brotherhood and sisterhood of the sexually abused,' rather than finders of fact. 'There are some people who have a hidden agenda. Perhaps they were victims of sexual assault,' said Lanning. He does not believe that former abuse victims should automatically be excluded from investigating child-sex-abuse cases but [says,] 'They must carefully evaluate their motives and ensure they are maintaining a professional, objective approach.'"*

As a teacher, you know that a child can be persuaded to learn anything by careful rewards. What struck us about the McMartin testimony was that none of the children had told their parents they had been abused—until after they were interviewed by the Children's Institute International. Even the prosecutors dismissed most of the children's testimony as preposterous. It was apparent that the jury, which saw tapes of the C.I.I.'s interviews with the children, concluded that the investigators had planted the stories.

The McMartin defendants will never be proven innocent. They have suffered. The children who were manipulated by interviewers and media have suffered. Genuine child abuse is a tragedy and a crime. Its perpetrators should be punished. But let us not create a greater tragedy by presuming the guilt of all those accused of child molestation.

FOR THE RECORD

ONE MAN'S SPIRITUALITY IS ANOTHER MAN'S PULP

"How many 'cathedrals' of old-growth trees are needed to have a spiritual experience? When can we get on with growing trees and cutting trees?"—SHEPARD TUCKER, spokesman for Louisiana-Pacific Pulp Mill, in response to environmentalists who view ancient redwood forests with a respect bordering on reverence

NEW ADDICTION

The clarion call of the Nineties may well be personal responsibility for one's behavior ("Reader Response," *The Playboy Forum*, July). However, let it be coupled with tolerance for those who attend Alcoholics Anonymous meetings. Although A.A. was not the answer for James Almblad, it has been the answer for thousands of other addicts.

(Name and address
withheld by request)

I congratulate James Almblad for his apparent ability to quit drinking by reading a book. However, countless other people quit drinking by joining A.A. He should not condemn A.A.—or any other 12-step group—merely because he doesn't agree with its methods.

Bud Kopp
Alderwood Manor, Washington

RESPONSE

BLASPHEMOUS THOUGHT

Stephen Chapman makes many excellent points in his article "Keeping the Sin Out of Cincinnati" (*The Playboy Forum*, August). However, he makes one error. He claims, "No one would argue in 1990 that someone could be put in prison for insulting the Almighty." Massachusetts has a law prohibiting speech that "willfully blasphemes" or treats "contumeliously" the "holy name of God." Recently, a man was charged under this law; if convicted, he could spend one year in jail.

Frank D. Kirschner
Alexandria, Virginia

RECORD LABELS

I'm disappointed in the posturing of some of the liberal priests of the First Amendment. They rush to defend 2 Live Crew's freedom of expression while taking pains to point out that the group's lyrics are "vulgar, awful, loathsome, odious, nasty, offensive, vile, putrid and disgusting."

Are we allowed to engage only in sex acts that can be described in Latin? 2 Live Crew's lyrics are vulgar in the way the King James Bible is vulgar—their songs use the language of the people. "Suck my cock and I'll eat your pussy" could be cleaned up by a sex therapist into "My Turn–Your Turn Sensate Focus Exercise," but that would mean that the First Amendment applies only to euphemisms.

Nathanial Bynner
Fort Lauderdale, Florida

I'll lingually stimulate your pudenda if you orally satisfy my frenulum? Yes, America still has a problem when it comes to describing sexual acts in language that earth people use. We wanted to include the lyrics to some of 2 Live Crew's songs in our discussion of the rock-labeling debate "The Great Rock Labeling War" ("The Playboy Forum," August). Had we done so, that issue of Playboy *could have been labeled obscene in Florida and you would not have been able to read our views on the subject. The irony is that among the few million who can show you the lyrics are members of the American Family Association, Parents' Music Resource Center and James Dobson's Focus on the Family. If you want to see the lyrics, they'll fax you a copy.*

Parents for Rock and Rap is a new organization that monitors artistic freedom in the music industry—in part to counteract the actions of the Parents' Music Resource Center. There are many parents who support the First Amendment and oppose the recent movement to censor music. *This* silent majority needs to be heard.

Mary Morello
Parents for Rock and Rap
P.O. Box 53
Libertyville, Illinois

The warning on records should read: MAY CONTAIN LYRICS OFFENSIVE TO THOSE WHO HATE, CURSE, REVILE AND DAMN GOD FOR MAKING ANATOMICAL DIFFERENCES IN MEN AND WOMEN AND FOR GIVING HUMANS A SEXUAL NATURE.

Lybrand P. Smith
Windham, Maine

FLAG BURNING

Americans are certainly easygoing. We don't mind if our liberties are taken away just as long as the guy who is taking them is waving the red, white and blue. You can't destroy freedom by burning a piece of cloth; you can destroy it by passing restrictive laws. Those laws are usually passed by flag-waving patriots who, in their rush to save the symbol, trample the ideal it was meant to represent.

Ernst Luposchainsky III
Hollywood, California

I still feel a tug in my chest when I see the flag go by, but I know that the cloth is merely a symbol. If what it stands for is not provided to everyone, then it doesn't mean as much as I think it does. Neither burning the flag nor preventing it from being burned is a solution to our problems. The solution is to retain what the flag stands for: "freedom and justice for all."

Clifford D. Noe
Atlanta, Georgia

ANTICENSORSHIP BOX SCORE:

76,000 to 100

Did you know that *Little Red Ridinghood* condones the use of alcohol because its heroine gives her grondmother o bottle of wine? That belief left Lynn McPeok, interim curriculum director for the Empire, California, school district, with no choice but to put 400 copies of the story under lock ond key, away from impressionable young children.

Banning books is considered by many Americons a concept that died yeors ago. The prohibition of *Little Red Ridinghood*, however, is a tole of the Nineties—ond not o unique one. Among other books torgeted by censors are John Steinbeck's *Of Mice and Men* ond Aldous Huxley's *Brave New World*, os well as children's favorites *In the Night Kitchen*, by Maurice Sendak, ond *The Lorax*, by Dr. Seuss.

Despite would-be censors' cloim that they are defending American values, Americans have shown that whot they volue most is freedom of choice. Waldenbooks ond the Americon Booksellers Association took out a full-page ad in 28 newspopers ocross the country, osking readers to sign and return to the A.B.A. a ballot stating: "Americans have the right to buy, stores have the right to sell, authors have the right to write and publishers have the right to publish constitutionolly protected material. Period." Seventy-six thousand people responded.

On the other hand, the attempt by the Reverend Donald Wildmon ond his Americon Family Associotion to picket the nation's Woldenbooks ond K mort stores because they stock *Playboy* ond *Penthouse* magazines drew only 100 people at two locations.

And the winner is . . . freedom of choice.

—KIM ERWIN

DATE

does anyone really know what it is?

SCENE ONE: Mary and Bill have recently been introduced. They arrange to go to dinner and a movie together. He picks her up in his car, they dine, see a film and he takes her back home. She hasn't had a particularly good time with Bill and wants to return to her apartment by herself, but Bill has a long drive back to his place. He asks if he can go in and have some coffee. Mary thinks this is a reasonable request and agrees. As soon as they enter her apartment, he overpowers her, rips off her clothes, has sex with her and leaves.

Was she raped? Yes.

SCENE TWO: Jane lives in a co-ed dorm. Her friend Joe lives one floor down. They talk often, hang out together, support each other during stressful times and occasionally neck. One night, just before spring break, Joe calls Jane and asks if he can come up. Jane has just gotten into bed but reluctantly agrees. She knows that Joe is depressed.

When Joe comes in, she can tell that he is drunk. He falls on her. She squirms in protest and says, "C'mon . . . no," but he doesn't listen. She doesn't scream or push him off or, as she puts it, "have this big fit," though she's not sure why. She thinks, He's my friend; I guess whatever happens is not going to be that bad. She's afraid of making him mad.

After they have sex, she thinks, OK, I didn't want that, but it's not that bad, 'cause he's a friend of mine—no big deal.

Was she raped? That depends on to whom you talk. Therein lies a problem.

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If we're to believe media reports, the incidence of date rape has reached crisis proportions. In the past 10 years, there have been 70 mentions of date or acquaintance rape in *The New York Times*. *A Different World*, *21 Jump Street* and numerous made-for-TV movies have broadcast episodes with date-rape themes. Oprah, Phil and Geraldo have each taken a crack at the subject.

Although the barrage of media coverage has driven date rape into the public consciousness, there is much disagreement about what it is. Witness the following varying definitions.

The Federal Bureau of Investigation defines rape as "carnal knowledge of a female forcibly and against her consent."

Dr. Andrea Parrot of Cornell University's Department of Human Service Studies writes, "Any sexual intercourse without mutual desire is a form of rape."

The training guide for Swarthmore College's Acquaintance Rape Prevention Workshop states: "Acquaintance rape . . . spans a spectrum of incidents and behaviors, ranging from crimes legally defined as rape to verbal harassment and inappropriate innuendo."

•

Return to scene one. After Bill leaves, Mary is confused and in shock. She calls a friend and tells her what happened. Should she call the police? The friend says no. You let him into your apartment. He'll say you led him on, and the police will agree.

Mary knows that a Florida jury recently acquitted a man of rape charges because the woman he allegedly raped was wearing a short skirt and was "asking for it." She also knows that Clayton Williams, in his campaign for governor of Texas, compared inclement weather to rape, telling reporters that "if it's inevitable, just relax and enjoy it." In a 1988 interview with NBC's Connie Chung, Indiana University basketball coach Bob Knight expressed the same sentiment. Mary feels that society is not on her side and agrees with her friend that others may not believe she was raped, so she says nothing.

In scene two, Jane goes home for spring break and doesn't think about the incident. Then, two weeks into the next term, she sees a presentation on date rape. She thinks, That's what happened to me!

She goes to the university women's center, reports the incident and is counted as a date-rape statistic.

•

In an effort to distinguish between rape and seduction, between sex offense and offensive sex, most laws on the subject of rape have set the same criteria: There must be an expressed lack of consent and/or coercion by force or threat of force. In New York, "forcible compulsion" is defined as "to compel by either the use of physical force or a threat expressed or implied which places a person in fear of immediate death or physical injury to himself, herself or another person."

In many dating encounters, the issue is not so clear-cut, especially when the man and the woman have deep feelings for each other or have previously engaged in sex. The picture is further clouded by the tradition that men should take the sexual initiative, by the inclination of some women to voice resistance in order to avoid appearing "easy" and by the prevalent belief among men that saying

When does a date become a crime?
It happens when a man forces a woman to have sex against her will.
And even when it involves college students, it's still considered a criminal offense.
A felony. Punishable by prison.
So if you want to keep a good time from turning into a bad one, try to keep this in mind.
When does a date become a crime? When she says "No." And he refuses to listen.
Against her will is against the law.

RAPE

By Stephanie Gutmann

no is a mere convention, part of foreplay.

Some legal scholars are building a philosophical base for a change in the laws that would dramatically affect the way judges and juries are obliged to think about sexual relations. In her 1987 book *Real Rape*, Susan Estrich, a law professor at the University of Southern California, discusses the "reasonable woman" standard frequently invoked in ambiguous rape cases. Many judges' idea "of a reasonable person," writes Estrich, "is one who does not scare easily, one who does not feel vulnerable, one who is not passive, one who fights back, not cries. The reasonable woman . . . is a real man."

There is no question that women have long been victimized in the courts after having been victimized by rapists. Estrich proposes eliminating the defense that a man charged with rape honestly believed there was consent. "Consent should be defined so that no means no," she writes. Women should be "empower[ed] in potentially consensual situations with the weapon of a rape charge." In scene one, Mary could have used that weapon and should have charged Bill with rape. But what about Jane?

Vivian Berger, a law professor at Columbia University, sees a danger in Estrich's recommendation. "We don't want the law to patronize women. . . . To treat as victims in a legal sense all of the female victims of life is at some point to cheapen, not celebrate, the rights to self-determination, sexual autonomy and self- and societal respect of women."

Some people, though, see value in broadening the definition of rape even if they don't seriously propose prosecuting anyone by doing so. Dr. Parrot says, "Our culture has given men permission to ignore women's wishes, to disregard appropriate responses to sexual interactions. In terms of making men nervous or worried that they might be overstepping their bounds, I don't think that [expanding the definition of rape] is a bad thing."

Leaving aside the question of whether such an approach is fair to men, what effect would the redefinition of rape have on women? In addition to generating inappropriate alarm, it might encourage young women to isolate troubling and ambivalent feelings about sex in a mental cell called rape—far away from honest examination.

Dr. Catherine Nye, a clinical psychologist at the University of Chicago's student-counseling service, says she and her colleagues see many "Janes"—young women who are essentially troubled about sex, unclear about what they want, and who sometimes feel guilty about their desires—women who now use the term date rape to describe their sexual experiences. She laments the psychological effect of such evasion.

"If they say 'I've been date-raped,' they don't have to think about their own behavior or their feelings," says Dr. Nye. "There's no complicity, there's no responsibility."

An almost Victorian denial of complicity—of women's emotional stake in the sexual relationship—is a big feature of date-rape literature. Man is predatory; woman is passive, a hapless victim. Nye, asked by students to conduct a workshop on date rape, recently reviewed the training material available from Cornell and Swarthmore. "There was stuff in there that made my skin crawl," she says. "This training manual said things like, 'Don't let down your guard until you know a man really well—if at all.' I mean, talk about The Other!"

Man as "The Other" makes an appearance on the cover of Parrot's 1988 book, *Coping with Date Rape & Acquaintance Rape*. The illustration portrays a couple on a date. The male figure is drawn as a Devil, with horns, a Vandyke beard and a forked tail pointing upward lasciviously. With an evil gleam in his eye, he stares slaveringly at the woman. She is blonde, with eyes demurely cast down.

The figures of the predatory, demonic male and the innocent female appear again in Parrot's description of a rape: "First, a rapist engages in intimate behaviors which make a female feel uncomfortable (for instance, by putting his hand on her thigh or kissing her in a public place after knowing her for only a short time). This is common in party and bar situations when the music is so loud that the couple must be very close to each other to hear. In such situations, it is not possible to maintain a comfortable distance from others.

"If the victim does not clearly object, the rapist proceeds to the second stage, in which he desensitizes the victim to the intrusion by escalating the behavior (moving his hand to her buttocks, for example). She may feel increasingly uneasy as a result of this behavior and suggest going outside for 'fresh air,' hoping that she can create physical distance from him. Unless she actually tells him that she is uncomfortable with his 'roaming hands,' he may misinterpret her suggestion as meaning she wants to be alone with him. The third stage occurs when they are in an isolated place (such as outside, in his apartment, in his car, etc.) and the rapist insists on intercourse."

Clearly, this situation is one in which more assertiveness on the woman's part could make a crucial difference. But date-rape dogma invariably casts women in a passive role. And as Nye attests, Parrot's message appeals to many young

women. In the wake of the sexual revolution—in our brave new world of coed living and dorm condom dispensers—college-age women may be trying to put some limits back on sexual behavior.

In an earlier era, there were various socially supported ways to say no, as well as all kinds of controls—segregated dorms, dorm mothers, curfew laws, *in loco parentis* policies—to give women greater opportunity for delay and reflection. Women also had a perfectly respectable pretext—"I might get pregnant"—for avoiding the complications of sex. That pretext has been largely eliminated by the ready availability of birth control.

Perhaps young women are looking for an out that's acceptable in today's environment, where sexual openness and enthusiasm are *de rigueur*. Given feminism's reigning orthodoxies, it's more acceptable to say that men are monsters than to say, "I don't feel like it right now."

More fundamentally, the new definition of rape gives women a simple way of thinking about sex that externalizes guilt, remorse or conflict. Bad feelings after sex become someone else's fault. A sexual encounter is transformed into a one-way event in which the woman has no stake, no interest and no active role. Assuming the status of victim is in many ways an easy answer—but not one befitting a supposedly liberated woman.

Stephanie Gutmann is a recent graduate of Columbia University's graduate school of journalism and the author of Reason *magazine's "It Sounds Like I Raped You!" from which this article is adapted.*

DATE RAPE

On a wall of Columbia University's student-health-service building is a bright-red warning poster: DATE RAPE IS VIOLENCE: NOT A DIFFERENCE OF OPINION. This is but one sign that college campuses, long thought of as hotbeds of sexuality, are now considered hotbeds of date rape.

"Colleges work to solve—and stop—a shockingly frequent, often-hidden outrage," reads the subhead of a recent *Newsweek* story. "FEAR MAKES WOMEN CAMPUS PRISONERS" trumpets the *Chicago Tribune*, describing students who, because of the "prevalence of date rape," stay in their rooms at night and cringe when classmates make "sexist" remarks.

"The epidemic of rape must come to an end on this campus," editorializes Syracuse University's *The Daily Orange*. "This crime is running rampant. . . . Other [campus issues] pale in comparison with the apparent crime wave of rape striking all parts of this university."

At a date-rape discussion group at Barnard College, Margie Metch, an employee of New York City's Task Force Against Sexual Assault, drew a group of young women into a circle and gravely informed them that "one in five dates ends in assault."

"People respond to numbers," says Metch. The larger the numbers, she explains, the greater the indictment of a society in which sexual assault is rampant—and condoned. However, if, as some researchers propose (see preceding report), we broadly define rape to include sex a woman subsequently regrets or even subjection to sexual innuendo, almost every woman has been raped. Such an all-encompassing definition trivializes the real emotional and sexual problems resulting from genuine, violent rape.

The numbers game needs close examination. In 1989, 80 rapes and sexual assaults were reported to the University of California at Irvine's campus women's center. In 1988, campus security officers received only one report of rape and one report of attempted rape. In 1986, Ellen Doherty, a rape counselor at a hospital near Columbia University, told *Newsweek* that acquaintance rape is "the single largest problem on college campuses today." Columbia's security department reports zero rapes in the past five years.

Proponents of the date-rape-crisis theory explain that women, understandably leery of receiving callous treatment from campus cops or the police, are more willing to tell their stories to sympathetic people at university women's centers than to officials. That is undoubtedly true in some cases. The disparity could also be attributed to the fact that women who have had an uncomfortable encounter—somewhere between actual date rape and fully consensual sex—have nothing substantial to report to police.

The University of Illinois provides a good example of how crisis politics—based on dubious research—can become the basis for campus policy.

Although the U of I/Urbana-Champaign campus has been haunted in recent years by a nonstudent serial rapist, the school's Rape Awareness and Prevention committee (RAP) concluded that "the greater risk to women students involved sexual assault by their male friends, boyfriends and acquaintances." The university created a Campus Task Force on Sexual Assault, Abuse and Violence last year. RAP tried to measure the school's date-rape problem by mailing a survey to 1500 undergraduate women on the 35,000-student campus. It classified 16.4 percent of the 537 students who replied as victims of "criminal sexual assault," defined as intercourse with a clearly expressed lack of consent.

Last winter, the task force issued a report offering recommendations based on the survey's alleged evidence that the university environment "engenders sexual abuse." The report advocated abolishing the school's intramural, all-female pompon squad.

ON CAMPUS

where's the epidemic?

The task force also demanded a "mandatory human relations program" for all new students covering "the risk of and responsibility for sexual misconduct," and adding provisions covering sexual misconduct to the school's code of behavior. Punishable by expulsion, sexual misconduct would include intercourse that takes place without the victim's knowing consent.

"A person who is intoxicated is incapable of giving knowing consent. A person who is under any form of coercion (including physical, psychological, academic or professional) is not free to give consent," the report claimed. Finally, it recommended "investigating and eliminating the prevalent philosophies, cultures and attitudes of fraternities and other organizations that lead to sexism . . . and that lead to violence against women."

The task force's recommendations and the results of its survey were soon picked up by the media. The *Chicago Tribune*'s story cited the pithy factoid, "Sixteen point four percent of female students who responded to a questionnaire had been raped"—suggesting that this finding was representative of the entire student population.

There were important flaws in the survey. For example, the sample was self-selected. "If people have never had [an uncomfortable sexual encounter], they're not going to even bother" completing the lengthy survey, Dr. Kalman Kaplan, a psychologist at Wayne State University, points out.

The U of I report's bias was compounded by the title of the questionnaire, "Sexually Stressful Events Survey," which may have predisposed respondents to view ambiguous situations in a negative light. University vice-chancellor for student affairs Stanley Levy, who defends the survey, admits that "you have difficulty in extrapolation" from its findings.

The *Tribune* bolstered the U of I study with figures from another highly influential poll. Its story declared that women at the university "apparently have good reason" to be scared, because "a nationwide survey . . . by Mary Koss, a psychiatry professor at the University of Arizona, found that one in four women reported having been the victim of rape or attempted rape, usually by acquaintances."

Koss's numbers, especially the one-in-four statistic, are widely cited. They are derived from *Ms.* magazine's Project on Campus Sexual Assault, considered the most comprehensive study of campus sex crimes. In the early Eighties, using a National Institute of Mental Health grant procured by the magazine, Koss and a team of assistants fanned out across the country to administer a "Sexual Experiences Survey" to college students. After three years of data collection and tabulation, Koss announced her findings: "Twenty-five percent of women in college have been the victims of rape or attempted rape," and "Eighty-four percent of these victims knew their assailants."

Koss went to great lengths to obtain a representative, statistically significant sample. Still, there are problems with her study. She obtained her data on the "incidence and prevalence of sexual aggression" with a ten-item survey asking questions such as, "Have you given in to sexual intercourse when you didn't want to because you were overwhelmed by a man's continual arguments and pressure?" and "Have you had sexual intercourse when you didn't want to because a man used his position of authority . . . to make you?" A positive answer to either question labeled the respondent a victim of sexual coercion.

> **"Forty-three percent of the women classified as rape victims had not realized they'd been raped."**

Another question: "Have you had sexual intercourse when you didn't want to because a man gave you alcohol or drugs?" A positive answer labeled the respondent a victim of rape.

According to Wayne State's Dr. Kaplan, a properly designed survey intersperses more important or more meaningful questions with filler items. Questions should not be grouped in order of ascending seriousness, as they were in Koss's survey. "If a person answers yes to the first question ('Have you given in to sexplay . . . when you didn't want to?'), you're almost preparing [a respondent] to answer yes to a later one," Kaplan says. "If they came at you with question ten ('Have you had sex . . . when you didn't want to because a man threatened you or used some degree of physical force?') to begin with, you'd probably have fewer positive responses to those questions."

In any case, surveys such as Koss's encourage women to reinterpret sexual experiences after the fact. University of Chicago psychologist Dr. Catherine Nye notes that 43 percent of the women classified as rape victims by Koss's study had not realized they'd been raped. "Well, I think if you don't know you've been raped," Dr. Nye says, "then probably you're talking about a situation that has to be redefined."

Which is, apparently, what is happening on campus. Colleges throughout the country have announced large increases in reports of rape, usually from female students under the age of 20 and generally involving friends or acquaintances. Meanwhile, date-rape education programs run by administrators or students have proliferated. Many schools have instituted Rape Awareness Weeks and appointed special deans to deal with sexual assault. In annual "Take Back the Night" marches, young women give testimony about their experiences as victims and entreat members of the audience to testify as well so that "others will have the courage to come forward." Educational videos, pamphlets, training manuals and posters teach students about the dangers of date rape. Are such tactics teaching women to adopt a new understanding of rape—one in which they are absolved of the responsibility to say no and relieved of the consequences of an implicit yes?

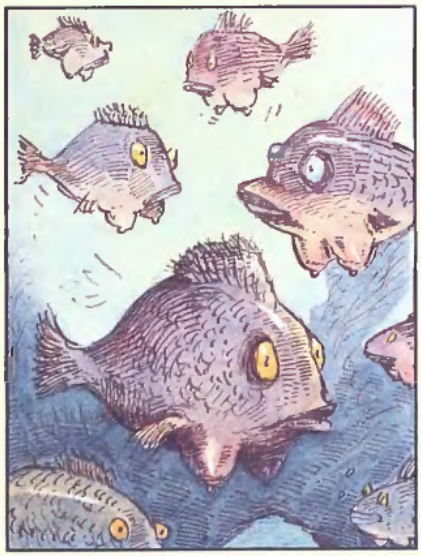
If you have to convince a woman that she has been raped, how meaningful is that conclusion? —S. G.

NEWSFRONT

what's happening in the sexual and social arenas

CAVEAT GUPPY

SYDNEY—*An environmental scientist told the national parliament that the use of birth-control pills by Australian women may be changing the sex of fish. The fish*



are swimming in water polluted by estrogen-rich sewage. Estrogen produces genetically female—but infertile—fish.

SUPREME COURT, TAKE NOTE

NEW YORK—*An American Psychiatric Association panel reports that Government restrictions on abortion are far more likely to cause women lasting harm than abortion itself. Declaring that the right to choose is a "mental-health imperative," the psychiatrists said that there is no evidence to support what anti-abortionists call "postabortion trauma syndrome." In fact, a recent Swedish study that followed 120 children for more than 20 years after their mothers were denied abortions found that the youths had a higher incidence of psychiatric disorders, alcoholism and criminal behavior than the general population. Their mothers were more likely to be alcoholics or depressed.*

AND THE WINNER IS . . .

CLEVELAND—*A group called 9to5, National Association of Working Women, awarded first prize in its bad-boss contest, "The Good, the Bad and the Downright Unbelievable," to a Philadelphia businessman who saved valuable time by having his secretary scout a local pub for beautiful women and then beep him if there were likely prospects.*

TOKYO—*The Women's Action Group handed out awards to the most offensive people and organizations. One of the top offenders was Rapeman, a comic-strip hero who assaults young girls. "Rapeman" is popular among high school students.*

JUDGMENT DAY

GRANADA, SPAIN—*Jesus of Nazareth has been tried* in absentia *and found innocent of the political disloyalty that led to his Crucifixion by the Romans. Judge Eduardo Rodriguez, who gave Jesus a bench trial, stated, "My intention was to give Jesus of Nazareth a just sentence and teach a lesson to those who judged him."*

IMPROPER WITHDRAWALS

NEW YORK—*The state health department has closed five Manhattan sperm banks because they do not have licenses and because they engage in bad banking practices. Two of the banks—apparently because of errors in bookkeeping—impregnated women with sperm that was not their husbands'.*

BLIND THREATS

WASHINGTON, D.C.—*Concerned Women for America and the American Family Association are threatening yet another boycott—this time against any company that might sponsor "Secret Passions," a gay soap opera that has not even been picked up by a national network. The pre-emptive strike against what C.W.A. terms "prime-time perversion" includes sending postcards to the three major networks informing them of a possible sponsor boycott. No one from C.W.A. or the A.F.A. has seen the pilot.*

PRAY FOR RAIN

TORONTO—*Canada's female postal workers are objecting to new uniform shirts that become see-through when wet. "There is a modesty problem with some female carriers," a Canada Post spokesperson conceded. The postal service has decided to let women letter carriers wear their old shirts—at least for the present.*

FLORIDA FOLLIES

MIAMI—*A policewoman posing as a prostitute was propositioned by a 40-year-old man, and now a Dade County judge must decide whether soliciting for spanking is the same as soliciting for sex. The suspect's public defender argued that "the act of requesting a spanking is not prima facie evidence of sexual activity" and that, in any case, the man did not request that the lady cop remove her clothes. Says the accused, "I had seen a study on corporal punishment on the news and wanted to try it out, so I asked to spank her bottom." The judge postponed further action until both sides research the issue.*

TALLAHASSEE—*Governor Bob Martinez, famous for his hard-line stances against abortion and in favor of the death penalty, has taken another stern stance—against brief swimwear. He and his cabinet passed a measure outlawing thongs, G strings and any other skimpy swimsuit that exposes the buttocks of men or women or the lower parts of women's breasts.*

FLEECING A FELON

WASHINGTON, D.C.—*The Supreme Court has ruled that a policeman posing as a prison inmate need not warn a criminal suspect of his rights before quizzing him*

about a crime. The decision limits the 1966 "Miranda" rule, which requires law-enforcement officers to inform suspects in police custody of their right to remain silent and their right to counsel.

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12 oz. unsweetened pineapple juice
large ice cubes, crushed

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DOES CENSORSHIP KILL BRAIN CELLS?

if so, america is losing neurons at a terrifying rate

opinion **By ROBERT SCHEER**

It used to be argued by weird village priests that sex destroyed brain cells. As a result, generations of Catholic boys grew up fearing that they would blow an exam if they masturbated. That theory never had a shred of scientific foundation and has been discarded. But a modified version of it seems plausible in light of current data. Recent experience suggests that thinking about *other* people's sex lives kills portions of the brain.

Sex makes people crazy. Not actually doing it; that's usually a release from mental tension. What drives some people nuts is the notion that others may be having lewd thoughts. How else to explain the sexual-censorship madness that afflicts some Americans?

Look at the character who went after the rap group 2 Live Crew down in Florida. This guy thinks he's Batman. No kidding. He drinks out of a Batman cup, wears a Batman watch and has a Batman poster plastered across his refrigerator door. This caped crusader, Florida lawyer Jack Thompson, told a reporter for the *L.A. Times* that his enemy, Luther Campbell, leader of 2 Live Crew, is "the Joker." You can't make stuff like this up.

The attacks on artistic freedom emanate from a tightly knit circle of fundamentalist right-wingers. Thompson says he got turned on to the crusade against 2 Live Crew after the Reverend Donald Wildmon's notorious censorship lobby distributed a transcript of the rap group's lyrics. (It was Wildmon's group that initiated the attack on the National Endowment for the Arts last year—by complaining about Andres Serrano's controversial photo *Piss Christ*. Wildmon also tried to get Martin Scorsese's film *The Last Temptation of Christ* banned.)

Unfortunately, many civil libertarians—horrified by what they perceived as the sexist and violent content of 2 Live Crew's lyrics—shirked this latest challenge. Why is it so easy to forget that freedom is indivisible? As noted First Amendment lawyer Floyd Abrams puts it, "One of the real tests of a dedication of a people to free expression is always whether they are willing to protect expression that they find really distasteful."

Abrams links this case with the suppression of a National Endowment for the Arts–funded exhibit of photographs by the late Robert Mapplethorpe, which the censors managed to get pulled from the prestigious Corcoran Gallery in Washington. The director of a Cincinnati museum that exhibited the works was arrested. The Mapplethorpe case has received far greater support in establishment circles than have the rappers, but Abrams thinks both are victims of the same violation of the First Amendment. "We are at a turning point in enforcement of the obscenity laws," he says. "I don't separate the 2 Live Crew album from the Robert Mapplethorpe exhibit."

Neither does Batman/Thompson, who boasts, "There is a cultural war going on."

Thompson is not given to doubt about his calling by a higher power. "I believe the world is headed toward apocalyptic destruction," he told an *L.A. Times* interviewer, adding that "Government exists to point people God-ward." So much for the separation of church and state.

A secular explanation of Thompson's crusade against him and his music is offered by 2 Live Crew's Campbell. In 1988, Thompson, a Republican, ran unsuccessfully to unseat Dade County State's Attorney Janet Reno, a Democrat, and Campbell helped produce a record favoring Reno. "He lost the election and has been after me ever since," Campbell insists.

Those who attack 2 Live Crew because the group's lyrics are sexist may have qualms about Thompson, their strange bedfellow. During the 1988 campaign, according to *The Miami Herald*, he handed Reno a questionnaire insisting she check the appropriate box after the line "I, Janet Reno, am a bisexual, homosexual, heterosexual."

Thompson's letter carried the following warning: "If you do not respond . . . then you will be deemed to have checked one of the first two boxes." Reno refused to reply and won the election anyway.

You have to be a bit odd to be pushing the censors' line at this historical moment when it is so clearly out of sync with the time. Hungary has marked its move to greater freedom by permitting the publication of a Hungarian edition of *Playboy*. In eastern Europe, the lifting of the dead hand of Stalinism means the end of puritanical restraints that would have made Batman/Thompson redundant. I never have understood why the right-wing fundamentalists in this country don't embrace communism as it is being practiced in places such as Cuba under Castro and as it was practiced in pre-Gorbachev Russia. You cannot take it away from Castro, Señor Clean, that he fundamentally altered the erotic life of Havana, turning it from perhaps the most permissive, even decadent, spot in the world into the capital of squeaky clean. Cincinnati should adopt Havana as a sister city.

But the Communist world is going over to freedom, which means that people have the right to check out what they want to check out. Last year in Moscow, I saw films at packed showings at the Writer's Union that I have yet to find in this country. One in particular, Pier Paolo Pasolini's *Salo or 120 Days of Sodom*, would turn Batman/Thompson blue. I have not met anyone in this country who has seen the Italian film, even though, aside from being rough and extreme at times, it is an important statement on the sexual basis of fascism. Will Moscow now become the center of the avant-garde, and will we be the new reactionaries?

As the rest of the world lunges to embrace our vision of freedom for consenting adults—buy what you want when you want it—America's home-grown censors seem more virulent than ever. They claim to be conservatives but are frantic to shove the big nose of Government into what should be the most private recesses of our imaginations. Evidently, they detest the very market forces that eastern Europeans now embrace. Make no mistake, not only do these zealots wish to deny artistic freedom and shred the Constitution but, Lord save us, they are true subversives who seek—in the manner of Brezhnev's central planners—to control the market. Their record is distinctly un-American: Record sellers and musicians are arrested, gallery exhibits shut down, museum directors and trustees indicted and convenience stores intimidated into removing publications that readers want to buy. The sovereignty of the consumer is denied; some censor knows better how to spend the customer's hard-earned dollar. That's what it's all about, isn't it? You want to buy a ticket to a show or buy a book, and they won't let you.

When I was younger, it was the works of Henry Miller, D. H. Lawrence and James

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Joyce that I could not legally purchase, no matter how many dollars I put aside. Hey, Ed Sullivan wouldn't even let me see the lower half of Elvis Presley's body. Today, if the censors have their way, it's rap music and X-rated videos that are taboo. Same difference. Of course, in our free society, the censors go to work only when a book, film or record is too explicitly sexual. Not when it is wrong, racist or violent, only when it may send blood to the privates.

Censors are inevitably liars. They almost never admit seeking to ban a work because of its social content, because that would patently violate the spirit of the First Amendment. So they find a convenient loophole by insisting that sexual ideas are not ideas at all. Call someone a kike or a nigger and you are constitutionally protected. Sell extremely violent movies such as *The Texas Chain Saw Massacre* or, more recently, *The Omen*, in which women are routinely decapitated, or even *Batman*, in which violent death is the norm, and the law leaves you alone. But dare to refer, in what some consider a prurient manner, to sexual activity and they can slam you into jail.

Time out for a crash course in constitutional law as it applies to obscenity: The Supreme Court has tended to define broadly the free-speech guarantee of the First Amendment, with one glaring exception—the expression of ideas about sex. This absurdity, rendered in the "obscenity standard" codified in the Court's landmark *Miller* decision of 1973, created the one major loophole that has so far been torn in First Amendment protections. In *Miller*, the Court held that the expression of sexual thoughts or imagery can be banned if it runs afoul of current community standards and lacks redeeming artistic or political value.

Think of that for a moment. Ideas that violate a community's racial or religious norms are constitutionally protected. So the Nazis in Skokie, Illinois, had a right to march, swastikas and all. They could shout that Jews deserved to die in Hitler's gas chambers or that blacks should be slaves—and that would be protected as part of the traffic in ideas—as it should be. But if 2 Live Crew's Campbell raps that women want to commit impersonal oral sex, he can be thrown into jail.

The argument is that Campbell is not expressing ideas but merely seeking to arouse his audience. The distinction is meaningless. Surely, the Nazis seek to rouse their audiences emotionally. Are only anemic ideas, those without emotional impact, to be constitutionally protected? Who are we kidding? The album *As Nasty As They Wanna Be* did not come to our attention because of its erotic or even pornographic content; it's a weak competitor in that category. The album irritates precisely because of its ideas.

What could be more provocative, given this nation's sick racial and sexual history, than the specter of black male sexuality?

Some may be troubled by what used to be called "race mixing" at 2 Live Crew concerts. "As several white female teens danced with and kissed black male teens to the beat of a thundering bass that shook the building floor," Lee May of the *L.A. Times* wrote, "reporters who remember Georgia's old racist climate joked that the rap group's name ought to be Your Worst Nightmare."

Taken at their worst, ignoring any possibility of a spoof or hyperbole, Campbell's lyrics assert that women, including white women, want to be sexually used by males, including, obviously, black males. One can condemn this idea as misogynist, even fascist, but not at the same moment deny its being an idea—indeed, a powerful one. The album is threatening precisely because it has thoughts that are bold and ugly.

Campbell is right in arguing that he is subjected to selective prosecution. The sentiments expressed on his album are widely advanced by others who are not harassed. He mentions Andrew Dice Clay and Guns n' Roses, whose albums remained on the shelves when 2 Live Crew's were banned. There are many other examples. *Eddie Murphy Raw*, widely available on cable television, far more effectively evokes the claims of male sexual domination than do Campbell's lyrics. Why not also ban the movie *9½ Weeks*, the films of Lina Wertmüller, the novels of D. H. Lawrence and almost every romance novel ever written? Hey, and what about that lustful Roger Rabbit?

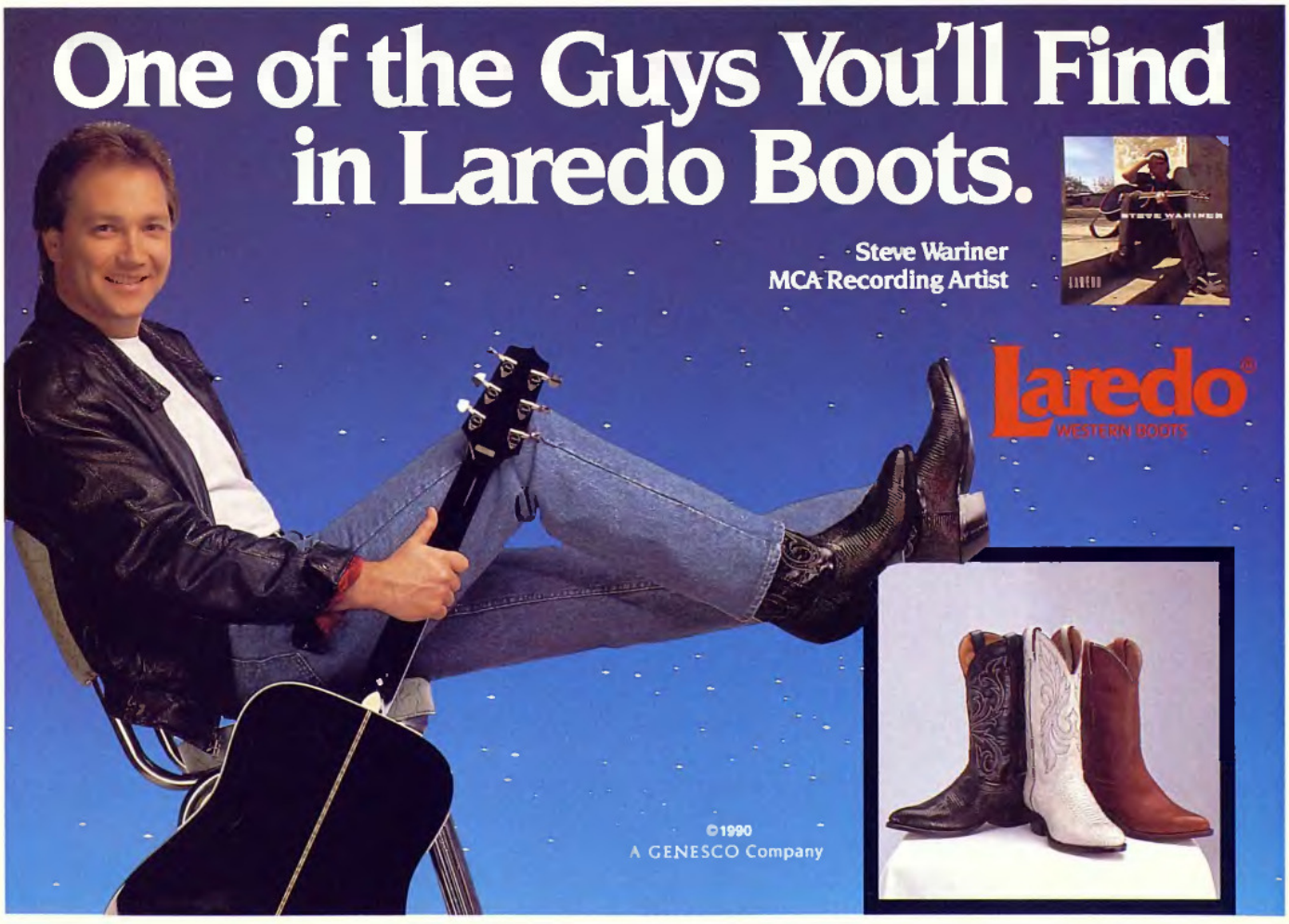
Batman/Thompson recently initiated a campaign against the critically acclaimed movie *The Cook, the Thief, His Wife & Her Lover*. Maybe if he succeeds with such respectable targets, we'll awake from the apathy that surrounds the 2 Live Crew case. But censors are vultures who thrive on the blood of their victims, and a defeat for Luther Campbell will make it all the more difficult for the next victim to defend himself. A case in point: When Bruce Springsteen had the courage to permit his music to be used in 2 Live Crew's *Banned in the U.S.A.*, Batman/Thompson responded with a crusade against the Boss himself. "Bruce and Luther can go to hell together," he thundered, adding that "Bruce Springsteen is facilitating the sexual abuse of women and the mental molestation of children."

Banned in the U.S.A. does not contain sexually explicit lyrics. The song's message is an attack on censorship, not an attempt to rouse the prurient interests of adults or children. Yet Thompson had no reservations about smearing Springsteen's defense of artistic freedom with the smut brush.

Thompson is a dangerous joke. The serious villains here are the music-business executives, on both the production and retail ends, who have made megabucks from the energy of their artists but run for cover at the first hint of attack. As Campbell notes, "In some areas, we have radio stations supporting us. But the record industry, no." According to a spokeswoman for the Recording Industry Association of America, *Nasty* was "the first recording in the history of popular music to be deemed obscene." A pretty serious precedent, but many music retailers quickly joined the offensive against the record, pulling it from stores when no legal order required them to do so.

Who are the gutless wonders who run Musicland, the nation's largest chain of record stores, who dared to ban *Nasty* from all their outlets? Even the Federal judge who ruled against 2 Live Crew blasted that sort of prior constraint as a violation of the Constitution. Still, eager to escape Batman/Thompson's hate salvos, other chains followed Musicland's lead, pulling, or not restocking, the record—even in communities where prosecutors had not acted because they felt the lyrics did not violate community standards. Why have the top music profiteers been so chicken in coming to 2 Live Crew's defense?

The Thompsons and Wildmons of this world are nothings when stripped of their power to frighten. But when they can make entertainment executives—not to mention judges and prosecutors—get down on their knees without a fight, we are in serious trouble.



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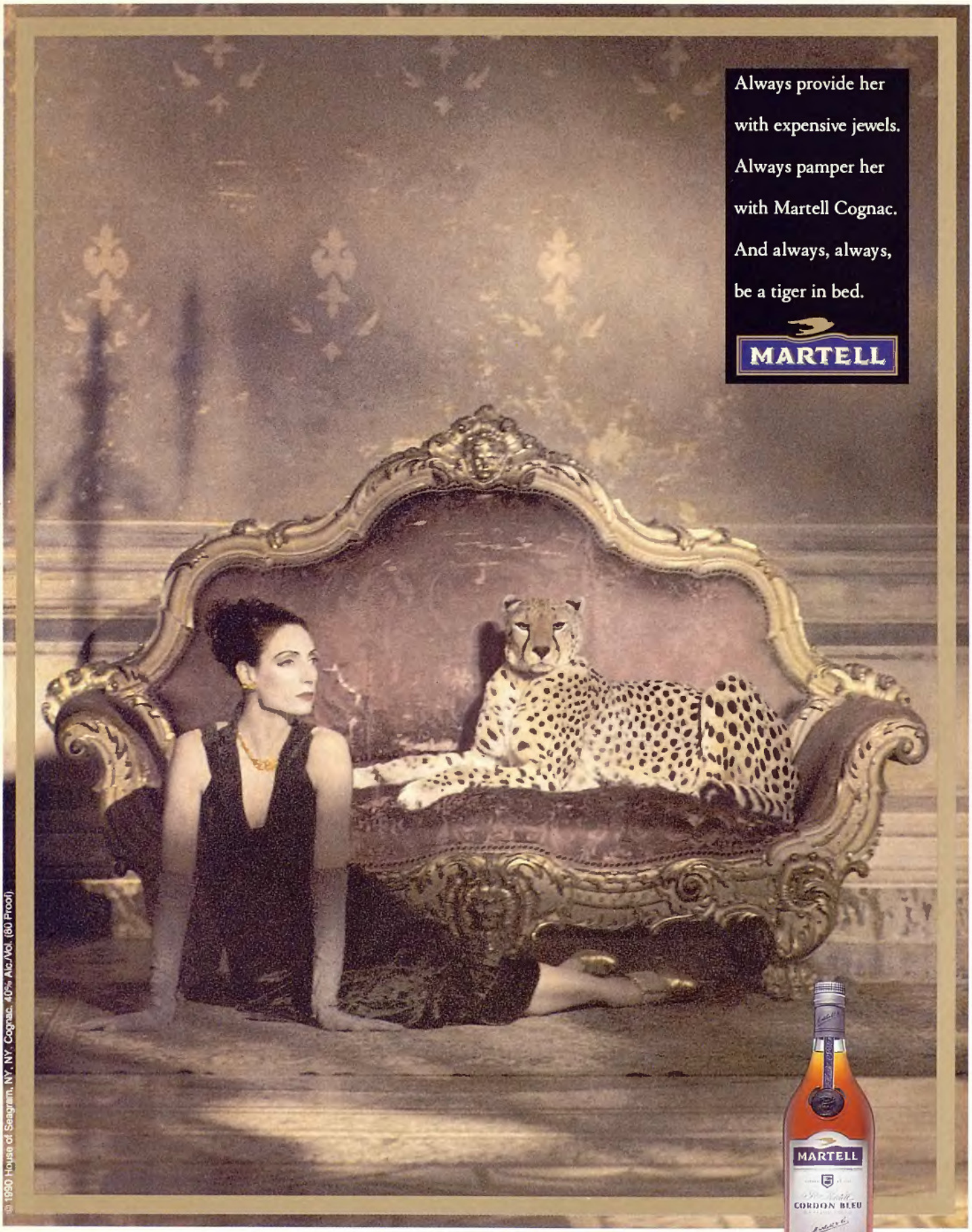

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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: SHINTARO ISHIHARA

a candid conversation with the controversial co-author of "the japan that can say no" about racism, lee iacocca, the bomb and whether east will ever meet west

In the political thriller "Three Days of the Condor," Robert Redford plays a CIA operative whose job is to read everything. He reads books from around the world in virtually every language. He is nearly killed because his reading leads him to a CIA within the CIA that is planning an invasion of the Middle East.

In the real-life Pentagon, there is a division called DARPA, the Defense Advanced Research Projects Agency. In 1958, after the U.S. was caught off guard by the Soviets' launch of Sputnik, DARPA was founded to make sure there were no more technological surprises. The think tank is concerned with world-wide high-tech development as it may relate to the military. DARPA voraciously searches out material on technological progress, from semiconductor and superconductor research to radar.

DARPA is in contact with readers around the world perusing everything. One of them discovered a book that the agency believed was relevant to national security. DARPA had it translated from Japanese into English. Pentagon spokesman Pete Williams says that the translation was made "for internal purposes only." However, "copies for distribution" ended up in the office of Congressman Mel Levine, whose aide says only that "it was leaked by sources we have inside the Pentagon." No one from DARPA will comment.

"No to ieru Nihon," translated as "The Japan That Can Say No," was written by the cofounder and chairman of Sony Corporation, Akio Morita, and a Japanese politician named Shintaro Ishihara, who may become Japan's next prime minister. The book, which at presstime had sold 1,100,000 copies in Japan, is essentially a collection of speeches by the two authors. In his sections, Morita (who was the subject of the August 1982 "Playboy Interview") chastises the U.S. for its shortsightedness, for becoming "an economy without substance" and for making inferior products yet complaining when the Japanese don't buy them.

It was Ishihara's sections of the book that concerned the Pentagon. "The book had deleterious implications not only for our economic but for our military future," according to a Pentagon source. From DARPA's unauthorized translation, these are some of Ishihara's points the Pentagon considered relevant to national security:

• "Whether it be midrange nuclear weapons or intercontinental ballistic missiles, what ensures the accuracy of weapons is none other than compact, high-precision computers [that rely on computer chips]. . . . If Japan stopped selling chips [to the U.S.], there would be nothing more [the U.S.] could do. If . . . Japan sold chips to the Soviet Union and stopped selling them to the U.S., this would upset the entire military balance."

• "The American nuclear umbrella is just an illusion as far as the Japanese people are concerned. The time has come for Japan to tell the U.S. that we do not need American [military] protection. Japan will protect itself with its own power and wisdom."

• "America wants to steal Japanese know-how."

• "Japanese technology has advanced so much that America gets hysterical, an indication of the tremendous value of that card—perhaps our ace."

• "When the time comes that Japan does say no decisively on a particular issue, there may be a dramatic reaction. . . . Should America behave unreasonably toward Japan, Japan must open channels to deal with the rest of the world from a different standpoint."

The translation hit at a time when, fueled by the 50-billion-dollar trade deficit, U.S.–Japanese relations were at their stormiest since wartime. In November 1989, Representative Sander M. Levin entered the unauthorized translation into the Congressional Record. *Levin is a Representative for Michigan's 17th District, Detroit, where the book was read by Lee Iacocca, who wrote an editorial that appeared in* The Detroit Free Press. *"Morita's and Ishihara's arrogance pours salt into an already open wound," wrote Iacocca. "We don't need their conceited*

"The circulation of the pirated book was an insult to freedom of speech. What happened to me was a kind of lynching. It is a shameful thing for America to have done. I plan to sue the Pentagon over the illegal translation."

"Nothing can be sweeter revenge for us than this: The one country that has been bombed by nuclear weapons can have a great effect on the reduction of their availability. Isn't that the most sophisticated kind of revenge?"

PHOTOGRAPHY BY RANDY O'ROURKE

"The U.S. is such a major power that the global economy is affected by anything it does. Protectionism would harm the entire world economy. The U.S. can revive itself. It must learn to produce good products again."

harangues right now."

Iaccoca used the book to fire his speeches. As to Ishihara's contention that Americans are racially prejudiced toward the Japanese, he retorted, "This from a Japanese?" He added, "I hope the Morita/Ishihara book somehow gets published in English—the unabridged version. It'll tell America what our competitors think of us. And what they're going to do to us."

Morita distanced himself from the book, saying he "regretted" his involvement and that he had not been "fully aware" of Ishihara's opinions when he agreed to contribute to the book.

Ishihara, meanwhile, came to Washington, ostensibly to mend fences. The U.S. was not entirely hospitable. Senator Max Baucus, chairman of the Finance Committee's Subcommittee on International Trade, refused to see him. Through an aide, Senator Baucus said, "United States–bashing at Mr. Ishihara's volume level is a little beyond the pale." Ishihara did meet with Representatives Levin and Richard Gephardt, Senator Richard Lugar and Commerce Secretary Robert Mosbacher.

The Americans were surprised by the man they met. Ishihara, at 57, is strikingly handsome, with thick black hair streaked with silver. He is partial to well-tailored, expensive Western suits (by Savile Row) and ties (by Armani). He is not the Japanese politician Washington is used to—indirect, restrained, humble.

His background is eclectic. Ishihara grew up in Zushi, south of Tokyo, where his father was in the shipping business. He is well educated (a graduate of Hitotsubashi University), and although he was groomed to be a diplomat and a certified public accountant, he preferred the arts. He made a name for himself not as a politician but as a film maker and then a successful writer of more than 50 novels and essays. In 1956, his "Season of the Sun" became a best seller. He won many literary awards, including the 1956 Akutagawa Prize, a prestigious award for young Japanese writers.

Elected to the Diet, or parliament, in 1968, he has served as transport minister and head of Japan's environmental agency. He has long been involved in Japan's foreign affairs and counts among his friends Presidents Corazon Aquino of the Philippines and Oscar Arias of Costa Rica and former President Ronald Reagan.

In his most recent bid for re-election, Ishihara received more votes than any other Diet candidate, and there is more and more talk that he could become Japan's next prime minister.

When we caught up with Ishihara in Tokyo, Playboy *was just one of hundreds of American and international publications trying to interview him. Contributing Editor* **David Sheff** *persuaded him to sit down for the most in-depth series of interviews he has given. Here is Sheff's report:*

"Expecting a veritable Attila the Hun (even he has said that Americans expect 'the Devil incarnate'), I was caught off guard by Ishihara's frequent laughter and boyishness. I asked him how he felt about being called the Japanese Jesse Helms. He lit up. He thought I'd said the Japanese Jesse James.

"Japanese businessmen often spend their evenings in karaoke *bars, drinking and talking and singing into a microphone to the accompaniment of prerecorded music. Trying to keep up one night, fueled by sake, I found myself singing 'I Left My Heart in San Francisco' in front of a projected image of the Golden Gate Bridge.*

"Soon it became known that I was in Japan interviewing Ishihara, and excited voices in the bar began to drown out the singing. He is at once Japan's most respected and most loathed politician. One young businessman said, 'He is a very bad man.' But far more people in the bar—and others with whom I talked in several Japanese cities—feel that his is the voice they have been waiting for.

"As one of my drinking companions said, 'He is the only Japanese who bravely speaks out to the world for us. And what he speaks is the truth.'

"Many countries have won wars and many have lost them. Victor countries tend to develop superiority complexes. It is very human, very natural."

"Later, in the ancient capital city of Kyoto, over a traditional Japanese dinner at a 300-year-old ryokan, *Kyoto University professor Ernest Satow told me, 'Ishihara will be prime minister because he has stirred something in the Japanese people. He is what they want to be but have not been able to be: candid, volatile, powerful.'*

"For each session at his Tokyo office, I sat on a big leather couch catty-corner from him. On one wall hung a painting of Mount Fuji (painted by one of his four sons, Nobuhiro, now in New York studying art).

"During the interviews, a secretary brought in cups of twig tea or juice and then bowed before leaving. A translator scribbled shorthand notes as Ishihara spoke in Japanese—slowly and cautiously at first but with increasing agitation. Occasionally, to emphasize a point, he would answer in English. He peppered his conversation with digressions and jokes. When I was leaving one session, he said, 'We haven't touched on the most important trade issue. I think the Government of the United States should pressure the Japanese government not to have nudes scratched out on imported Playboy *magazines.*

"But most of the time, he was deadly serious and no matter how I pressed, did not back down."

PLAYBOY: You've caused quite a controversy across the Pacific with *No to ieru Nihon.* Were you trying to stir things up?

ISHIHARA: The book was never intended to be released in America in its current form. Against my will, a pirated version was circulated in the United States. The first I heard of the illegal translation was that it was being read in, of all places, the U.S. Congress. It was entered into the *Congressional Record.* When I finally got a copy, I realized that it was filled with mistranslations; some essential parts were purposely omitted. It is very disturbing. The circulation of the pirated book of mine was an insult to freedom of speech. What happened to me was a kind of lynching. It is a shameful thing for America to have done. I plan to publish an accurate, formal version, which is now being prepared. At that time, I plan to sue the Pentagon over the illegal translation.

PLAYBOY: One of the most controversial pronouncements in the book is that most of the tensions between America and Japan are not due to trade issues but to American racial prejudice against the Japanese. Is that an accurate restatement of how you feel?

ISHIHARA: I think it is true without a doubt. Anti-Japanese racism on the part of Americans is deeply rooted.

PLAYBOY: Is it racism or fear?

ISHIHARA: [*Slowly, in English*] Fear based on racism.

PLAYBOY: How about fear of economic domination?

ISHIHARA: *The New York Times* reported two mergers, one between Sony and Paramount and the other between an Australian company and Twentieth Century Fox. If you compare the way the two mergers were described, you see the racial prejudice against the Japanese. There was so much controversy about that Sony/Paramount merger, about Japanese investments in America, in Rockefeller Center, and about Sony's acquisition of Columbia Pictures, but no one talks about the other foreign investors in American business and real estate. Britain, Canada and the Netherlands all have extensive investments in the U.S., as does Japan. No one's talking about the Dutch or British invasion. It's not just my opinion. Mr. Peter Peterson, the former head of the Commerce Department of the United States, said that American racial prejudice against the Japanese people has made trade problems much worse.

PLAYBOY: But Japan's emergence as an economic force is relatively new. Can it be as simple as that?

ISHIHARA: In the history of the human race, many countries have won wars and many have lost them. Victor countries tend to develop superiority complexes. It is very

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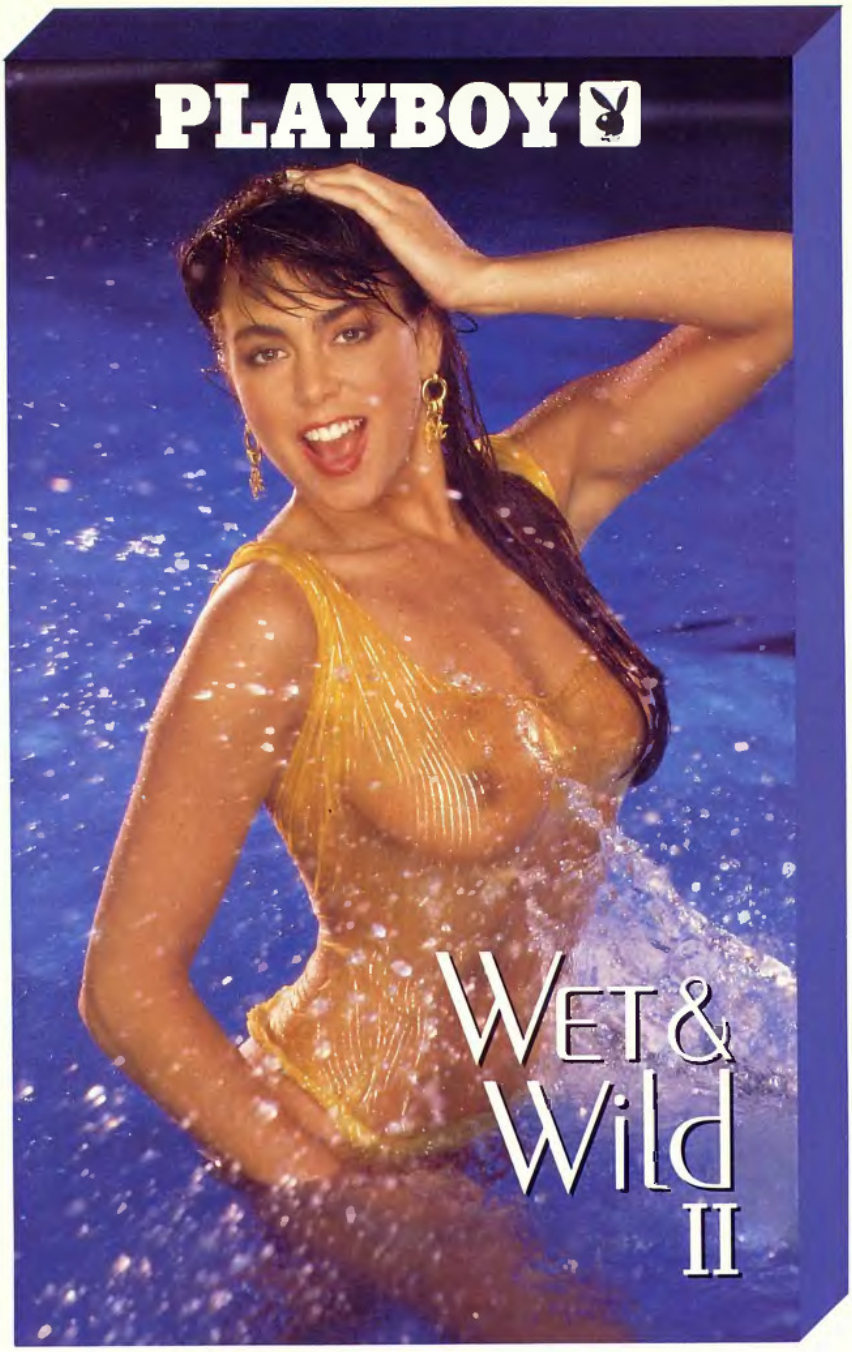

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human, very natural. It has happened over and over again. It is that—the legacy from the war—and something else that Europeans feel toward people of color. Most of modernism was created by Europeans. Races of colored people who were not part of the modernism became the objects of a European superiority complex. In some cases, Europeans colonized the people they considered backward. When the modernism period came to an end, the descendants of those Europeans, white Americans, retained a superiority complex toward races of color.

As it happens, Japan was an advanced country in terms of its culture in premodern times and was quick to grasp the importance of modernism when the Western powers came into Asia in the Nineteenth Century. The Meiji leaders pushed Japan, out of all the colored people, to adapt to modernism very quickly. In some cases, Japan surpassed Europe and the United States. And that fact, and the fact that a nonwhite race is catching up with the Americans and taking over the lead in advanced technology, is intolerable to Americans.

PLAYBOY: Are the Japanese any less prejudiced against Americans, against *gaijin*?

ISHIHARA: Of course, the Japanese people are conscious of non-Japanese, in that white people are white, black people are black and Southeastern Asian people are, like us, a yellow race, though a bit darker than we are. And although a part of the Japanese superiority complex has remained, most of it has disappeared.

PLAYBOY: Ask Vietnamese, Koreans and other minorities living in Japan. They may have another opinion.

ISHIHARA: It is true that prejudices existed, but we have less prejudice now toward these people. For one thing, there is a general view that Vietnamese refugees should not be accepted in Japan, which I don't agree with. Still, the people who do not want to accept Vietnamese refugees into Japan—people representing the interests of the labor and justice ministries—do not feel that way out of prejudice. I say their reasons are unreasonable but not racist; they cite security and expenses as problems. I believe we should accept the Vietnamese refugees. We have a labor shortage. There is no reason not to allow them in.

PLAYBOY: To prove that the U.S. is racist toward Japan, you cite the fact that America dropped the atomic bomb on Japan and not on Germany. But America didn't *have* the bomb when Germany surrendered. An inflammatory and inaccurate point such as that makes it seem you were intentionally trying to incite Japanese people against Americans.

ISHIHARA: I just said out loud the feelings that are harbored by almost all of the Japanese people. Most of us feel this in our hearts. It may be an uncomfortable message for Americans to hear.

PLAYBOY: But it's not true.

ISHIHARA: In general, people in the United States do not know how many people died when that A-bomb was dropped and how many people have died as a result of the diseases caused by it. Mention that and Americans always say, "Japan attacked Pearl Harbor."

PLAYBOY: Is Japan's history any less brutal? How do you justify the incredible genocide during the Sino-Japanese War?

ISHIHARA: Pistols and machine guns are not the same as atomic weapons. You cannot equate them. And what did we do? Where did Japanese people massacre?

PLAYBOY: For one example, in the rape of Nanking in 1937, more than a hundred thousand civilians were massacred.

ISHIHARA: People say that the Japanese made a holocaust there, but that is not true. It is a story made up by the Chinese. It has tarnished the image of Japan, but it is a lie.

PLAYBOY: Most historians disagree.

ISHIHARA: But that is not the issue. Of course wars are brutal. I don't deny even traditional weapons cause extensive casualties. But you dropped the atomic bombs on Japan and killed two hundred thousand to three hundred thousand people. Because of the aftereffects of the bombs, more people are dying still. In my view,

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they are completely different categories in terms of massacre. Only twice in the history of mankind have atomic bombs been used. Both times, they were dropped by the same country on the same country. Never before had that kind of holocaust been perpetrated. That fact remains in the minds of the Japanese people.

PLAYBOY: Regardless of the history of racism in both countries, part of the current anti-Japanese sentiment in America is based on some hard realities: In Detroit, people are out of jobs—at least as they view it—because of Japanese cars.

ISHIHARA: They are blaming the wrong people for losing their jobs. What American workers should fear is not the Japanese; it is American politicians and industrial leaders.

A few years ago, in California, Toyota and General Motors got together and formed a new company. In one large plant, they were producing G.M. cars and Toyota cars. What happened was that the General Motors cars didn't sell very well; the Toyota cars sold extremely well. Since they were producing cars that were evidently so different, wouldn't you think top management would put attention into design or other factors behind the difference in sales? No, American managers blame workers, blame Japan—everything except themselves.

PLAYBOY: Nonetheless, as you saw when you went there, in Detroit, many people blame the Japanese.

ISHIHARA: Well, maybe half the people in Detroit were against me, but the other half were for me. When Mr. Sander Levin, the Representative from Detroit, said I should go to his constituency, somebody said that I would be in even far more danger in Detroit than on Capitol Hill. I said, they may want to throw stones at me, but they should throw them at their American managers and politicians. So I told them and they listened hard, I think. Some of them applauded.

PLAYBOY: Were you affected by the workers you met in Detroit?

ISHIHARA: I was encouraged by the dialog. I do not disagree with their point that the Japanese market is closed, but that does not account for the fact that American managers are the real problem in America's industry. American management is irresponsible. Look at Mr. Iacocca.

PLAYBOY: What has he done that is irresponsible?

ISHIHARA: Here is an example: When Japan was forced to raise the value of the yen, Japanese trade competitiveness should have automatically gone down, because Japanese car prices went up. Under those circumstances, Mr. Iacocca could have sold cars at a much better price compared with Japanese cars, so that the U.S. automobile manufacturers could gain more of the market share. But instead, he raised the prices of his cars in proportion to the higher prices of the Japanese-made cars. The idea was to improve his profit for each car sold, not to give customers a better value, not to gain more customers, not to sell more cars and keep people working. If he hadn't raised the prices, the difference between Chrysler cars and the Japanese cars would have been substantial—it probably would have meant more people buying his cars. That is something that ordinary high school students can conceive of.

Mr. Iacocca may be treated as a national hero in the United States, but he is not evaluated highly in Japan at all. No one in Japan respects that kind of manager.

PLAYBOY: Is it because Iacocca essentially says that *America* should say no?

ISHIHARA: It is because Mr. Iacocca is irresponsible, incompetent, dirty dealing, and he says different things at different times.

PLAYBOY: Regardless of how you feel about him, he represents the sentiment of many Americans.

ISHIHARA: There is an important difference between Japan and the United States in the way both countries view the responsibility of a leader to his corporation and, even more, to society. The man who founded National Panasonic, Konoskuke Matsushita, is known as the god of management in Japan. The reason for his and for National's success is his allegiance to his people.

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into new adventures in taste.
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CAPTAIN MORGAN ORIGINAL SPICED RUM

simply would not lay people off. It brings great loyalty to a company when the employees are treated with loyalty and respect. He would not last as a manager of a company in the United States very long. In the United States, managers must report to their shareholders at quarterly meetings what they are doing to trim costs. A manager like Mr. Matsushita, who wouldn't lay off employees, would be criticized by the stockholders. Instead of laying off workers, Mr. Matsushita might diversify or transfer workers to another division. It might take a longer time for a profit to show to the shareholders, but the long term is more important—and the workers are more important.

Despite the fact that Mr. Iacocca buys parts from Japan—some of the most essential parts for his automobiles—and buys automobiles made in Japan and sells them under the name of Chrysler, he complains that Americans buy Japanese products. He, not the Japanese, is his own worst enemy.

PLAYBOY: You said that the American translation of your book is missing some important points and that some material was taken out of context. Are there examples?

ISHIHARA: I wrote that there are issues to which Japan should say no, but on the other hand, there are certain issues to which Japan clearly has to say yes. Not only have I said this in the book, but since then, I have repeatedly said it and it is omitted, deleted.

PLAYBOY: What should Japan say yes to?

ISHIHARA: I feel that the Japanese domestic market should be completely opened. Up to now, our extreme protectionism is what has given us full competitive power in the business world. But now there are many items Japan should import. Japan should say yes to America and open our market, but—and this is important—not only to say yes to America but for the good of the Japanese consumer.

PLAYBOY: So you admit that Japan's trade barriers have hurt the U.S. and Japan and that restrictions should be relaxed?

ISHIHARA: Definitely. Last November, the Economic Planning Department published some extremely important figures that showed that the cost of necessities are, on the average, forty percent higher in Tokyo than in New York. Some things are twice as high. Most of those products could be cheaper and their quality better if they were imported freely in an open market.

PLAYBOY: Would you agree to abolish the protectionist policies responsible for Motorola's difficulty in selling car phones in Japan? Motorola was finally allowed to sell them, but not in Tokyo, which is like saying that Japan can sell fax machines in America, but not in New York and Los Angeles.

ISHIHARA: This is a most shameful example of deceitful dealing by the Japanese ministry of posts and telecommunications and I agree that it must not be tolerated. I myself use an NTT-made car phone in Tokyo and the quality is very poor. Lines are often crossed and the system is very susceptible to being tapped. Recently, there was a rumor that one politician was telephoning his mistress from his car and the conversation was tapped by a *yakuza* [Japanese *mafioso*], who blackmailed him. People have stopped making important calls from their cars.

PLAYBOY: So is your position an open market, with no exceptions, to help correct the trade imbalance?

ISHIHARA: Well, by now, Japanese industries have gained much competitiveness. As a result of that, no matter how liberalized the Japanese market becomes, the U.S. might have less, not more, of a market in Japan. I've been told it's not good for me to make that kind of statement, but opening up the market does not mean we will be overrun by foreign products. Other countries might increase their exports to Japan for a short time, but they might eventually lose out in a freely competitive Japanese market. The point is that the United States is looking for a solution to the trade imbalance through liberalization of the Japanese market, and they might find that that is not much of a solution.

PLAYBOY: Because of Japanese dominance in the semiconductor and automobile industries, to name but two examples, there have been calls for embargoes and punitive tariffs. What effect would they have?

ISHIHARA: Not only would they hurt our situation but the free-trade system worldwide would collapse.

PLAYBOY: Should we say yes just to make *you* happy? You admit that the Japanese protected their markets to overcome their weaknesses and built the economy to compete with the West. If that kind of protectionism worked for Japan, why not for America?

ISHIHARA: The United States is such a major power that the global economy is affected by anything it does. Protectionism would turn the entire world economy backward. The U.S. is not only a major outlet but a super industrial power. With its open environment, the U.S. can make efforts to revive itself. It must learn to produce good products again.

PLAYBOY: But America may need some time to catch up. Isn't it our politicians' responsibility to figure out some sort of protectionism, at least in the interim?

ISHIHARA: Of course, that's your own choice, but if you try to remedy things that way, it's not going to be just America in decline but the whole world. American companies such as Cummins [Engine], Xerox, Levi's, Caterpillar and Florida Power & Light have turned themselves around very quickly by adopting new strategies. On the other hand, protectionism is an easy excuse not to strengthen yourself.

PLAYBOY: If not by addressing the impediments to trade and protectionism, how would you suggest America address the imbalance?

ISHIHARA: Mr. John A. Young, the president of Hewlett-Packard, was asked to write a paper on how the U.S. economy and manufacturing can be revived, how the U.S. can regain its competitiveness. It is an extremely accurate report, very edifying for Japan but moreover for the United States. Also, MIT published a voluminous report called *Made in America* that is very useful. In Japan, these have been analyzed and discussed in detail. Too few American politicians have even read them. So my prescription would be to implement or even legislate what was said in Young's and MIT's reports.

PLAYBOY: What in those reports would you want to see done?

ISHIHARA: For example, in Japan, in order to suppress excesses in money games—paper shuffling to create profits based on nothing—we made it law to impose a high tax on capital gains. Why is there nothing like that in America to discourage companies' being bought and sold and destroyed—with no attention to whether or not they make a good product? How come the United States does not introduce a similar system in order to stop all these excessive mergers and acquisitions conducted on a tactical level by corporations—that have nothing to do with making the corporations stronger over the long term for the employees and for the economy as a whole? I think if you introduced that, American management would conduct its business with a foothold on the ground. Maybe then Rockefeller Center would not have to be sold. Companies' executives, instead of making mergers and acquisitions, must make their companies thrive. Management must be revived if the dynamism of American industry is to be revived. It means changing their philosophy of how to manage.

PLAYBOY: Essentially, does that mean emulating Japanese management styles?

ISHIHARA: Xerox emulated Xerox of Japan. Florida Power & Light was coached by Kansai Electric Power, which operates in the western part of Japan. Caterpillar and Cummins did it on their own. There are many ways.

PLAYBOY: In your book, you threaten that Japan could forsake America and work with the Soviet Union—supplying the U.S.S.R. with advanced microcomputer-chip technology to alter the balance of world power. How ought America respond to that threat?

ISHIHARA: What I said about the computer chips is provocative, but the point was missed, as it was sensationalized. Three years ago, when I was in Washington, there was a harsh exchange of views between some politicians and me. This was immediately after America had passed resolutions concerning sanctions on the sale of semiconductors. Washington was in a state of hysteria. A man I talked to said that a power shift is taking place in the world and that the United States is rapidly growing closer to the Soviet Union. If, he

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said, Japan keeps up its current attitude, the U.S. might abandon Japan. I responded by saying that the U.S.–Japan relationship is not only important for Japan and the United States but important for the rest of the world—its importance is stronger than ever. If the United States forsakes Japan, then Japan will have a free hand. If Japan were to sell fifth-generation computer chips to the Soviet Union, perhaps the United States would be in a difficult position. When I said that, the cold air blew in. Everybody stopped talking.

PLAYBOY: It still sounds like a threat.

ISHIHARA: It is a statement of fact. Japan is no longer subservient, having to say yes to appease the Americans, even when it is against our interest. Japan cannot be tossed aside.

PLAYBOY: Your point is based on an erroneous assumption: America can and does make those chips.

ISHIHARA: The U.S. can make all the 256K chips it wants to, but the chips that will determine the future—essentially the ones required for fifth-generation computers with a capacity of one and two megabits, which are key to targeting ICBMs—are not made in America, at least not with consistent quality. Japan is five years ahead of America in semiconductor technology and the gap is widening. The gap is even wider for four- and five-megabit chips and larger memory chips. The more sophisticated the chips, the greater Japan's dominance. It is a fact: The U.S. *is* dependent on the Japanese chips.

PLAYBOY: Will Japan——

ISHIHARA: [*Interrupts*] You know, it is quite odd that Japanese semiconductor technology is the basis for the nuclear strategies pursued by the super nuclear powers—Japan, the country that has three nonnuclear principles. I believe that this fact helped promote the Strategic Arms Reduction Treaty negotiations between the United States and the Soviet Union.

PLAYBOY: How so?

ISHIHARA: There was more motivation to come to agreement when these countries were no longer capable of making advances without the help of a third country. And nothing can be sweeter revenge for us than this: The one country that has been bombed by nuclear weapons is in a position of having a great effect on the reduction of their availability and maybe their use. Isn't that the most sophisticated kind of revenge?

PLAYBOY: You've said that Japan should play a large role in developing Asia. With markets in China, the rest of Asia and Europe, will Japan become less dependent on America as a market, and therefore, whatever happens to America will become less significant to Japan?

ISHIHARA: I don't think so. It is not merely a question of economics. Japan cannot independently develop new markets.

PLAYBOY: Yet it *is* independently developing markets and increasing investments almost everywhere.

ISHIHARA: But America has ten times more kinds of basic research in state-of-the-art technology than Japan does. That's not going to change. What Japan has is the industrial dynamism it takes to make useful, quality products. That ability has disappeared from American industry. So think about what each of us does best: America and Japan could, working together, make a new civilization for the entire world—we are a very strong tractor-and-engine combination.

PLAYBOY: With who pulling whom?

ISHIHARA: There is no need for Japan to overtake the United States as number one; it is better to be a powerful number two—not to try to gain hegemony through economics. When I was talking to Bill Emmott, who wrote *The Sun Also Sets*, he made the same point. I really think that now, more than ever before, the relationship between Japan and the United States has great significance in the history of civilization. When I recently met with Congressman Richard Gephardt, he compared U.S.–Japan relations to a marriage. I asked him, "Does that mean that America is the husband and Japan is the wife? That's fine, because a wife can clearly say no when she wants to, unlike a mistress, who can be discarded if she says no."

"Even brand-new Boeing jets may be too dangerous for us to board. Rather than having such anxiety, it's better for Japan to make its own aircraft."

PLAYBOY: Yet some economists predict that Japan *will* have the number-one economy in the world by the year 2000.

ISHIHARA: Measured by what? It so happens that in the present day, Japan has the largest financing capability, but that's all. As far as the potential for new technologies is concerned, the U.S. by far surpasses the capabilities of Japan. The Japanese people excel in developing products—making them commercially viable. In my view, Japan is the second-strongest nation. And *this* fact should be acknowledged by the United States.

PLAYBOY: How?

ISHIHARA: By respecting our independence and respecting us as a partner. The U.S. does not acknowledge that the friction that exists now is not due to only one party. And it's not that the mistress is asking her master to have her registered officially so that she can formally become his wife. It's that if we are the wife, we must be recognized as such. But the United States now does not want to acknowledge Japan's power in the world.

PLAYBOY: In the case of the airline industry, you're not suggesting joint ventures—you want Japan to take over yet another industry America has dominated?

ISHIHARA: Japan experienced one of the world's worst air accidents. It was due to improper repair work done on a Boeing aircraft. A Japanese journalist went to Seattle to visit with a vice-president of Boeing. The executive acknowledged that his employees' education was poor, and the company was implementing a re-education and retraining program. However, he said that the retraining period will take several years. That means that for the coming several years, even brand-new Boeing jets may be too dangerous for us to board without feeling some sense of anxiety. Rather than having such anxiety, it's better for Japan to make its own aircraft.

PLAYBOY: You're presuming that the Japanese can make better aircraft.

ISHIHARA: We have already manufactured American fighters with fewer defects than the same fighters made by Americans. We could make civilian-use aircraft. I think we could save many lives. So if the United States would tell us to wait seven or eight years, then perhaps we would be better off making our own aircraft. But if I say this, it might produce more misunderstanding.

PLAYBOY: There is nothing stopping Japan from manufacturing its own jets for nonmilitary use, is there?

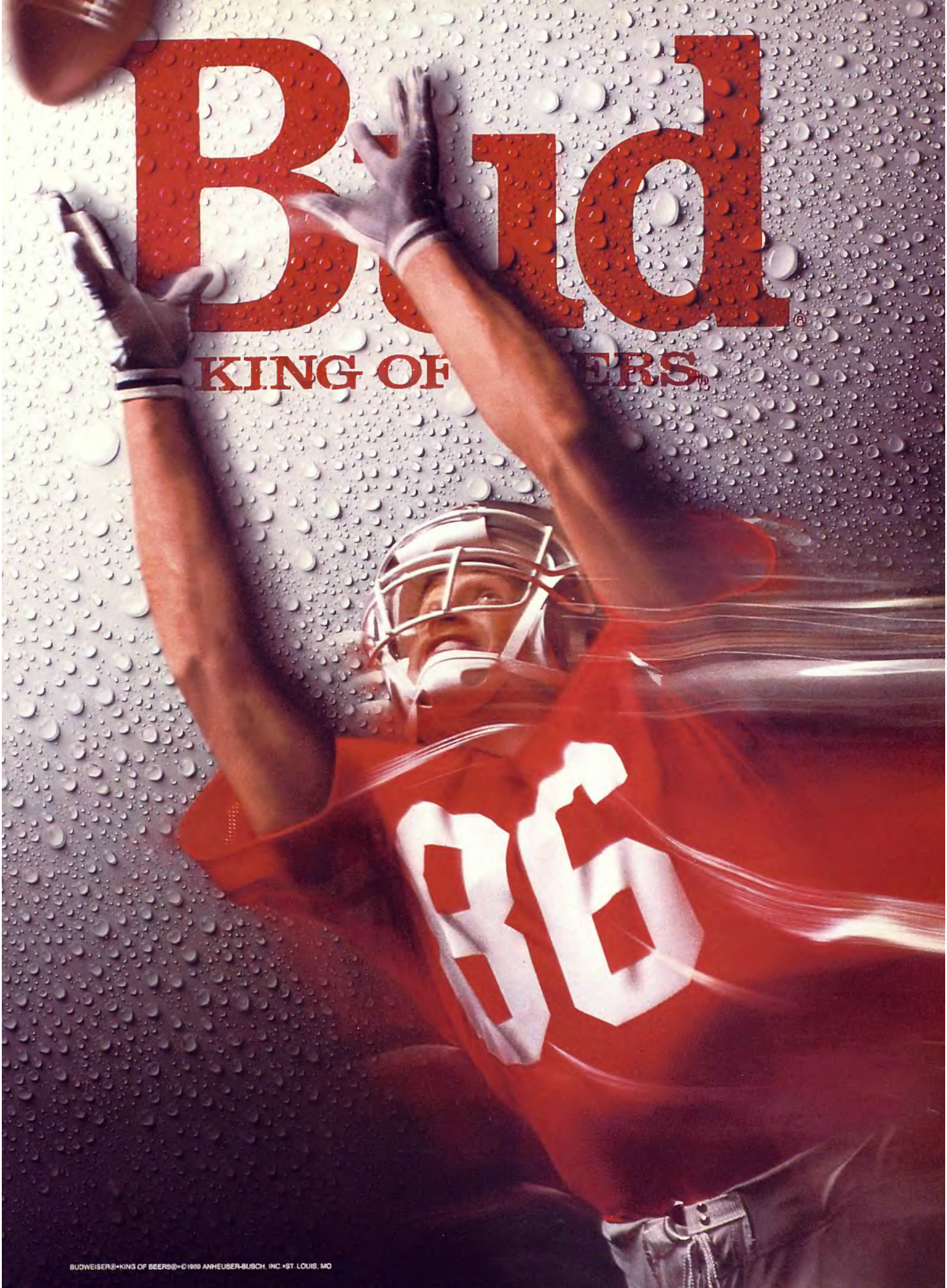
ISHIHARA: The U.S. has very monopolistic aviation treaties with many countries. We cannot sell our aircraft even if we have superior performance. We *are* developing the STOL, which can take off and land on a limited runway. The U.K. has a great interest in it. But, in general, Japan has not been strong enough to say we are going to do something if the United States says do not do it.

PLAYBOY: In what other cases should Japan have said no to America?

ISHIHARA: The United States essentially squelched Japan's plan for a domestic fighter plane and we agreed to a joint venture with the United States to make an inferior plane. In dealing with the United States, former prime minister Nakasone, whom I introduced to President Reagan, said only, "Yes, sir," as if he were a Marine Corps sergeant talking to a general. There were many times he should have said, "No, sir." He promised America many things, including strategic technology, without realizing their significance. He gave away strong cards because he could not say no.

PLAYBOY: You believe that Japan should have said no to America and gone ahead and built the FS-X? Why?

ISHIHARA: Japan said yes, we will not build the FS-X, because the U.S. asks or tells us not to; instead, we would make a modified F-16. It is as if since the United States cannot restrain Japan economically, it is determined to keep Japan under its control in



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the area of national security. Japan could have made a much higher-performance fighter.

PLAYBOY: Do you feel that the ultimate reason that Japan was asked, or pressured, not to build the FS-X on its own is that America is deeply afraid of Japan's becoming a military force in its own right?

ISHIHARA: There is no way that Japan will become a military power. There is no need for that. The FS-X would allow us to have our own strength, that's all—to do what Americans want us to do, share the burden of our own defense. But the United States found it intolerable that Japan might build a better plane. Japan gave in on every demand made by the United States.

PLAYBOY: You have said that Japan no longer needs America's military umbrella, and that our bases in Japan are not there for Japan's security but for America's—and so we should pay you rent. Is that accurate?

ISHIHARA: The U.S. strategic bases located in Japan are larger and more functional and more important than any other U.S. bases in the region as far as global U.S. strategy. The bases in Japan cover from one hundred and sixty degrees to the east, in Hawaii, to Capetown in Africa: One half of the Southern Hemisphere is being covered from Japan. The importance of these bases, established under the Japanese–American security treaty, is quite great in terms of the over-all security of America. But the ability to cover Capetown from bases located in Japan has no direct relationship with Japan. It is part of *your* strategy.

PLAYBOY: But, in fact, America's military agreement with Japan combines the two countries' defense strategies.

ISHIHARA: If the hydrogen bomb is dropped on Japan, the U.S. will use the bomb to take revenge for Japan. However, three H-bombs would destroy Japan. The United States could retaliate, but it would be too late for Japan. The early-warning system in existence covers the North American continent only. When it comes to U.S. allies and friendly nations in Europe and Asia, the warning system doesn't work—and these are the countries that are closer to the Soviet Union than to the United States. There is no system that will warn of an attack on Japan so that an enemy would be deterred from a first strike. If the strike were on the U.S. itself, the warning system would allow a retaliatory strike; therefore, the deterrence strategy is far stronger. The Japanese people should know that the United States cannot, in fact, provide for the protection or defense of Japan. I think that was precisely the reason why Mr. De Gaulle chose to have France have its own nuclear weapons.

PLAYBOY: Do you propose that Japan develop its own early-warning system and nuclear deterrent force?

ISHIHARA: No, but this is why I do not agree with Japan's three nonnuclear principles: I do not agree that nuclear weapons should not be brought into our country.

PLAYBOY: Under what circumstances would you have them brought into Japan?

ISHIHARA: There are occasions when the nuclear deterrent power could be exercised by having the presence of nuclear weapons within Japan—circumstances under the Japan–U.S. security treaty, which states that nuclear weapons may in some instances be brought into the country, as a deterrent. I think it would be effective.

PLAYBOY: Do you still feel that deterrence is important, in spite of all the changes in the Soviet Union?

ISHIHARA: I think deterrence's cost and importance will be reduced gradually.

PLAYBOY: Do you want Japan eventually to have its own bomb so it does not have to rely on the United States?

ISHIHARA: There are other ways to provide for our own security. Perhaps Japan can control the Soviets' nuclear policy by constraining supply of the mass-produced one- and up to four- or five-megabit chips. Without these chips, the nuclear strategy of the world would not be maintained.

PLAYBOY: The U.S. and Soviets will develop the technology or find alternative ways to build the weapons.

"There is no way that Japan will become a military power. The FS-X would allow us to have our own strength, that's all."

ISHIHARA: Or they will be more inclined to find other solutions. The Soviet Union will in no way have the capability to continue the nuclear race. If Japan chose to supply chips only to the United States, there would be no way at all the Soviet Union could compete. The Soviet Union's nuclear strategy could be constrained. It could end that head-to-head race forever.

PLAYBOY: Or, conversely, as you have implied, if Japan decided to tip the balance to the Soviet Union, you could supply chips only to the Soviets.

ISHIHARA: That's impossible. The reality is that the U.S. is a partner and not independent of Japan. It is only that the U.S. should not abandon Japan. [*In English*] We are not your mistress.

PLAYBOY: In the introduction to Daniel Burstein's book, *Yen!*, a bleak picture of the future is painted, in which Japan keeps getting stronger and America more dependent, to the point that California would be turned into a joint U.S.–Japan economic community. It may be an exaggeration, but it reflects a fear.

ISHIHARA: But what is the real problem? Is it Japan? Other countries have substantial investments in America. Americans now need a scapegoat and Japan is it, partly because we are of a race Americans consider inferior.

PLAYBOY: Many Americans resent Japan's success because much of it was financed by America. Do you agree with that?

ISHIHARA: I think so and we owe a lot to America. But America has to take some responsibility for what Japan is today—a country without mental independence, able to think only of economic prosperity. Japan ultimately became exactly what America wanted it to be after the war.

PLAYBOY: Were your parents anti-American?

ISHIHARA: Perhaps all the Japanese people were in the prewar days.

PLAYBOY: What was your first exposure to anything American?

ISHIHARA: American films that came here after the war. And songs on the radio—[*in English*] "Kiss me once and kiss me twice and kiss me once again / It's been a long, long time." This was a song in the United States that depicted the soldier returning to his girlfriend. It was so different from the Japanese war song that I couldn't help but think that was the reason Japan had to be defeated.

PLAYBOY: Because?

ISHIHARA: Because Japan was so filled with sorrow and desperateness that there was no room left for such an emotion.

PLAYBOY: Was your father involved in the war?

ISHIHARA: My father was drafted. However, an executive of a shipping company was valued, so he did not fight. I was mobilized in a work force to make a shelter around the Japanese base area—until one day, when we heard that a very new, powerful bomb had been dropped on Hiroshima. We were instructed to go home. It was quite eerie. I remember the feeling.

PLAYBOY: How did Japan's defeat affect you?

ISHIHARA: [*In English*] I couldn't imagine what it meant. I was scared.

PLAYBOY: What happened next?

ISHIHARA: I had been planning to go to the naval academy, but of course, after the war, there was no navy. I wanted to paint or write. I left school for about a year and lived in Tokyo, where I painted and attended plays and operas. Then my father died, so I returned to school. After that, I attended the university. At the time, I was told to become a certified public accountant, because that was a business thought to be lucrative. I studied hard for that, but I found it quite boring and difficult. I decided to be a film director. I took the examination and joined a film company called Toho.

PLAYBOY: What films did you make?

ISHIHARA: I directed two movies. I don't like to sound as if I am boasting, but my

(continued on page 76)

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DAVID LETTERMAN'S

T ★ O ★ P

TOP TEN LISTS

direct from the home office in wichita—the second-best reason to stay up late

BY DAVID LETTERMAN AND THE WRITERS OF *LATE NIGHT*

HERE IS a sampling of Top Ten Lists from the *Late Night with David Letterman* television program. They are self-contained, conveniently numbered and require no explanation whatsoever.

Nevertheless, journalistic protocol demands introductory remarks of some kind. Otherwise, the general reader would simply plunge right into the lists themselves, betraying himself for what he is—which is little better than an animal. To prevent this dangerously abrupt descent into the substance of the article, let's kill a few paragraphs here answering some questions that may have been troubling you.

First: **Why do we do Top Ten Lists?** Well, the answer is simple. *Because we can.* The Mr. Blackwells and the Helen Gurley Browns of this world have long offered their personal rosters of superlative dressers, bachelors and summertime desserts *with no real credentials* to back up their opinions. It is to this comfortable standard we hold ourselves.

Second: **Why ten? Why not five? Or 15?** Now, you're getting a little fussy, but we'll try to answer anyway. The subject seems barely covered by a mere five, whereas by 15, we're all just sick to death of the whole damn business.

Third: **I own a classic Jaguar XK-E in mint condition. Is there a way to install a CD player without marring the beautiful leather dash?** OK, this question should go to the Playboy Advisor. We don't know how it ended up here.

Finally: **Is there anything special I should know that will enhance my pleasure as I peruse these lists?** Another easy one! No.

TOP TEN THINGS WE AS AMERICANS CAN BE PROUD OF

10.
Attendance at Liza Minnelli concerts still optional

9.
Greatest number of citizens who actually boarded UFOs

8.
Many newspapers feature "Jumble," that scrambled-word game

7.
Crumbling landmarks torn down—not made a big fuss over

6.
Hourly motel rates

5.
Vast majority of Elvis movies made here

4.
Didn't just give up right away in World War Two, like some countries we could mention

3.
Goatees and Vandykes thought to be worn only by weenies

2.
Our well-behaved golf professionals

1.
Fabulous babes coast to coast

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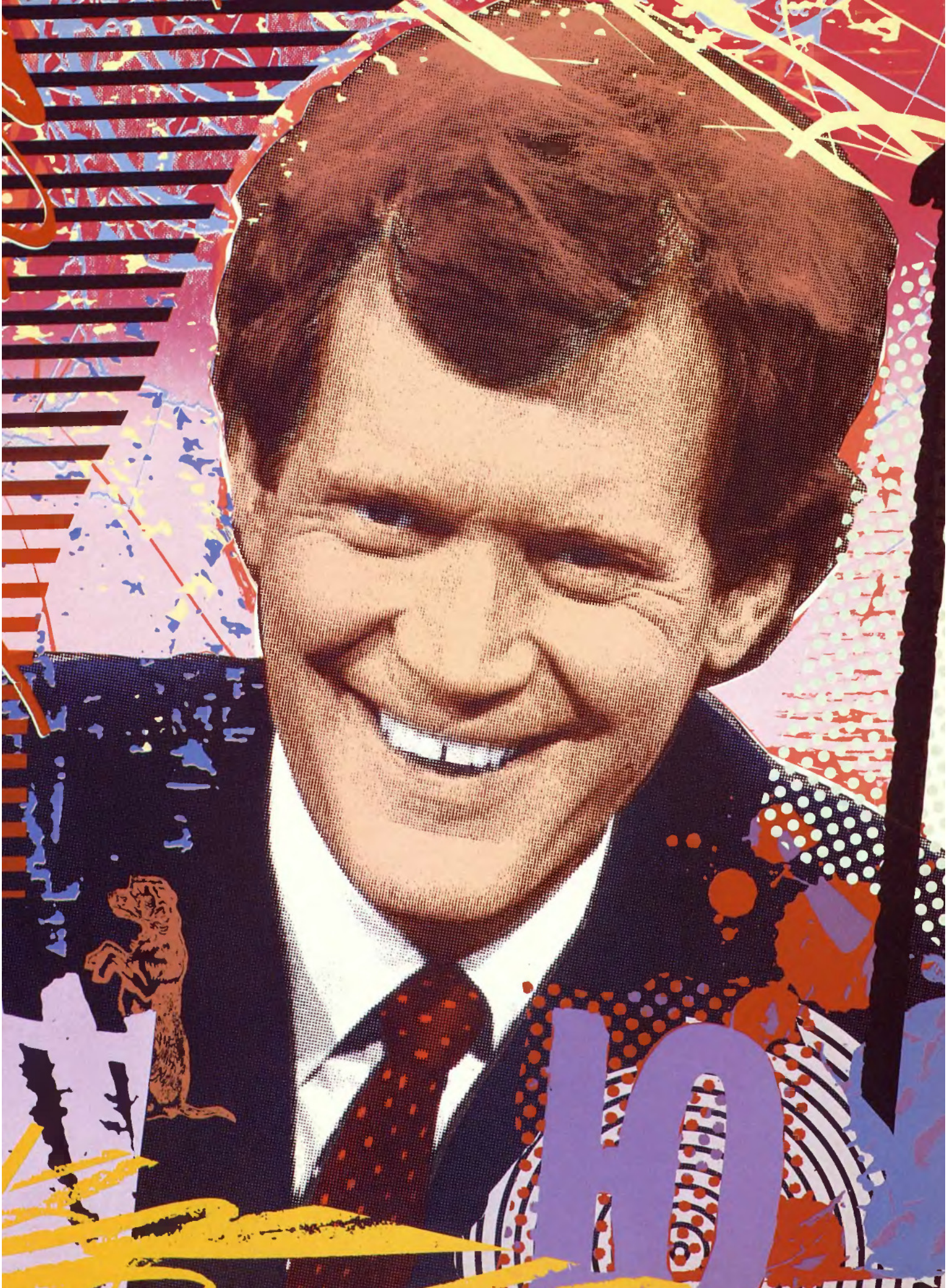

HOT

TOP TEN NEW NAMES FOR THE REUNITED GERMANY

10.
Keggerland

9.
Just Plain Volks

8.
Siegfried and Roy

7.
Aryan Acres

6.
Argentina East

5.
The Love Shack

4.
Nazichusetts

3.
Switzerland's Bad-Ass Neighbor

2.
Home of Das Whopper

1.
Cindy

TOP TEN COURSES FOR ATHLETES AT SMU

10. Subtraction: Addition's Tricky Pal. **9.** The First 30 Pages of *A Tale of Two Cities*: Foundation of a Classic. **8.** Sandwich Making (final project required). **7.** Alumni-Owned Hotels, Restaurants and Car Dealerships: The Interlocking Economy. **6.** Pre-Law Seminar: Age of Consent in the 50 States. **5.** The Denny's Menu: Recent Discoveries. **4.** The Bunny and the Wolf: Hand-Shadow Workshop. **3.** Draw Winky. **2.** From *First Love* to *Looker*: The Films in Which Susan Dey Appears Naked. **1.** The Poetry of Hank Stram.

★

TOP TEN PUNCH LINES TO SCOTTISH DIRTY JOKES

10. "It took me a fortnight to get out the thistles." **9.** "I didn't know you could also get wool from them!" **8.** "It's not a bagpipe, but don't stop playing." **7.** "What made you think I was talking about golf?" **6.** "I've heard of coming through the rye, but this is ridiculous." **5.** "Of course she's served millions—she's a McDonald." **4.** "Oh, so *you*'re Wade Boggs?" **3.** "Care to shake hands with the Loch Ness monster?" **2.** "Who's burning Argyles?" **1.** "She's in the distillery making Johnnie Walker red."

★

TOP TEN REASONS AL SHARPTON AND I ARE BEST FRIENDS

10. He gives me a good deal on Lionel Richie tickets. **9.** I call him Reverend and he calls me Admiral. **8.** Together we form the best two-man volleyball team on the East Coast. **7.** We're collaborating on a book of children's stories. **6.** The more he's in the news, the less attention paid to my messy divorce from Julianne Phillips. **5.** Gave me my street name, Dave. **4.** Has my likeness on his gold medallion. **3.** Usually volunteers to get in trunk when we go to the drive-in. **2.** Most of the time, neither of us knows what we're talking about. **1.** He makes my haircut look good.

TOP TEN EXPRESSIONS THAT SOUND DIRTY BUT REALLY AREN'T

10. Frosting the pastry. **9.** Shooting hoops. **8.** Jumping the turnstyle. **7.** Checking your oil. **6.** Tethering the blimp. **5.** Sending out for *sushi*. **4.** Picnic on the grass. **3.** Quarter-pounder at the Golden Arches. **2.** Shaking hands with Abraham Lincoln. **1.** Windsurfing on Mount Baldy.

TOP TEN REASONS HUGH HEFNER WILL MAKE A GOOD FATHER

10. He can warm bottles of formula in the hot tub. **9.** He could teach child math while explaining how his half-sister is older than his mother. **8.** There is no greater authority figure than a dad who hangs around all day in a bathrobe. **7.** Jimmy Caan is always available to baby-sit. **6.** He can help make college choice through a *Girls of the Big Ten* pictorial. **5.** There are plenty of pipe cleaners around for craft projects. **4.** He could lull tot to sleep with nursery rhyme about "the man from Nantucket." **3.** He can teach youngster the facts of life using nude photos of mom. **2.** Hef would make the swingingest little-league coach ever. **1.** If he didn't care about America's young people, he wouldn't marry them.

★

JOHN GOTTI'S TOP TEN TAX TIPS

10. You can deduct the entire piano even if you bought it just for the wire. **9.** Guys who escape from the trunk of your car may be considered business losses. **8.** No matter how much he relies on your business, a funeral director does not count as a dependent. **7.** Another write-off: long-distance calls to Pete Rose. **6.** You must actually kill someone in your home for it to qualify as "place of business." **5.** Three simple words to the auditor: "How's your family?" **4.** For a vacation to count as a business trip, return with 100 pounds of heroin. **3.** Smart-guy talk-show hosts may end up with more medical expenses than they thought. **2.** When reporting income, be plausible. No pizzeria in the world takes in three billion dollars a day. **1.** What H&R Block can't do, cement blocks can.

★

TOP TEN COMPLAINTS OF *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* SWIMSUIT MODELS

10. Skimpy outfits reveal biker tattoos. **9.** Ever since Paulina Porizkova started dating Ric Ocasek, goofy-looking guys actually think they have a shot with us. **8.** Knowing your photo is being used as currency in prison. **7.** Exxon tankers. **6.** Going on sleazy late-night talk shows where the band leader makes a clumsy pass at you. **5.** The 1987 Arctic Circle shoot. **4.** Having to pay cash before pumping your own gas. **3.** People who mistake your sun-protection factor for your I.Q. **2.** Creepy feeling that somewhere Jimmy Swaggart is sitting alone looking at a picture of you. **1.** That damn sand gets in everything.

TOP TEN UNPLEASANT THINGS TO HEAR ON AN ELEVATOR

10.
"Does this look infected to you?"

9.
"Do you know these pants are reversible?"

8.
"Hold the door! Willard's coming!"

7.
"The acoustics in this elevator are perfect for yodeling."

6.
"Sorry about my finger. I was aiming for a button."

5.
"Would you do a number for us, Miss Channing?"

4.
"We're both going to the fourteenth floor. How about a hug?"

3.
"I'm not just a Jehovah's Witness—I also sell insurance."

2.
"Does this smell like root beer to you?"

1.
"Just ignore Duke. We're going to have him fixed."

SHINTARO ISHIHARA

(continued from page 70)

"It is American workers, not Japanese workers, who are beginning to feel they work like dogs."

younger brother was a movie star and the first movie that he starred in was based on my novel; I wrote the script. The movie was so good that François Truffaut later said that he got some hints for his segment in the movie *Love at Twenty* from my film. I also directed a segment of *Love at Twenty*; it was highly evaluated and is still shown. But I wrote another novel that did very well, and I stopped making films. If I had remained a movie director, I can assure you that I would have at least become a better one than Akira Kurosawa.

PLAYBOY: You don't like Kurosawa?

ISHIHARA: He is not considered so highbrow in Japan as he is in Europe and America. I could make a better film.

PLAYBOY: How did you get into politics?

ISHIHARA: As a special correspondent for a Japanese newspaper, I went to cover the war in Vietnam. If I hadn't gone, I wouldn't have become a politician. I felt quite a bit of stimulus upon coming home to go into politics. I ran for the seat in the house of—upper house—how to translate? The national constituency.

PLAYBOY: Some of the shock over your most recent book is that few Japanese people have spoken out as you have. Why has it taken until now for a Japanese leader to speak out in this way?

ISHIHARA: [*In English*] Because I'm alien in Japan. [*Laughs*] See, to talk straight in Japan is a vice, not a virtue. If you have too much heated discussion, a friendship might collapse.

In Japan, individualism is an undesirable characteristic, a vice. However, I think recently, finally, the values are beginning to change. I think that Japanese people feel it's time to say what they think.

PLAYBOY: In America, you've been called the Japanese Jesse Helms.

ISHIHARA: The Japanese Jesse James? Hmmmm.

PLAYBOY: Sorry, no. Jesse Helms.

ISHIHARA: I've never met him. I've met Mr. Gephardt. Somebody said that I'm a Japanese Gephardt.

PLAYBOY: You prefer that?

ISHIHARA: I don't mind that. Mr. Gephardt looks like Steve McQueen.

PLAYBOY: The point about Helms is that he's right wing and an extremist.

ISHIHARA: I believe I am a rational politician.

PLAYBOY: Some Japanese people are embarrassed by your strong stands.

ISHIHARA: Well, obviously, *someone* wants to hear what I'm saying. We just sold our millionth copy of the book. I think that most of the Japanese people feel uneasy about U.S.–Japan relations. Japan's geography gave us the view that there was one world called Japan and another world outside it. The concept was of parallel worlds rather than one shared globe. My family was brought up very traditionally Japanese. We were taught that the emperor was a god. I thought it was quite foolish, but, because my father would scold me if I didn't, when the train that I was riding would pass the Imperial Palace grounds, I bowed. Most of Japan still lived in another time. But the world is changing. It is becoming smaller and the outside world is influencing Japan in so many ways. Japan must change its world view. As the influential power of Japan is rising, it is quite important that the Japanese people have a broader view.

PLAYBOY: There are many reports that Japanese people, especially young people, are dissatisfied with the new way, as well. Lee Iacocca says the Japanese people work like dogs.

ISHIHARA: Nonsense. It is quite the opposite of that. The American workers may feel that they are working like dogs, because they are easily laid off when the situation turns bad; managers such as Mr. Iacocca earn exorbitant amounts of money and the gap between rich and poor is widening; management looks down upon the workers as if they belong to some lower class. . . . It is American workers, not Japanese workers, who are beginning to feel that they are working like dogs. Lech Walesa came to Japan. He visited a Japanese factory and said that it was the most ideal workplace he had ever seen. He specifically talked about the labor–management relationship he saw. He said that in a sense, Japan is the most advanced socialist country in the world. I agree with that; I've said it before.

PLAYBOY: One of America's perceptions about Japan is that the price for all the efficiency is the individual—Japan's workers are like robots. Do you agree?

ISHIHARA: It is not so at all. In our culture, names are given to the robots. The vital points have not been Westernized at all. In the West, people would avoid work if they could. But Japanese people find virtue in working. Aristocrats in Europe take pride in playing and not working. The aristocrats look down upon the workers; at the same time, workers resent the aristocrats. In Japan, this does not exist. We look down upon people if they don't work hard. The emperor stands at the top of the monarchy or the aristocracy, but even *he* works. There is a myth in Japan that the goddess of the sun used her loom and wove her own clothes. Emperor Hirohito worked as a marine biologist.

PLAYBOY: Are you concerned that materialism could take the place of Japan's spiritual core?

ISHIHARA: I don't think so. For example, Japanese people have a strong sense of season and a strong reaction to nature. There is a sense of finding a higher value that transcends materialism. That hasn't changed.

PLAYBOY: But do you acknowledge that the Japanese work ethic has been emphasized at the price of a strong family structure? Japanese men rarely see their wives and children.

ISHIHARA: It is nothing new—it was the same in the past. People get promotions within the company by working very hard and being very committed. It may be a peculiar philosophy, but in Japan, men have always had great pride about working. The family is the same as it has always been. What I am worried about are the urban housewives; they have become so used to living luxuriously and their attitudes toward their husbands and children are very egotistical. They are worse than the American middle class.

PLAYBOY: There are reports about a new attitude of Japanese women—they are less tolerant of the traditional double standard. It seems like the germ of a women's movement.

ISHIHARA: But a bigger problem I see is housewives who don't look after their children. They cook something easy in the microwave. They play tennis all day long.

PLAYBOY: Do you support the incredible pressure placed on Japanese children—the pressure to excel in cram schools, with hardly any time to be kids?

ISHIHARA: I think we have come to a time when we really have to change the framework of education in Japan. This system was developed in order to create specific kinds of people who were needed for the process of modernization: bureaucrats, engineers, social engineers such as doctors, teachers, public accountants, attorneys, as well as soldiers. We became very good at producing these. These people did not need to be educated at being different from one another. They didn't have to stand out from others—in fact, it was not good for them to stand out.

PLAYBOY: And now what would you have Japanese education do?

ISHIHARA: Return to greater emphasis on individualism, and not only in schools. The education and training systems have to be changed so that individualistic initiatives are tolerated. Now, instead

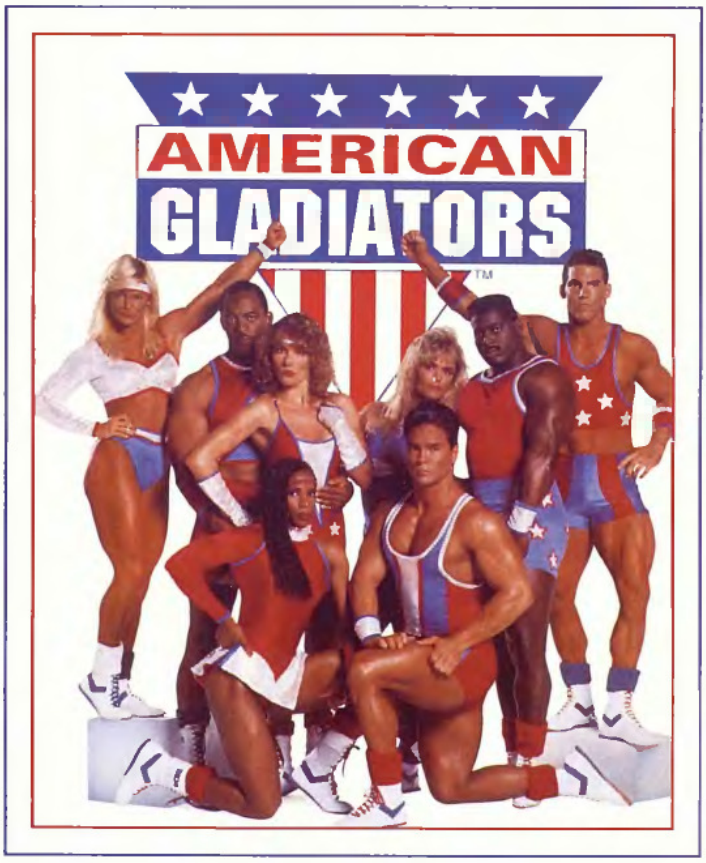
(concluded on page 84)

"Stop! Please, I need a jump start!"

GLADIATOR

MARISA PARÉ

the high-velocity star of crash tv



On TV's *American Gladiators*, Marisa (standing under the D) plays Lace, the baddest *femme* who ever tackled a foe. An ex-gymnast and weight lifter, she loves the sometimes-dangerous combat she endures as a member of the cast. "It's great for blowing off steam," Marisa says, "but if you're not careful, you can get your head knocked off."

DON'T LET the lush curls and tempting curves fool you. Marisa Paré is no soft touch. She plays Lace—one of the warrior cast that kicks contestants' butts on the hit TV show *American Gladiators*. After she gunned down yet another foe in the Assault event, in which the Gladiators fire an air cannon at hapless victims, host Mike Adamle asked Marisa how she kept track of her wins. She batted her eyelashes and said, "I make notches on my lipstick case." This is not a woman to take lightly. Think of Lace as the latest in a long line of pop hellcats: Alexis Carrington with blazing speed, Breathless Mahoney with biceps. And think of Marisa Paré as something more—an actress with the physical skills to play Lace to the hilt, plus the wit to enjoy herself while using *Gladiators* as a springboard to more challenging roles. "The show is a great way to blow off steam," she says. "It's fun, zany theatrics, but the physical stuff is real." She has the bruises to prove it. In a year of gladiating, she has torn ligaments in her right hand, strained a rotator cuff and suffered two concussions. Calling the show "an interesting interpretation of physical power," Marisa says she likes running and gunning as Lace but wants to show off her subtler talents. Her voice and potent presence have talent scouts hoping she'll resume her work as a singer and actress. Her nascent careers on screen and in music—she has guest-starred on *Mike Hammer* and fronted an L.A. band, Ivy League and the Climbers—were derailed by a 1986 marriage to actor Michael Paré, who didn't want another careerist in the house. "His ideas were really archaic," says Marisa of her ex, who gained film fame as Eddie in *Eddie and the Cruisers*. "He wanted a piece of flesh who stayed home." Marisa worked as an interior designer—she did Bruce Willis' Malibu home in "neo–Santa Fe" style—until she and Michael divorced last year. Now *Gladiators* has brought a slew of new offers. A Los Angeles music executive wants her to record a few songs. She has done a few broadcasting gigs on TV—more may be in the offing. "I've been lucky," says Marisa. "*Gladiators* has opened a lot of doors for me." You'll be hearing more from her as she races through one of those doors—if she can avoid another *Gladiatorial* concussion.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY ARNY FREYTAG

Marisa's specialty on *American Gladiators* is gunning down opponents with an air cannon in the Assault competition (above left). Almost as fierce is her tackling in the Powerball event (above right). On the facing page and below, she shows that a gladiator can also play temptress. Marisa's famous surname recalls a failed marriage to Michael Paré—known to movie fans as the star of *Eddie and the Cruisers*. In a cinema lobby not long ago, she saw a workman setting up a life-size cardboard cutout of Michael. "How'd you like to take *him* home?" said the man. "No thanks," said Marisa. "I already did." These days, the sexiest gladiator in America is doing fine on her own.

SHINTARO ISHIHARA

(continued from page 76)

"We need a frank dialog. Frank dialogs are the real imbalance between Japan and the United States."

of encouraging individualistic attitudes, fail-safe attitudes are encouraged. If someone tries something new and fails once, there is no tolerance of that and no chance to make another mistake. The people with the best ideas go abroad and do fantastic work. We must be able to merge this kind of creative, individual thinking into our culture.

PLAYBOY: What are your plans? Do you anticipate that you will run again for prime minister of Japan?

ISHIHARA: If I can get enough support.

PLAYBOY: Are you ultimately too individualistic to do so?

ISHIHARA: I don't think so. The public in Japan supports me. They want me in office. However, if I have to compromise myself in order to become a political leader, then I will be better off not to become one. I would prefer to remain a strong individual.

PLAYBOY: In your book, you say, "Japan is flattered by many nations these days for no reason [other] than its wealth. Money is important, but Japan has many valuable assets." What can Japan contribute to the world?

ISHIHARA: Japan can teach what we have learned to do well: our capabilities as managers, as manufacturers. We also have a great financing capability. Japan's leadership can help establish new kinds of infrastructure in countries that need aid. It is not only dollars that are important. Another example is the relationship between workers and the machine. Japan is the largest user of industrial robots, yet the attitude is not that robots and technology are taking away jobs or dehumanizing workers. They free workers to do more complex tasks. Those who are in charge of specific robots paste photographs of their favorite movie actors or singers on them and call the machines by those names. A sense of communication is established between the workers and the machine. Because of this, Japanese workers are much more adept at identifying machine failures as soon as possible. For another example, in the case of human-to-human relationships, the rank-and-file workers and their management are on an equal footing. It's not rare for a president of a company to visit the job floor or the factory and spend time with workers and listen to what they have to say, which I know rarely happens in Western plants.

PLAYBOY: You say that America should acknowledge Japan's place, but in fact, it seems that America already does—which is part of the problem. Americans in some ways are feeling defeated. There is a pervasive opinion that Japan is unstoppable and that American business has had it.

ISHIHARA: I think that view is quite wrong. The largest forces—the dynamo that moves civilization—are ideas and inspiration. These ideas cannot be gauged by a yardstick. The numbers don't show it, but the capability to come up with good ideas that move civilization forward resides with the American people, in my view. Managers and politicians in the United States fail to extract that potential.

PLAYBOY: What is an example?

ISHIHARA: Young people everywhere enjoy skate boarding and windsurfing. The skate board is the combination of the skate and the surfboard. Windsurfing combines surfing and sailing. It seems that combining two ideas like that is simple—anyone could have come up with those inventions—but that is not the case. They are unique and intriguing ideas that only American people could have thought of. Such a sense of inspiration once existed in Europe, but not any longer, and it does not exist in Japan.

PLAYBOY: Why do you think that it is an American and not a Japanese ability to create an idea such as a skate board?

ISHIHARA: Part of it is the existence of so many races in one country. It is part of America's Constitution that there should be no constraints on people's thinking. That means that they are free to think of whatever they want. That freedom is why they come up with new things. That is also why they can be irresponsible.

PLAYBOY: Yet, in economic terms, ideas are only as good as the ability to utilize them. Japan routinely takes American ideas and betters them or produces them more efficiently.

ISHIHARA: That is precisely the reason we should work together as partners instead of against each other as adversaries.

Sony succeeded in using the transistor, an American invention, to make a small, compact radio. Japan has the technology to erect high-rise buildings with high accuracy with laser-beam measurement and land-surveying technology developed by U.S. science, originally as a method of measuring the distance between the earth and points in outer space. Japan, too, succeeded in incorporating that technology into a tool so that now we can build high-rises one hundred and twenty meters high, with an error of just two to three millimeters. Instead of institutionalized competition, we would be better institutionalizing partnerships. First you must acknowledge what we can contribute and treat us as equals.

PLAYBOY: Are you saying that the U.S. will continue to make the technological breakthroughs, but Japan will make the profits?

ISHIHARA: No. The U.S. should work to be better manufacturers, too—to utilize the ideas themselves, to make better products. But if not that, it could be structured so that American companies would get royalties for designs that Japanese companies manufacture. That is how we can be partners.

PLAYBOY: Some people in America feel that it is not partnership you are after. Your book has been referred to as *Death to America*.

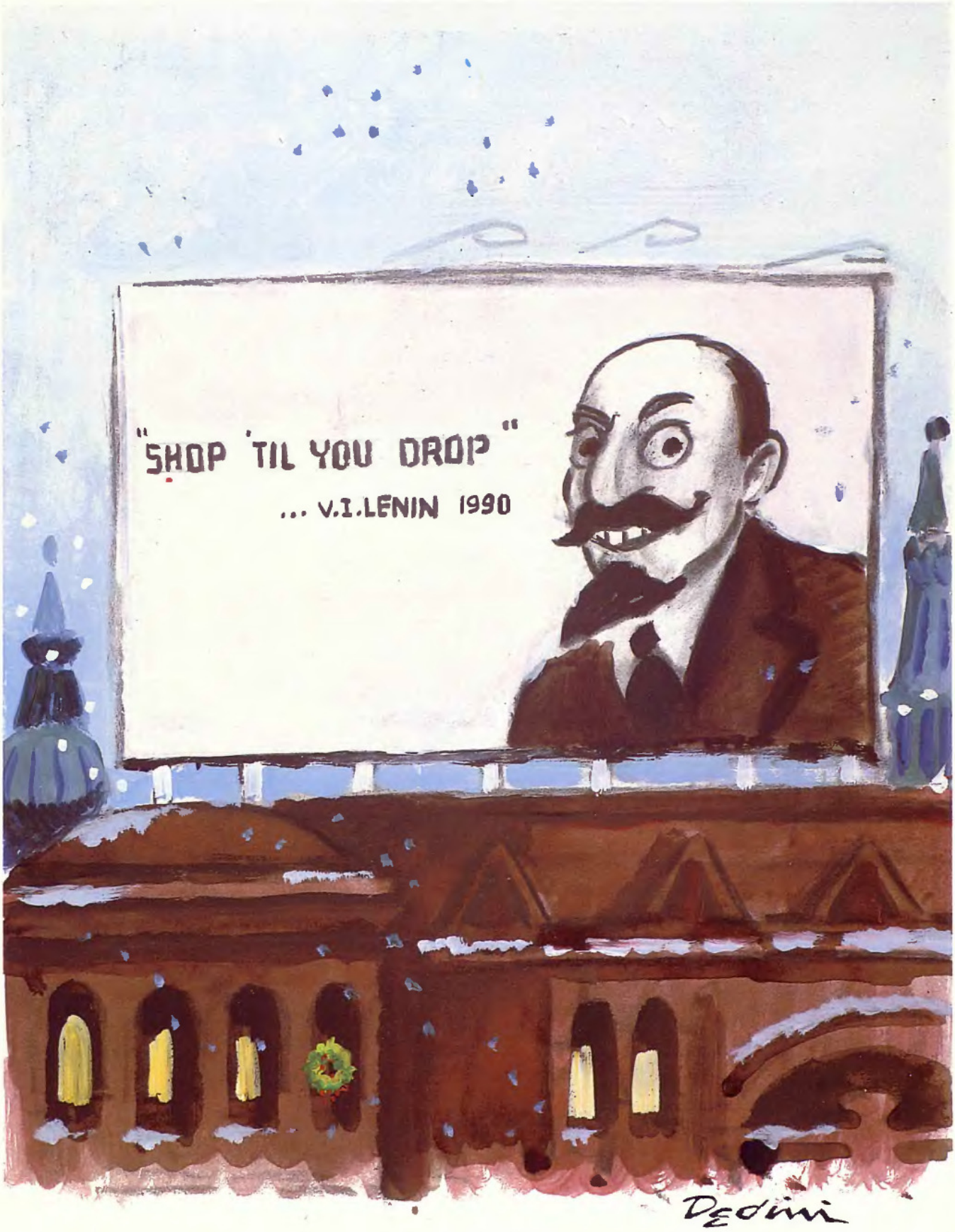
ISHIHARA: That's a little hysterical, no? We're talking about a wife saying no once in a while. That's not going to kill anyone. Presently, Japan is increasing her direct investment in the United States. But Japanese companies don't necessarily change managers from American to Japanese. Japan can participate in the management of U.S. corporations in the United States and, conversely, the U.S. can participate in the management of Japanese companies here.

PLAYBOY: What now is your hope for your book as you prepare to publish an authorized translation? What effect will it have?

ISHIHARA: I hope for a better understanding of the differences between Japan and the United States. I genuinely hope that we can have fruitful discussions based on deeper mutual understanding. We need a frank dialog. I'm trying my best to get Japanese people to pick up the habit of saying things frankly. Frank dialogs are the real imbalance between Japan and the United States.

PLAYBOY: If what you say is true, what will it take for Americans to understand that Japan's saying no is not threatening?

ISHIHARA: To recognize the existence, the very existence of your counterpart is the first step. If somebody is saying no, it is a very clear message. If you feel that is threatening, it comes from prejudice or at least misconception. Saying no is not a threat. It is standing up and asking for respect. The world is becoming smaller and a new civilization is emerging. Illusory perceptions—how can I put this?—*mistaken values* have to be weeded out. The pitting of race against race has to be weeded out completely. White people have to become aware of this absurd notion they have. When they grasp it *consciously*, they can discard it consciously.


"SHOP 'TIL YOU DROP"
... V.I.LENIN 1990
Dedini

FALL AND WINTER FASHION FORECAST

a guide to what's hot for the cold months ahead

fashion
By HOLLIS WAYNE

JUST ABOUT EVERYTHING in this fall and winter's fashion scene is down to earth except the prices. Colors are the shades of early autumn—warm browns and rich golds. The cut of suits, sports coats, pants and outerwear is informal, with sloping shoulders and loose double- and triple-pleated pants. Double-breasted suits and single-button sports jackets are the way to go, especially if you're tall. Try one with a denim spread-collar shirt for a casual country-squire look. When the weather starts to

Left: Wool overcoat, $1200, striped single-breasted suit, $1100, silk tie, $65, all by Cerruti 1881; dress shirt, by Verri, $210; cashmere scarf, by Loro Piana for David Glazer, about $410; and grosgrain-banded fur-felt fedora, by Bollman Hats, $55. Right: Wool single-breasted overcoat, about $600, wool double-breasted glen-plaid suit, about $625, denim shirt, about $120, and silk tie, about $60, all by Hugo Boss; plus silk pocket square, by Salvatore Ferragamo, $48.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY BETH BISCHOFF

JAMES IMBROGNO

Above, top to bottom: Deerskin ankle boot with cap toe, by Andrea Getty for Jandreani, $238; suede ankle boot, by To Boot New York, $215; suede/polished-leather ankle boot with perforated detailing, from Aldo Brue by Nancy Knox, about $325; and suede monk-strap ankle boot, by Charles Jourdan Monsieur, $250. Right: Wool three-quarter-length double-breasted coat with hood, by Verri, $850; oversized houndstooth lamb's-wool sports coat with one-button front and ventless back, $700, viscose/wool sport shirt, $250, wide-wale corduroy trousers, $250, all by MW Moss; wool tie, from Perry Ellis by Manhattan Menswear Group, $58.50; crocodile belt with brass buckle, by Peter Barton, $128; and wool tweed newsboy cap, by Worth & Worth, $40.

JAMES IMBROGNO

Above, clockwise from 12: Silk cupid-print scarf with hand-tied fringe and Jacquard ground, by Audrey Buckner, about $225; Italian silk feather-print scarf with hand-knotted fringe ends, by Peter Elliot, $235; reversible silk-and-lamb's-wool scarf, by Anne Klein Men, $150; cashmere paisley-print scarf with solid back, by Loro Piana for David Glazer, $375; leather gloves with snap wrist strap, by Peter Barton, $147; and another pair with alligator trim, from De Vecchi by Hamilton Hodge, $550. Right: Button-front suede quilted shirt jacket with wool-plaid lining, by La Matta, about $1375; wool rib-knit mock turtleneck, $375, and wool pants, about $320, both by Dolce & Gabbana; and leather belt with antique brass buckle, by Peter Barton, about $50.

get brisk, the next best thing to a woman's arms wrapped around your neck is a scarf in luxurious cashmere, silk or lamb's wool. Paisley and floral prints are particularly stylish this fall, as are scarves designed with hand-tied fringe. But if you're after the real thing, overcoats in plush fabrics have a built-in bonus—not only are they warm but women can't keep their hands off them. Longer leather car coats and wool stadium coats look sharp over tweedy sports jackets and mock-turtleneck sweaters. Quilted suedes have booted the black-leather motorcycle jacket out of town. And soft polished-leather and suede ankle boots are shoo-in styles to check out. For information on what's happening under your Adam's apple, see our tie Style Meter on page 22. To top it all off, the classic fedora and newsboy cap are back, as noted in *Playboy on the Scene* on page 181—and, yes, the fedora is available in colors besides *Dick Tracy* yellow.

Left: Lamb nubuck knee-length coat, about $1000, plaid sports coat, about $475, cotton mock-turtleneck top, $95, all by Andrew Fezza; wool pants, by Cerruti 1881, $225; cobbler's calf-leather belt, from Joseph Aboud by CrookhornDavis, $65. Right: Wool herringbone overcoat, $1100, double-breasted wool suit, $995, striped dress shirt, $160, all by Vestimenta; silk tie, by Audrey Buckner, about $80; and fur-felt fedora, by Makins Hats, Ltd., about $125.

Where & How to Buy on page 180.

fiction

By DANIEL MUELLER
University of Virginia

THE NIGHT MY BROTHER WORKED THE HEADER

carl stood above us, running the salmon saw—and heard all the wrong things

LAST DAY of the salmon season, Old Windell gave a knife to Larry Olseth and put him on the butcher line next to me. "Be nice to him, Agnes," Windell said. The salmon dropped every three and a half seconds from the stainless-steel header and crowded through the open gate as if still alive. They plopped onto the belt headless, one to a slot. We kept up pretty well. Uma-san and Saka-san, the Japanese butchers, slit the bellies, throats and bloodlines. I separated the egg sacs from the guts and dropped them down the metal chute to the egg house. The sacs toppled into the flow like lopped-off pairs of orange fingers and disappeared around the first bend in the rickety converted rain gutter. Windell winked at me.

"OK, Agnes?" he said.

"OK," I answered.

"*Aa-o!*" sang Paolo, the big Filipino slimer at the end of the belt.

"*Aa-o!*" sang Dung-Dong, the old Vietnamese scraper two positions down.

On the butcher line, that's how we talked, a sung language. But as soon as Larry Olseth started butchering fish, the singing stopped. He stood on the line between Uma-san and me, as tall and awkward as an ostrich. His thin wrists stuck out from his sleeves like bare bones. His blond, feathery-haired head stuck up a foot above everybody else's, on a neck as thin and

PLAYBOY'S
COLLEGE FICTION CONTEST WINNER

ILLUSTRATIONS BY JOHN PATRICK (RIGHT) AND REBECCA LOVELL (ABOVE)

gristly as boat line. He was cute enough, but he'd never butchered salmon before. Uma-san let him try every sixth fish, and believe me, it wasn't pretty. He gouged stomachs open and ripped into meat. He wrecked egg sacs without blinking an eye. When he told me he loved me, I nearly took his knife and slit his throat.

We were processing grade-A sockeye salmon, the only fish that came to our cannery and freezing plant that were anywhere near good enough to vacuum-pack in cellophane and sell to the Japanese. Most of the fish we got were soft, smelly chum salmon, silver salmon bloated with gas, humpy salmon falling off the bone and covered with growths. Sometimes we got king salmon as large as men; they smelled worse by far than any other fish, on account of the extra meat. But the salmon on the belt that morning were fine, marvelous fish that shimmered under the overhead lights. Were it not for the blood that drained from their necks and bellies, they might've passed for fish brooches inlaid with turquoise and quartz, like those worn by women east of here, in places like Wrangell and Ketchikan.

So we handled them with care. No one wanted to bruise a freezer fish. Old Windell had told us at breakfast he would be counting the number of fish Ido-san, the Japanese grader, tossed into the plastic tote marked CANNERY. We had to be careful, he said, if we wanted our jobs back next season. Every fish that went to the cannery troughs, through the washers, fin shredders and rotary mincers, every fish that got stuffed into a can, sent down the chinks over the weights and scales, down the long greased rail into the 500-gallon pressurized steam cooker, meant a loss for the company. Add it up, he told us. Weigh it against the cost of labor. Anybody here think he's inexpendable?

"I said I love you, Agnes." Larry Olseth had blue eyes that could turn a person to stone.

"I heard you," I said.

There was a window on the butcher line. It was huge and without glass. During the winter, you could look through it to the sea, but in salmon season, it was blocked by two stainless-steel crab cookers, one stacked on top of the other. The morning Larry Olseth started butchering, a beam passed over the top of them and made a rectangle of light on the belt between him and me. The salmon moved into it and became flames I wanted to touch, not through gloves with cotton liners but with bare hands. But I'd handled enough fish to know how cold and wet they were. Fingering the rough skin would only have wrecked the illusion. To me, the salmon looked foil-wrapped, as beautiful as the chocolate Christmas fish the outpost store in Ahkiok received each year in time for Lent.

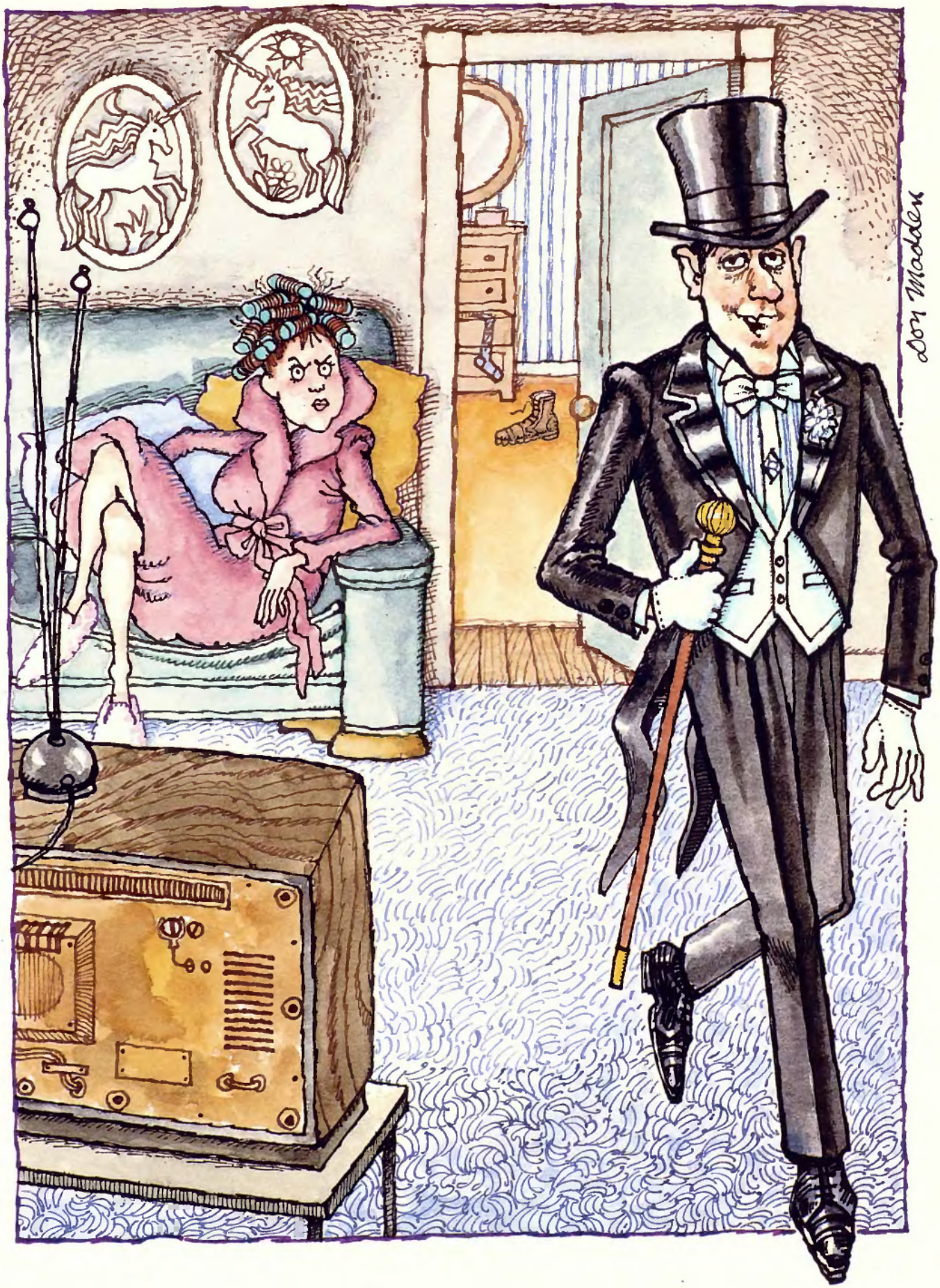
"Leave with me tomorrow on the plane," Larry Olseth said. I knew, without having to look up, that he was making himself look more pitiful than any dog in our village.

I was glad Carl was out of earshot. I didn't want my brother, the butcher-line foreman, thinking anything funny was going on. Five feet above the rest of us, on a platform made out of pine boards and reinforced metal, he operated the salmon header, a circular saw for taking the heads off fish. From where I stood on the line, I could see him out of the corner of my eye, in yellow rain pants and brown plaid shirt, his braid coiled snakelike in the hair net outside his collar, his thumbs hooked in the gills of a sockeye salmon. His job was to clamp the fish into the six spring-loaded adjustable collars on the crown of the header and make sure none of them fell off before hitting the 16-inch circular blade. Loaded with salmon, the header looked like one of those merry-go-rounds at the fair, the kind with swings, only when the fish got three quarters of the way around, they dropped like sausage links onto a tray table and their heads tumbled down a wooden slide into a 4x4 plastic tote.

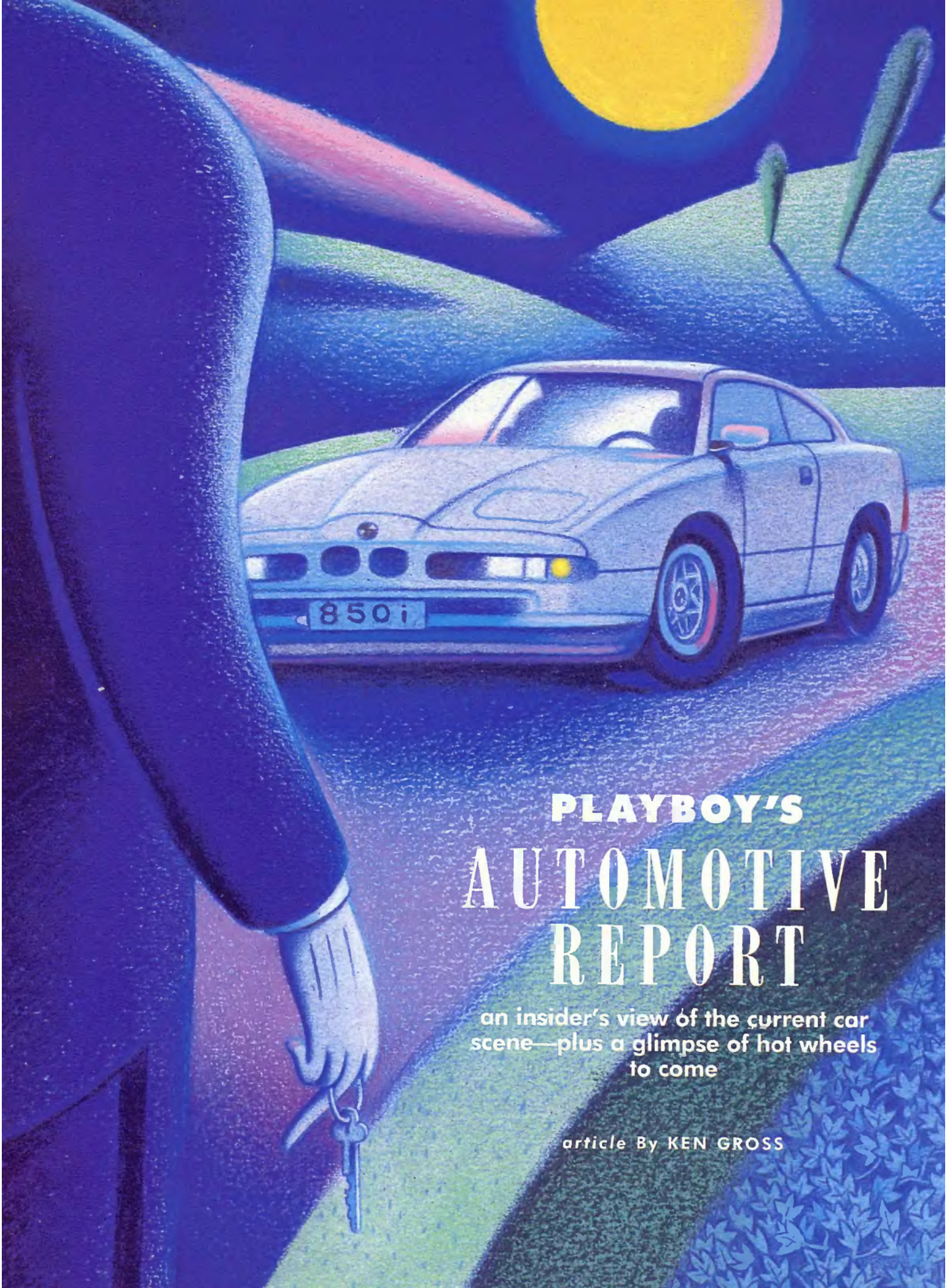
(continued on page 170)

ILLUSTRATION CONTEST WINNERS

Students at the Art Academy of Cincinnati, under the direction of Roy R. Behrens, professor of communication design, entered their work in o competition for illustrotor of our winning College Fiction Contest story. First-ploce winner is John Patrick (overleaf); second-place winner is Rebecca Lovell (overleaf, spot illustrotion). Runners-up (clockwise from top) are Jo Ellen McElwee, Bill Shannon, Steve Weinstein, Neil Smith, Rob Jefferson.



"See you later, dear. . . . Bowling night. . . ."



PLAYBOY'S AUTOMOTIVE REPORT

an insider's view of the current car scene—plus a glimpse of hot wheels to come

article By KEN GROSS

THIS IS FOR serious car lovers. In the first of a series of quarterly insider automotive reports, we'll look under the hood of the auto industry, bringing you up to speed on the latest introductions, the newest developments and the fastest-breaking trends. We'll drive the hottest new cars and tell you what to look for in showrooms packed with new ideas. At no other time in its history has the car business tried so hard to be on the fast track. On your mark, get set. . . .

The news for 1991 is sexy sports coupes, hot sedans, spirited roadsters and even souped-up four-wheelers. The challenge is choosing among the 700-plus models in America's showrooms. This array of machines—coupled with a shrinking number of buyers—has created a nightmare for car makers. You've seen the newspaper ads packed with discount and rebate offers. Television spots echo the bargain-basement theme. As unsold cars moldered on dealers' lots this year, frantic manufacturers spent billions on desperate price-off promotions.

But while the majority of new car models languished, several, including Mazda's Miata, Toyota's MR2 and Nissan's 300ZX, sold well. Another winner was the ever-improving Honda Accord, which edged out Ford's Taurus as the best-selling car in America. Since many Accords are built in Honda's Marysville, Ohio, plant, largely out of domestic components, the 1990 Accord should put to rest the myth that Americans can't build terrific cars. Honda has even begun *exporting* Accord coupes back to Japan—and expects to ship U.S.-built cars to Europe soon.

Despite tax-law changes that made leasing luxury cars less desirable, business boomed at the high end of the market. The all-new Lincoln Town Car, the Lexus LS 400 sedan and the Mercedes-Benz 300SL/500SL roadsters sold well. Lincoln's progress was predictable: While Cadillac's management focused on reviving the Wurlitzerlike qualities that made Caddy famous in the Fifties—longer, lower, wider and plusher—canny Lincoln tore a page out of the Mercedes and BMW textbooks and built a more sophisticated Continental, along with an aerodynamic Town Car that neatly combines American and European styling.

Essentially, Lincoln took a look at the market place and found a way to appeal to younger Americans who want to root for the home team but still demand a state-of-the-art ride, contemporary good looks and top quality at a fair price. In the process, it has edged ahead of Cadillac. Cadillac has a V8-powered rear-wheel-drive Eurosedan in the works, but it's years away. G.M. waited too long once again; we say Lincoln will set the luxury pace for American cars in the Nineties.

Everyone knows that red-hot sellers play to packed showrooms. So all a car company has to do to reverse stalled sales is bring out a best seller, right? Unfortunately, brand-new cars aren't designed overnight. The process takes about four to five years from drawing board to dealership; many top name plates have gone six to eight years between model revisions. That's now changing. Goaded by innovative Japanese competitors, American and European car makers are accelerating their development timetables. And just like record companies, they're all dying for a hit. Here are some potential chart busters for 1991 (and 1992).

HOT NEWCOMERS

Chrysler's low, mean-looking V10 Viper roadster resembles a Ford Cobra on steroids. Look for it in early 1992. Meanwhile, Chrysler now owns Lamborghini. The Lamborghini Countach's successor, the racy new 200-mile-per-hour Diablo, will take pressure off Lee Iacocca's slow-selling K-car fleet—suggesting that the flashy Italian supercar's halo rubs off on everything you can buy from the Dodge boys.

Ford has dipped down under to its Australian subsidiary for the Mercury Capri—a Miata fighter largely based on Mazda's 323 mechanicals (just like the MX-5). While it's not as hard-edged a sports car as the Miata, the Capri's a delightful topless ride for a sunny day. With their German-built Mercury Merkurs and Scorpios discontinued due to anemic sales, embattled Lincoln-Mercury dealers are betting that the Aussie roadster will please younger buyers.

Chevrolet's Corvette went upmarket in 1984 with a fresh body design and a stand-back price tag. For 1991, a four-cam, 375-basic-horsepower V8 designed by Lotus and built by Mercury Marine continues to be Chevy's prime showroom attraction. For a while, demand for the muscular ZR-1 even sent the car's price roaring past its original $58,995 sticker. Still, at less than half the cost of a new Ferrari 348ts, the ZR-1 offers world-class performance in a model that's destined to become a collectible.

BMW's new 850i luxury sports coupe is a high-tech *Wundercar* with a silky V12 engine, great handling—thanks to a new multilink integral rear axle—a six-speed gearbox and even a built-in cellular phone. Priced about $75,000, the 155-mph 850i may be the last word in grand-touring luxury for two adults (and two rear-seat Munchkins). BMW is importing only 1000 850i's for 1991—and they're all presold.

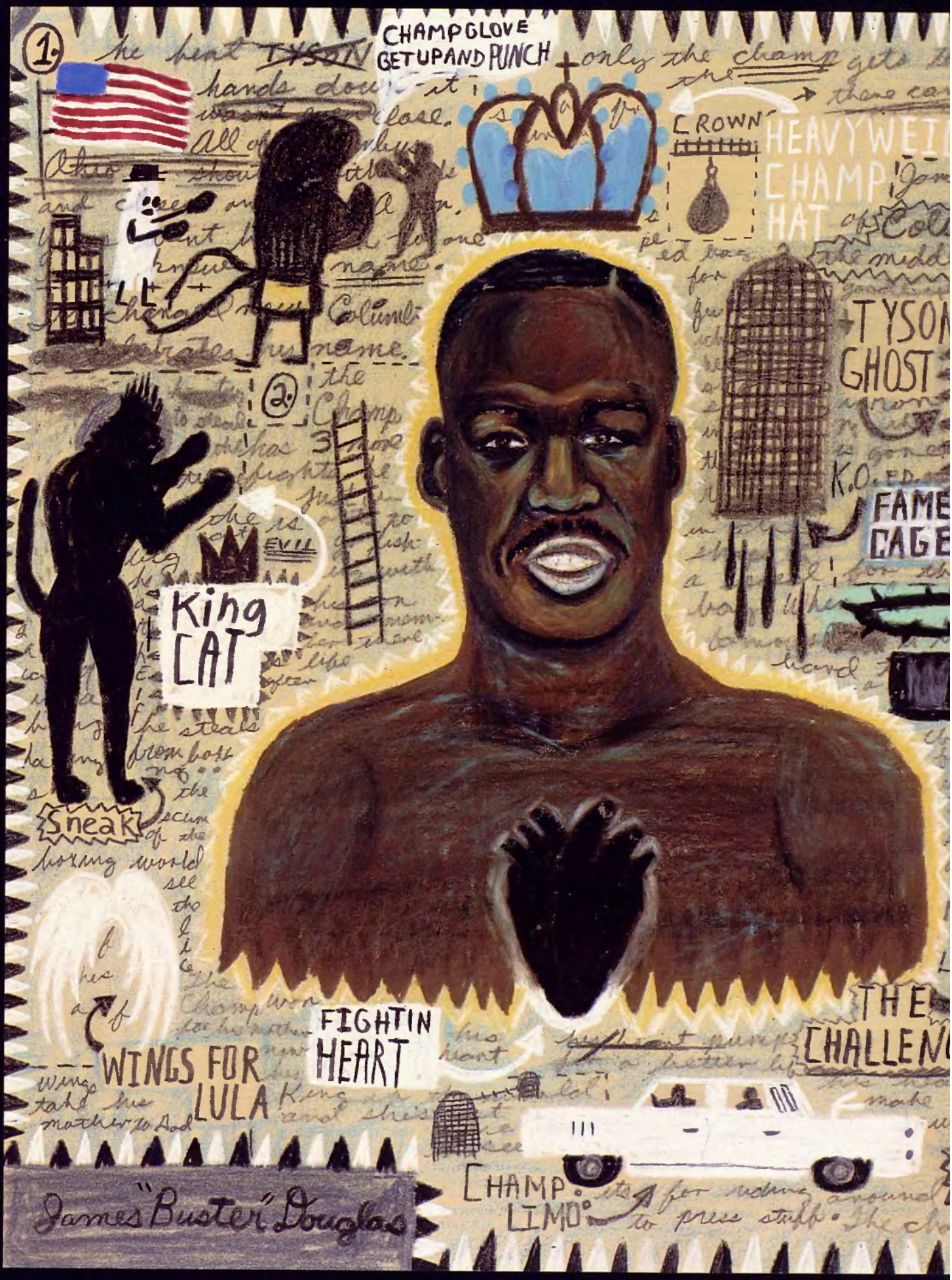
By the time you read this, the Lotus Elan front-wheel-drive roadster should be on the road. Its turbocharged, twin-cam Isuzu motor and sophisticated handling package earned rave reviews in the British automotive press. It should be priced at about $38,000. Another Isuzu-powered product is—guess what?—Isuzu's newest Impulse, with Lotus-tuned suspension and basically the same motor that's in the Elan. Priced at a reasonable $12,000 or so, the Impulse XS sports coupe is an interesting sleeper in the hotly contested small-car market.

Acura's engineers have created a dazzler—the mid-engined NSX. A slick-looking machine powered by a three-liter, 270-bhp V6 with variable valve timing, it handles beautifully. Look for Lexus to follow with a 185-mph, 40-valve, V8-powered sports coupe, probably in mid-1992.

The Chrysler/Mitsubishi partnership that *(continued on page 161)*

Lamborghini's raging bull of a machine, the 12-cylinder, mid-engine Diabla, hits 60 mph in 4.1 secands, tops out at aver 200 and has a devil of a price—abaut $200,000.

ILLUSTRATION BY DAVE CALVER


1.
CHAMP GLOVE
GET UP AND PUNCH
CROWN
HEAVYWEI
CHAMP
HAT
TYSON
GHOST
K.O. ED.
FAME
CAGE
2.
EVIL
King
CAT
Sneak
FIGHTIN
HEART
WINGS FOR
LULA
THE
CHALLEN
James "Buster" Douglas
CHAMP
LIMO

PLAYBOY PROFILE

BUSTER DOUGLAS' TOUGHEST CHALLENGE IS TO KEEP HIS DIGNITY IN A DON KING WORLD

IN THIS CORNER

There are no second acts in American lives.
—F. SCOTT FITZGERALD

THE GUY probably didn't know any fighters; hell, some of them have made a lot of dough on second acts. Some have even made a science of it. Muhammad Ali, Alexis Arguello and, most recently, George Foreman all tampered with the clock to wring a few more bucks from man's cruelest sport. Why the hell not? There hasn't been anything new in boxing since Mike Tyson bludgeoned his way to the top. Through 37 mostly inferior—some downright laughable—tin cans, he became the world's ruling heavyweight. He also became a walking domestic disturbance.

Then came reports from Tyson's training camp that the lowly Greg Page had knocked the champ on his ass in a sparring session. Tyson used to pride himself on spending sparring partners like quarters; for his $1500 a week, the average sparring partner could usually expect several trips to the canvas and maybe a ride in an ambulance. Still, the press took it lightly, mumbling some la-la about slipping or Page's landing something flush.

A week before Tyson's knockdown, a different thing shook the life of another fighter: Lula Pearl Douglas died of a stroke in Columbus, Ohio. Twenty-three days later, her son James became heavyweight champion of the world.

"My mom didn't want me to fight Tyson; she was afraid for me. She'd been sick for a while . . . and she was worried about me." James "Buster" Douglas tears up for about a second. His best friend, Rodney Rodgers, looks away. We're sitting in the sunken lobby coffee shop of the Fairmont Hotel in Chicago. I look back to Douglas. He has regained the steely calm he has worn all day.

"I told my mother I wasn't worried *(continued on page 166)*

article and illustration by
TONY FITZPATRICK

HAIL, BRITTANY

the jet-setting miss york makes a perfect landing—in our centerfold

WHEN BRITTANY YORK was three years old, her mother threw her into a pool. "Sink or swim," Miss October says now, laughing. She swam. In fact, the free-style and butterfly strokes she developed in rigorous daily training sessions might have won her a spot on the Olympic team in Hong Kong, where she grew up. Might have—if she hadn't broken her leg skiing in Switzerland. Around that time, young Brittany's attention turned to boys. She was 14 years old, living in a Hong Kong high-rise with her English parents, her two brothers and the family's Chinese maid. Here's what Brittany did: "My parents went to bed at ten o'clock, and I was out the door at ten-thirty." Using her own money—earned baby-sitting, giving swimming lessons and modeling—she'd taxi to the local hot spots to dance the night away with her friends. "In Hong Kong, kids go out in groups. You don't go out with just one guy, the way you would on a date in America. There were certain night clubs we all went to, so I could go out alone and know where to find my friends." But wasn't she

PHOTOGRAPHY BY ARNY FREYTAG

just a little . . . young? "I've always done things earlier than most people my age," she says simply. Only 25 years old now, this world-traveling beauty with world-class looks has already seen more of the globe than most people dream of. There were the annual pilgrimages to London and the English countryside when she was growing up. There were tours of Europe, trips to Kenya and Brazil and three world cruises before she was old enough to vote. When she could, she voted with her feet—leaving her subtropical homeland for a distant shore. Sink or swim, she bought a one-way ticket to California and enrolled at the University of San Diego. "My idea of the United States came from seeing California in the movies," she says. "White-sand beaches. People surfing and playing volleyball and drinking margaritas in outdoor cafés." A computer-science major who speaks fluent French—and English with a charming British accent—Brittany has now parked her traveling shoes in Los Angeles. "This is the place for me," she says contentedly. "In America, people can get whatever they want."

MISS OCTOBER
PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH

PLAYMATE DATA SHEET

NAME: BRITTANY YORK

BUST: 36 WAIST: 24 HIPS: 34

HEIGHT: 5' 6" WEIGHT: 120 lbs.

BIRTH DATE: 2/26/65 BIRTHPLACE: LONDON

AMBITIONS: TO HAVE THE FREEDOM TO TRAVEL WHERE AND WHEN I WANT.

TURN-ONS: IT COULD BE A LOOK OR A TOUCH. IT'S ALWAYS SUBTLE, ALWAYS EXCITING.

TURN-OFFS: THOSE MEN WHO ARE SO DAMN ARROGANT AND THINK THEY'RE THE BEE'S KNEES.

INDOORS: SOME DAYS I LIKE TO STAY INSIDE, TAKE A BUBBLE BATH AND POP A CORK - WINE, CHAMPAGNE, I DON'T CARE. I JUST WANT TO GET COMFORTABLE.

OUTDOORS: THRILLS! HANG-GLIDING, SCUBA-DIVING, RACE-CAR DRIVING OR SITTING IN THE SUN WATCHING THE BLUE ANGELS.

MY COPILOT: THE MAN OF MY DREAMS IS HAPPY, SECURE, SUCCESSFUL AND POSITIVE. ANY OF YOU OUT THERE??

DESTINATIONS: SAILING THE GREAT BARRIER REEF. BALLOONING ACROSS THE AFRICAN PLAINS. FOX-HUNTING IN ENGLAND. LET'S GO!

XMAS '87

NOODLING AT THE SEOUL OLYMPICS

ROMANCE & CHAMPAGNE IN VENICE, ITALY

A sportswoman and confessed thrill seeker, Brittany dreams of flying with the Blue Angels or racing in her own Formula I car. "Anything that's fast—that's for me," she says with a wicked grin. Brittany's highs and lows have included hang gliding in Florida and scuba diving in Hawaii. "I like to push things, to see how far I can go," she says. "I love a challenge."

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

A recent immigrant went to an American doctor and said, "Too many babies. Please help."

The doctor gave him a condom and told him to come back in a month. When he did, he told the doctor, "Man OK, woman OK, condom kaput." The medic gave him a stronger condom and sent him home.

A few weeks later, he returned. "Man OK, woman OK, condom kaput," he said.

The doctor gave him the toughest condom manufactured. The next day, he returned again. "Man OK, woman OK, condom OK," he said. "*Balls* kaput!"

Whispers in Washington have it that after President Bush told Dan Quayle to make a fact-finding trip to Central America, the Vice-President buzzed his secretary and told her to book him on a flight to Ohio.

After an all-night binge, the unsteady lush fumbled at the door, trying to get it open. The racket finally awakened his wife, who opened the upstairs window and angrily asked, "Don't you have your key?"

"Yeah, I have the damn key," he yelled. "Send me down the fucking *keyhole*."

Organizers of National Orgasm Week were disappointed to learn that the majority of those polled just pretended to celebrate.

Although consumer goods were still in short supply, a Soviet department-store manager instructed his employees to be nicer to customers, in the spirit of *glasnost*.

"Excuse me, sir," a customer said to a clerk. "I would like to see a pair of gloves."

"What length are you looking for?" the clerk asked. "Short, medium or long?"

"Oh, any length will be all right."

"Fine. Wool, cotton or leather?"

"Leather."

"And what color is the coat you are planning to wear them with?"

"Brown. What's the difference?"

"There are many shades of brown. Perhaps if you brought your coat in tomorrow, we could try to match it to the proper gloves."

Just then, a woman standing behind the customer interrupted. "Forget about the gloves, lady. Twice I brought them my toilet seat. I even showed them my bare ass, but they *still* don't have any toilet paper."

One afternoon, a young farm girl answered the door and found an angry-looking man standing on the porch. "I'd like to see your father," he said sternly.

"If you've come about the bull," she said, "it's fifty dollars. We have the papers and it's guaranteed."

"Young lady," the man said, "I want to see your father."

"If that's too much, we've got another bull for twenty-five. It's guaranteed, but no papers."

"I'm not here for a bull," the man stormed. "I want to talk to your father about Elmer. Your brother has gotten my daughter in trouble."

"Oh, I reckon you'll *have* to talk to Pa. I don't know what he charges for Elmer."

What's the difference between a lawyer and a trampoline? You take your boots off to jump on a trampoline.

A friend insists that a female masturbator has to have a sense of humor, so she can fully enjoy poking fun at herself.

When a snail filed an assault charge against two tortoises, a detective was sent to question the victim. "Please describe the incident," the cop said.

"I can't," the snail replied. "It all happened so fast."

Why can't they teach driver's ed five days a week in West Virginia? Because they need the car one day a week for sex ed.

After meeting at a bar, the couple returned to the woman's apartment for a nightcap. Before long, things turned passionate and the pair headed for the bedroom, clothes flying as they went.

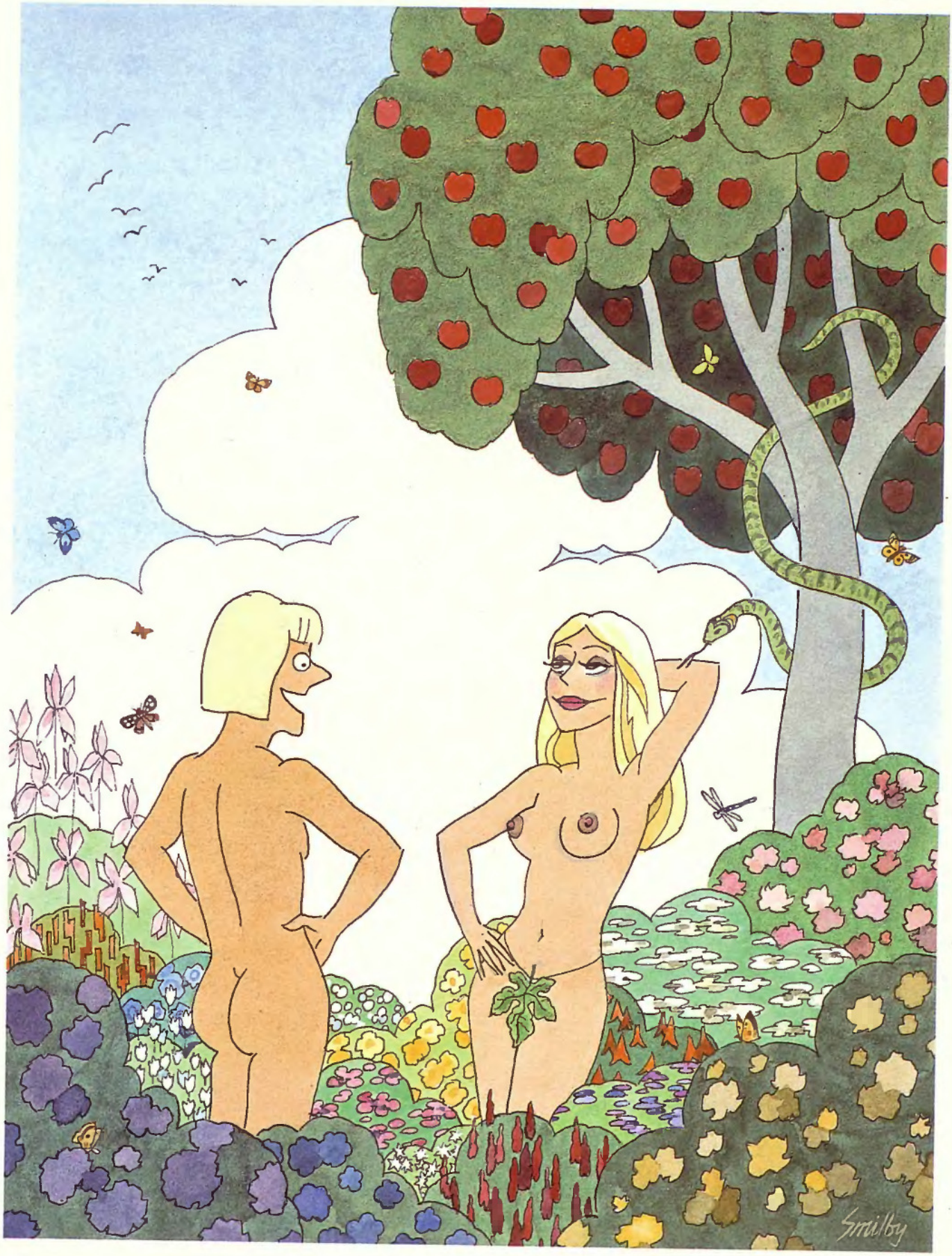
Ten minutes later, the woman suddenly shot straight up in bed. "Oh, my God!" she cried. "My husband's coming!"

"Shit!" the fellow exclaimed, desperately trying to find his trousers. "Where's the back door?"

"There *is* no back door."

"Well," he said, "where would you like one?"

Heard a funny one lately? Send it on a postcard, please, to Party Jokes Editor, Playboy, *680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611. $100 will be paid to the contributor whose card is selected. Jokes cannot be returned.*



"Hey-y-y, I like it—it makes you look sexy."

HARTWELL

when it comes to love, i can see, read and decipher the writing on the wall

fiction

By RON CARLSON

This is about Hartwell, who is nothing like me. I have sometimes told stories about people, men and sometimes a woman, who were like me, weak or strong in some way that I am, or they shared my taste for classical music or fine coffee, but Hartwell was not like me in any way. I'm just going to tell his story, a story about a man I knew, a man not like me, just some *other* man.

Hartwell just didn't get it. For years he existed, as the saying goes, *out of it*. Let's say he wasn't alert to nuance, and then let's go ahead and say he wasn't alert to blatancy, either. He was alert to the Victorian poets and all of *their* nuances, but he couldn't tell you if it was raining. This went back to when he was at the University of Michigan and everybody was preparing for law school, taking just enough history, political science, things like that, but Hartwell majored in English, narrowing that to the Victorians, which could lead to only one thing: graduate school. As a graduate student, he was a sweet guy with a spiral tuft of light hair that rose off his head like a flame, who lived alone in a room he took off campus and who read his books, diligently and with pleasure, and ate a steady diet of the kind of food eaten with ease while reading, primarily candy.

When I met him, he had become a sweet, round man, an associate professor of English who taught Browning and Tennyson, etc., etc., and who brought to our campus that fall years ago his wife, Melissa, a handsome woman with broad shoulders and shiny dark hair cut in a pixy shell.

I say *our* campus because I, too, teach, but Hartwell and I couldn't be more different in that regard. I know what's going on around me. I teach rhetoric and I parse my students as well as any sentence. My antennae are out. I can smell an ironic smirk in the back row, detect an unprepared student in the first five minutes of class, feel from the way the students file out of class what they think of me. Hartwell drifts into his classroom, nose in a book, shirt misbuttoned, and reads and lectures until well after the bell has rung and half the students have departed. He doesn't know their names or how many there are. He can't hear them making fun of him when they do it to his face while handing in a late paper, whining his name, *Pro-fes-sor Hart-well*, into five sarcastic syllables and smiling a smile so fake-sugary as to make any of us avert our eyes. He is oblivious.

This was apparent to me the first time I met him with Melissa at the faculty party that fall. The effect of seeing them standing together in the dean's back yard was shocking. Anyone could see it: They wouldn't last the year. As I said, she was attractive, but as she scanned her husband's colleagues that evening, it was her eyes, her predatory eyes, that made it clear. Poor old Hartwell stood beside her, his hair afloat, his smile benign and vacant, an expression he'd learned from years alone with books.

Melissa shopped around for a while, and by mid-term, she was seeing our 20th Century drama professor, a young guy who had a red mustache and played handball. It took Hartwell the entire year to find out about the affair and then all of summer session to decide what it meant. Even then, even after he'd talked to Melissa and she to him and *he'd* moved out of the little house they had bought near the college, even then he didn't really wake up. The students were more sarcastic to him now that he was a cuckold, a word they learn as sophomores and then overuse for a year. Watching that was hard on me, those sunny young faces filing into his office with their million excuses for not being present or prepared, saying things that, if heard in my office, would win them an audience with the dean. Things I wouldn't take.

I, however, am not like Hartwell. There isn't a callow hair on my head. I am alert. I am perspicacious. I can see what is going on. I've become, as you sense, a cynical and thoroughly jaded professor of rhetoric. My defenses are up and, like it or not, they are not coming down.

It was in the period just after Melissa that I became friends with Hartwell. Our schedules were similar and many afternoons at 4:30, we fell into step as we left the ancient Normal Hall, where we both taught. Old Normal was more than 100 years old, the kind of school building you don't see anymore: a red-block structure with crumbling

PAINTING BY EDIE VONNEGUT

turrets, high ceilings and a warped wooden floor that rippled underfoot. I'd walk out with Hartwell and ask him if he'd like to get a coffee. The first time I asked him, he said, "*What?*" and when I repeated the question, he looked at me full of wonder, as if I'd invented French roast, and said, "Why, yes, that sounds like a good idea." But, of course, that was the way he responded every time I asked him. He was like a child, a man without a history. His experience with Melissa certainly hadn't hurt him. He thought it was odd, but as he said about the drama teacher one day over two wonderful cups of Celebes Kalossi at the Pantry, "He had vigor." But we primarily talked shop: semantics. Hartwell was doing a grammatical study of Gerard Manley Hopkins, and I offered my advice.

I wasn't surprised during this time to see him occasionally lunching with Melissa. He was the kind of man you could betray, divorce and still maneuver into buying you lunch.

But our afternoons together began to show me his loneliness. He was as seemingly inured to that feeling as any man I'd ever met—even myself in the life I have chosen—but more and more frequently during our conversations, I would see his eyes narrow and fall upon a table across the room where a boy and a girl chatted over their notebooks. And when his eyes returned to me, they would be different, and he would stand and gather his books and go off, a fat fair-haired professor tasting grief. He never remembered to pay for his coffee.

•

The next thing happened, and I knew from the very beginning what to make of it. When you fall in love with a student, three things happen. One: You become an inspired teacher, spending hours and hours going over every tragic shred of your students' sour deadwood compositions as if holding in your hands magic parchment, suddenly tapping into hidden reservoirs of energy and vocabulary and lyric combinations for your lectures, refusing to sit down in class. Two: The lucky victim of your infatuation receives a mark twice as high as he or she deserves. Three: You have a moment of catharsis during the denouement in which you see yourself clearly the fool, a realization that is probably good for any teacher, because it will temper you, seal your cynicism and jade your eye, and make you sit down hard and frequently thereafter.

The object of Hartwell's affections was a girl I kind of knew. She had been in my class the year before, and she was a girl you noticed. Ours is a small Midwestern college and there are a dozen such beauties, coeds with the perfect unblemished faces of pretty girls and the long legs and round hips of women. These young creatures wear plaid skirts and sweaters and keep their streaming hair in silver clips. They sit in the second row and have bright teeth. They look at you unseeing, the way they've looked at teachers all their lives, and when one of these girls changes that glance and seems to be appraising, you wear a clean shirt and comb your hair the next day.

That was what gave Hartwell away: his hair. I met him on the steps of Normal and he looked funny, different. It was the way people look who have shaved their beards or taken to wearing glasses; that is, I couldn't tell what was different for a moment. He simply looked *shorter*. Then I saw the comb tracks in the hair plastered to his head and I knew. He had been precise about it, I'll give him that. After a lifetime of letting his hair jet like flame—wildfire, really—he had cut a part an engineer would have been proud of and then formed perfect furrows across the top of his head and down, curling once to disappear behind his ear. If you'd just met him, I suppose, it wouldn't have looked too bad. But to me, God, he looked like the concierge of a sad hotel. He had combed his hair and I knew.

There were other signs, too: his pressed shirt, the new tie, his loafers so shiny—after years of grime—that they hurt the eye. He was animated at coffee, tapping the cover of the old maroon anthology of Victorian poetry with new vigor, and then the *coup de grâce*—one afternoon at the Pantry, he picked up the check.

Hartwell was teaching a Hopkins-Swinburne seminar at night that term and the girl who was the object of his affections, a girl named Julie, was in that seminar. When Hartwell began to change his ways, I simply noticed. It was none of my business. One's colleagues do many things that one doesn't fully appreciate or understand. But Hartwell was different. I felt I should help him. He had not been around this particular block, and I decided to stay alert.

I could see, read and decipher the writing on the wall. This shrewd pretty schoolgirl was merely manipulating her professor to her advantage. I knew she was an ordinary student from her days in rhetoric, an officer in Tri Delta sorority who wore a red kilt and a white sweater and who spent more time choosing her blouses than studying verb phrases, and now she was out for poor Hartwell.

I changed my office hours so I could be around when his class broke up, which was about nine P.M. Tuesdays and Thursdays, and I saw her hang around my old friend, chatting him up, always the last to leave and then stroll with him—and that is the correct word, *stroll*—down the rickety corridor of Normal, the floor creaking like a fools' chorus. She would laugh at the things he said and toss her hair just so and squeeze her books to her chest. And Hartwell, well, he would beam. From the door of my office, I could see the light bounce off his forehead, he was that far gone.

In most cases, these things are not really very important—some passing infatuation, some shrewd undergraduate angling to raise his or her grade-point average, some professor's flagging ego taking a little ride—but I watched that spring term as it went further and further for Hartwell. The shined shoes were a bit much, but then at mid-term, he showed up one day in gray-flannel slacks, his old khakis and their constellations of vague grease stains gone forever. And I could tell he was losing weight, the way men do when they spend the energy necessary to become fools.

Melissa, his ex-wife, now uneasily married to our drama professor (who had since developed his own air of frumpiness), came to my office one day and asked me what was going on with Hartwell. I hadn't liked her from the beginning, and now, as she sat smartly on the edge of the chair, her short carapace of hair as shiny as plastic, I liked her even less, and I did what I am certainly capable of doing when required: I lied. I told her that I noticed no difference in her former husband, no change at all.

•

I knew with certainty that there was danger when, one afternoon in April, Hartwell leaned forward over his coffee and withdrew a sheet of typed paper from the pages of his textbook. It was a horrid thing to see, the perfect stanzas typed in the galloping pica of his office Underwood, five rhyming quatrains underneath the title: *To Julie.* It was fire, it was flower, it was—despite the rigid iambic pentameter—*unrestrained*. It was confession, apology and seduction in one. I clenched my mouth to keep from trembling while I read it, and after an appropriate minute, I passed it back. He had begun to beam everywhere. He wanted to know what I thought.

"It is very, very good," I told him quietly. "The metaphors are apt and original and the whole has a genuine energy." Here I leaned toward his

(continued on page 157)

PLAYBOY'S PIGSKIN PREVIEW

OUR PRE-SEASON PICKS OF THE TOP COLLEGE TEAMS AND PLAYERS

Quarterback Craig Erickson is poised to lead the Miami Hurricanes to their second straight national championship.

sports By GARY COLE
with research by Nancy Mount

IF YOU WERE excited at the prospect of seeing senior Andre Ware, last year's Heisman Trophy winner, lead his Houston Cougars team to the national championship, forget it. And forget Illinois' Jeff George, Florida's Emmitt Smith, Alabama's Keith McCants and USC's Junior Seay and Mark Carrier. They all took a page from Barry Sanders' book, the one that says, *If you've got the talent, don't be a cluck and play for nothing. You can be an instant millionaire by declaring yourself eligible for the pro draft.*

Sanders' move in 1989 confirmed what everyone had suspected all along: that the cozy deal between the N.C.A.A. and the N.F.L., which kept players in the college ranks until their eligibility expired, wouldn't hold water—or a running back—when put to the test. In fact, when college players started coming out early, the N.F.L., recognizing that its position had no validity under the law, gave up without a fight. The Indianapolis Colts promptly signed George, the quarterback of the future, to a $15,000,000 contract, which proved that some kids learn something in college after all.

Not all players were so smart or so lucky. Of the 38 juniors who declared themselves eligible for the draft, only 20 were selected. The 18 others have surrendered their last year of college play and are left to ponder the prospect of playing football in Canada.

Meanwhile, Notre Dame, unable to wrest the national championship from Miami last year, proved at least to be master of the greediron by deserting both its fellow College Football Association members and ABC Sports—with which ND had just jointly signed a fat TV contract—and making its own multimillion-dollar deal with NBC. With the cash register ringing, rumors abound that the Irish may be contemplating a larger-than-life gilded statue of Lou Holtz to face Touchdown Jesus across the university commons.

There'll be no Holtz barred this year—Lou will keep his team in it till the end, as more than 100 Division I teams race to New Year's Day through a blizzard of touchdown bombs, sack attacks, pom-pons and confetti. If you

TOP 20 TEAMS

1. Miami	**11–0**
2. Notre Dame	*10–1*
3. Colorado	*11–1*
4. Florido Stote	*10–1*
5. Nebrasko	*10–1*
6. Michigan	*9–2*
7. Virginio	*9–2*
8. Auburn	*9–2*
9. Houston	*9–2*
10. Tennessee	*9–3*
11. Washington	*8–3*
12. Syracuse	*9–3*
13. Ohio Stote	*8–3*
14. Brighom Young	*9–3*
15. Clemson	*8–3*
16. Arizono	*8–3*
17. Oklahoma	*8–3*
18. Arkansos	*8–3*
19. Illinois	*7–4*
20. Texos A&M	*8–4*

Possible breakthroughs: *Alaboma (7–4), Fresno St. (10–1), Georgio Tech (8–3), Hawoii (9–3), Northern Illinois (9–2), Penn St. (7–4), Michigon St. (7–4), Louisville (8–3), West Virginia (7–4), Pittsburgh (7–4), Wyoming (7–5), USC (7–5).*

THE 1990 PLAYBOY

DEFENSE

Left to right, top to bottom: Moe Gardner (95), nose tackle, University of Illinois; Russell Maryland (67), defensive lineman, University of Miami; Alonzo Spellman (99), defensive lineman, Ohio State; Alfred Williams (94), linebacker, University of Colorado; David Rocker (95), defensive lineman, Auburn; Huey Richardson (90), linebacker, University of Florida; Nathan LaDuke (29), defensive back, Arizona State; Tripp Welborne (3), defensive back, University of Michigan; Reggie Cooper (17), defensive back, University of Nebraska; Darrick Brownlow (48), linebacker, Illinois; Tom Rouen (10), punter, University of Colorado.

ALL-AMERICA TEAM

OFFENSE

Left to right, top to bottom: Mark Vander Poel (72), tackle, Colorado; Ed King (67), guard, Auburn; Blaise Bryant (21), running back, Iowa State; John Flannery (53), center, Syracuse; Antone Davis (78), tackle, Tennessee; Tim Bruton (89), tight end, Missouri; Manny Hazard (20), wide receiver, Houston; Dean Dingman (78), guard, Michigan; Jason Hanson (4), place kicker, Washington State; Chris Howard (34), Anson Mount Scholar/Athlete, Air Force; Mike Mayweather (30), running back, Army; Courtney Hawkins (5), wide receiver, Michigan State; Johnny Majors, Coach of the Year, Tennessee; Craig Erickson (7), quarterback, Miami.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHARD IZUI
SPECIAL THANKS TO THE SHERATON BAL HARBOUR HOTEL, BAL HARBOUR, FLORIDA

THE PLAYBOY ALL-AMERICAS

Playboy's College Football Coach of the Year is JOHNNY MAJORS. Now beginning his 14th year at the University of Tennessee, Majors has a career record of 150-97-8. Last year, his Volunteers were 11–1, including a 31–27 win over Arkansas in the Cotton Bowl. Currently president of the American Football Coaches Association, Majors is a National Football Foundation Hall-of-Famer for his achievements as a triple-threat back for Tennessee in the Fifties. This is the second time Majors has received the Playboy Coach of the Year Award; the first was in 1975, when he was at Pittsburgh.

OFFENSE

CRAIG ERICKSON—Quarterback, 6'3", 196 pounds, Miami, senior. Led the Hurricanes to a national championship last season. Sixth on Miami's career touchdown list with 24.

BLAISE BRYANT—Running back, 6'1", 200, Iowa State, senior. Leading returning rusher in the nation, with 1516 yards last season. Scored an ISU-record 19 touchdowns.

MIKE MAYWEATHER—Running back, 5'8", 190, United States Military Academy, senior. Set season record and a career rushing mark for Army, surpassing Glenn Davis.

TIM BRUTON—Tight end, 6'4", 247, Missouri, senior. Has 66 career receptions for 926 yards and will climb into the Tigers' list of top-ten receivers this season.

MANNY HAZARD—Wide receiver, 5'9", 170, Houston, senior. College football's leading receiver last season with 142 catches for 1689 yards and 22 touchdowns.

COURTNEY HAWKINS—Wide receiver, 5'9", 180, Michigan State, junior. Set MSU record in 1989 with 60 catches for 1080 yards.

ED KING—Offensive lineman, 6'4", 284, Auburn, junior. Third Auburn sophomore ever to make All-America; he repeats this year.

ANTONE DAVIS—Offensive lineman, 6'4", 310, Tennessee, senior. Part of the line that set school record for yardage per game (408.5).

JOHN FLANNERY—Center, 6'4", 300, Syracuse, senior. Coach Dick MacPherson says Flannery "may be the best offensive lineman Syracuse has ever had."

MARK VANDER POEL—Offensive lineman, 6'8", 305, Colorado, senior. All–Big Eight and honorable mention All-America last year.

DEAN DINGMAN—Offensive lineman, 6'3", 292, Michigan, senior. Voted outstanding Wolverines lineman of the year by his team.

RAGHIB ISMAIL—Kick returner, 5'10", 175, Notre Dame, junior. "Rocket" had a 29.2-yard kick-return average last season. (Not pictured.)

JASON HANSON—Place kicker, 6'1", 175, Washington State, junior. Successful on 21 of 27 field-goal attempts last season, including a 58-yarder.

DEFENSE

DAVID ROCKER—Defensive lineman, 6'4", 264, Auburn, senior. Had 80 tackles (14 for losses) last season.

MOE GARDNER—Defensive lineman, 6'2", 250, Illinois, senior. The Illini defensive M.V.P. was an Outland Trophy finalist.

RUSSELL MARYLAND—Defensive lineman, 6'2", 273, Miami, senior. Made 170 tackles over the past two seasons for the Hurricanes.

ALONZO SPELLMAN—Defensive lineman, 6'7", 270, Ohio State, sophomore. Had 49 tackles, including ten for losses, as a freshman last year.

HUEY RICHARDSON—Linebacker, 6'5", 236, Florida, senior. Twelve and a half sacks, 22½ tackles for losses last season. Has been switched to down lineman.

DARRICK BROWNLOW—Linebacker, 5'10", 233, Illinois, senior. Made an astonishing 292 tackles over the past two seasons.

ALFRED WILLIAMS—Linebacker, 6'6", 230, Colorado, senior; 1989 Big Eight defensive player of the year.

REGGIE COOPER—Defensive back, 6'3", 205, Nebraska, senior. Led Big Eight in interceptions last season.

NATHAN LA DUKE—Defensive back, 5'11", 195, Arizona State, senior. Had 99 tackles last year; intercepted Houston's Andre Ware three times in one game.

TODD LYGHT—Defensive back, 6'1", 184, Notre Dame, senior. One of three finalists for 1989's Jim Thorpe Award. (Not pictured.)

TRIPP WELBORNE—Defensive back, 6'1", 201, Michigan, senior. Had 80 tackles last season. One was the crucial fourth-and-goal stop that preserved the Wolverines' win over Michigan State.

TOM ROUEN—Punter, 6'3", 215, Colorado, senior. Led the nation last season with 45.9-yard average.

don't like that sort of thing, turn to the centerfold now. But if college football is your meat, read on.

1. MIAMI

Regardless of who is coach (first Schnellenberger, then Johnson, now Dennis Erickson) or quarterback (Kelly, Kosar, Testaverde or Craig Erickson), the Miami Hurricanes just keep blowing people out. With three national championships in seven years and a record of 55–5 over the past five, the team shows no sign of weakening.

With a year under his belt and his coach's complex offensive scheme more clearly in his mind, quarterback and Playboy All-America Erickson (no relation to the coach) will make a strong bid for the Heisman Trophy. His supporting cast won't hurt. Eight starters from last season return, including receivers Wesley Carroll (53 catches for 760 yards) and Randal Hill (42 for 652 yards). The four leading rushers return, as does most of the offensive line. Last year, Miami had the best defense in the nation, permitting the fewest points (9.3 per game) and the fewest total yards (216.5). Three starters from the defensive line have graduated to the N.F.L., but Playboy All-America Russell Maryland is back. The linebacking corps, led by Maurice Crum, features *speed*. Michael Barrow clocks at 4.6 seconds in the 40, Darrin Smith, 4.42, and Jessie Armstead, 4.47. As for special teams, Miami set an N.C.A.A. record for allowing fewest yards on punt returns, surrendering *two yards* on 12 returns last season. There are teams that can beat the 'Canes. They play in the N.F.L. 11–0

2. NOTRE DAME

To the victors go the spoils, and even though Notre Dame was edged out of the national title by Miami, coach Lou Holtz and the Fighting Irish have come up big winners since then. First, Holtz signed literally every top recruit he took a fancy to. The Irish left their fellow College Football Association members with their pants down by bolting the C.F.A.'s contract with ABC Sports and signing with NBC. Finally, Notre Dame announced some little schedule helpers for the 1991–1995 seasons. Miami, for example, will be replaced by the Northwestern Wildcats, 0–11 last year. Such a cynical move tarnishes the Golden Dome.

Holtz's team has awesome talent on both sides of the line. Tony Rice, the best college quarterback who couldn't throw a forward pass, has been replaced by 6'3" sophomore Rick Mirer. If the Irish have a weakness, it is at quarterback: Mirer is inexperienced

(continued on page 142)

"Time for bed, earthling."

20 QUESTIONS

KIEFER SUTHERLAND

The son of actors Donald Sutherland and Shirley Douglas, Kiefer Sutherland is one of Hollywood's brightest and most versatile talents. Only 23, he has been featured in 14 films in the past three years. This year, he shared top billing with Dennis Hopper in "Flashback," teamed with Emily Lloyd in "Chicago Joe and the Showgirl" and starred in "Flatliners" and "Young Guns II." Sutherland has a daughter, two, and a stepdaughter, 13, but he and his wife separated earlier this year and he is now involved with "Flatliners" co-star Julia Roberts. Paul Engleman interviewed Sutherland in Beverly Hills. "My tape recorder chose that afternoon to go on the blink," Engleman remembers. "Neither Kiefer nor I is mechanically inclined, but we diagnosed a recalcitrant PAUSE *button, which Kiefer repaired—by biting it off. As far as I can tell, it may have been the only pause he's taken in his career so far."*

1.

PLAYBOY: In *Stand By Me* and *The Lost Boys*, you play a convincing gang leader. Were you ever in a gang?

SUTHERLAND: Not per se. I've never been a great follower, though I've had my moments. My mother often questioned the intelligence of certain people I hung out with. *I* always wanted to be in control of my life, and that's why I hung out with those types of people.

2.

PLAYBOY: Who left the biggest imprint on you—your mother or your father?

SUTHERLAND: I lived with my mother but spent a lot of time with my father. When I was twelve, I saw my mother do Martha in *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?* and for the first time, I was able to recognize great acting. I knew it was my mother, and I knew that if something happened in the audience, she would run out and help me. But she was *not* my mother when I was watching the play. That's when I realized how rewarding acting could be.

hollywood's pedigreed young gun shoots straight about *bambi*, donning a kilt and how an actor buries a flat line

Then I saw *Ordinary People*, which was devastating. Here I was, watching a film starring my father, dealing with the relationship of a young man and a divorce. To see my father be so sensitive, so hurt and longing for everything to work out was incredibly moving. I wanted to phone him up and say, "I know it was only a film, but you're aware that everything with us is all right and I love you more than anything." So within that year, I saw performances by both of them that made me want to be an actor.

3.

PLAYBOY: If you hadn't gone into the family business, what would you be doing?

SUTHERLAND: Oh, shit. Well, I had a friend who got a really good job with the phone company in Canada. They've got a wonderful union and work pretty good hours. I'd probably be doing something like that.

4.

PLAYBOY: Your grandfather, Thomas Clement Douglas, was the architect of Canadian socialism and had a strong influence on you. Would you describe yourself as a socialist?

SUTHERLAND: Absolutely. The Bible has a wonderful parable about the men walking by a dying man on the street—we all know that's wrong. If you break down socialism to its simplest level, that's what it is: making it a national responsibility or a world responsibility not to let the person in the street lie there any longer.

5.

PLAYBOY: Is there something about being Canadian that Americans don't understand?

SUTHERLAND: For me there is. My roots are exceptionally deep there. My grandfather's involvement in the structuring of Canadian politics and the Canadian way of life—socialized medicine, nationalized transportation, all those issues—makes an incredible grounding in that country for me. Young Americans want to be patriotic, but because so many nations have political or economic problems with the U.S., they have a harder time with that concept than their parents and grandparents did. So it's nice to come from a country where it's easier to be patriotic.

6.

PLAYBOY: What's the first movie you saw?

SUTHERLAND: *Bambi*, and it's still the film with which I compare everything. Its structure is perfect. It has every element—comedy, with Thumper as your Shakespearean town idiot; high drama, when the mother is shot and with the forest fire. It's a great coming-of-age story, and it deals with love and growth in a very poignant way. It taught me about—I guess on a broad scale—sexuality. I was in love with Thumper's girlfriend from the time I was seven until I was ten. She's got all that eye shadow on and she's looking real good. And Bambi is adamant about remaining one of the guys. Then he turns and this fawn is looking at him and—boom!—he's gone. *That's* a feeling I understand real well: "I'm going to play pool with one of the guys," and then you look around and someone has a dress on. Then it's, "OK, when do you want me to feed the baby?"

7.

PLAYBOY: You dropped out of boarding school when you were fifteen. Do you have any regrets about not finishing school? Is there something you missed?

SUTHERLAND: It goes both ways. Probably the most significant thing I missed was emotional development—not that I was ever emotionally arrested—but in the relationships you develop with other people. As far as the intellectual stimulation that school provides, that ultimately comes from books. When I was sixteen and working, I was still getting book lists—books that I otherwise just would not have known to read. So I was doing my best to keep up. Then again, I got something of a street education—not that I've ever been in a terrible position. As far as communicating with people and understanding how to get from A to B, I picked that up quicker than most people who went to college, because I was young enough to adapt more quickly. You can't beat the hands of time that much, but I took a running start.

8.

PLAYBOY: For those of us who may not have enjoyed the private school experience, tell us what we missed.

SUTHERLAND: My boarding school was St. Andrew's College. And for the two years I attended that great institution—I say that with all the facetiousness I can muster—I *(concluded on page 164)*

PHOTOGRAPHY BY TOM ZIMBEROFF

GIRLS OF THE BIG WEST

from the rockies to the deserts to the beaches, a coterie of coeds who put the wild in the west

EACH YEAR, as *Playboy* prepares its October issue, there's a charge in the air—fashion editors launch their fall-wardrobe forecasts, sports editors and researchers crunch football data, graphic artists begin giving our pages that golden *autumn* feel. And over in the Photo Department, a debate is under way. "Traditionally, October is the month we present a back-to-school *Girls of . . .* pictorial," says Managing Photo Editor Jeff Cohen. "And every year, the question is the same: Which conference should we select?" The choice is never easy: Cohen is always looking for something *special*. This year, he found it in the Big West. Made up of ten schools—seven in California, one each in Nevada, New Mexico and Utah—the Big West offers a few pluses not often found in your typical N.C.A.A. conference: small towns, beaches within Frisbee-tossing distance of ivory towers, backdrops ranging from desert to Sierras—and, of course, women ripened by constant sunshine. As usual, Contributing Photographer David Chan did the seek-and-shoot honors for us—a 12-week trek that covered nearly half a million square miles (they aren't kidding when they call the Big West big). Chan came back with the accompanying portfolio—guaranteed to take the chill out of the fall air in your territory. In keeping with the spirit of academic achievement, we give him an A-plus. We think you'll agree.

Surf's up! Greeting you from the sands of the campus beach (you read it right: There *is* a beach on campus) is Marianne Hudak (left), a junior at the University of California, Santa Barbara. A sports nut and part-time model, Marianne is aiming for a future in broadcast news. Getting a lift from her California State University at Fullerton friends (top) is Karen Kenney, a recent graduate who hopes to parlay her passion for athletics into a career in sports law. And from UC Irvine, here's Terry Sue McMinn (above), a diehard sun bather and future teacher. Originally from Starkville, Mississippi, Terry Sue likes a guy who'll run her a bubble bath and otherwise pamper her.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY DAVID CHAN

Two top attractions at the University of Nevada, Las Vegas, are B. J. Engel (left) and Christen Seiter (above)—both of whom maintain school spirit even after class lets out. B.J. has been a UNLV song leader, cheerleader and vice-president of the student body, while Christen is secretary of UNLV's Club Managers Association. New Mexico State University's best ad for denim is Debbi Lynn Cox (below left), a biology major and native of El Paso. Partial to men who "dress well and know how to treat a lady," Debbi hopes to own her own business. Lucianne Aquino (below) is a senior at Cal State Long Beach whose engine runs faster than most: Her passions include "playing racquetball, visiting amusement parks, creating dances and making love."

Keeping limber at the bar (above) is UC Irvine's Kristina Keasbey, a versatile hoofer (ballet, jazz) who hopes one day to launch her own dance company. As you can see from her photo, Kristina usually has a leg up on things; as you can't see, she's fond of Levi's 501 jeans. Set to graduate next spring from Cal State Fullerton is Heather Hayes (below), an English major from nearby Santa Ana who raises and trains Arabian horses. Heather's on the lookout for her ideal guy—"a real gentleman with a great smile, great eyes and a great rear."

Cal State Fresno's Danette Moser (opposite), a hospital secretary, is in no rush to dash off after graduation. "It's not necessary to travel the world to find happiness," she says. "Life is what you make it—*here and now*." To win the heart of Cal State Fullerton's Karen Burke (above left), you'll want to fill her day with the following essentials: a romantic brunch, an afternoon of jet-skiing and an intimate sunset for two. What brought Amy Nael Conville (above right) from her native Ohio to Utah State's Rocky Mountain heights? Watch her fly on skis or tear across the winter landscape on a snowmobile—there's your answer. New Mexico is the perfect laid-back locale for NMSU's easygoing Ciara Quintana (below), a Texas native who likes to relax on camping trips. Ciara does have her moments of high energy—especially when it comes to playing basketball and football and running track.

When she's not horseback riding or honging out with her fomily, Cal State Fresno's Bridgette O'Connor (left) concentrates on career planning. Currently, it's a coin flip between advertising and telecommunications. Utah Stote's Sonyo Davis (below) cloims she's content with life's simpler delights: ice cream, vacations and sleeping. Originally from Laos, Sonya wants to be on onchor woman. Also aiming for o TV coreer—as on actress—is San Jose Stote's Allyson Beoulieu (bottom), who likes yoga, fencing ond "guys with long hoir."

The University of the Pacific's Sheri Lynn Thornton (above left) is chosing down some serious three-letter combinations these days. First comes her M.B.A.; eventuolly, she hopes, she'll make C.E.O. Sheri Lynn, who was born in Pittsburgh, has one pet peeve: "people who obuse the TV's remote control." NMSU's Lisa Leven (above right) is a model with a mission: to own her own business. Until then, she bides time cheerleoding and making weekend getoways with friends. At right, meet a lively gang from UC Irvine. From left, they're Michelle Gamerl, o weight lifter from Okinawa; Amy Beth Lee (hoisting some heavy reading), a physics major and Bogart fan; Ann Elizabeth Combs, a horse-woman and red-blooded romantic; Judith Zaragoza, o Mexicon-born music lover who, despite being blind, swims, rides bikes ond prefers "cleon-shaven, well-groomed men"; and Elsa Marie Ramon-Gomez, an L.A. girl heading for a career in TV journolism.

Morgan McCormick (the well-heeled pionist above left) is a Son Francisco native attending the University of the Pacific's Conservatory of Music. When we asked Morgan to tell us a few of her favorite things, she come up with a list os alliterotive os her name: "pointing, ploying piono, performing, partying!" Studying sociology ot UC Sonta Barbora is Walnut Creek–born Kelly Hayes (above right), a 16-yeor veteran of competitive swimming who likes *sushi*, sake ond dancing the night oway ot ploces such as Chippendole's. Would-be suitors, toke note: Kelly's o pushover for "dozens of red roses and long kisses." Col State Fresno's Ginger Connolly (below) scubo dives, competes on the trock team, has ployed bosketball in Russio ond is pursuing o degree in exercise physiology. Her dream-guy criterio? Says Ginger, o native of Merced, "I like a man who's ton and well proportioned."

San Jose Stote's Kothleen Wynne (obove) is o future octress who hails from sunny Sacromento. An ordent traveler, Kothleen especiolly enjoys toking in the Californio coost line—jogging or on o bicycle. Her chosen companions ore "men who can show their emotions." It's no surprise thot UNLV business mojor Devono Hicks (below left) is o knockout—it runs in the family. Her sister Shondo is o model, and her mom, a flight attendont, is a former Miss Michigon, Mrs. Illinois and Mrs. Nevodo. Col State Long Beoch's Jamae Moore (below right) olso likes to keep things in the family, hoving surfed competitively with her mother and brother. "We're very octive people," she soys proudly. A shot-gloss collector who's studying physical educotion, Jomae tells us she odores 4x4 trucks, dobbles in astrology, hotes her freckles ond spends lots of time portying with her best friend, Jennifer.

Joanne Joye (cooling off at left) is an equestrienne who has dreamed of copping Olympic gold since she was 11 years old. When she's not in training or hitting her books at Cal State Fullerton, Joanne can be found lounging in lingerie or curling up by the fireplace. A senior at Long Beach, Toni Dean (above) is a true Californio girl who enjoys beach volleyball and roller-blading. On a date, Toni eschews glitz: "I'd rather have cheese and crackers in the park than dine and dance in L.A." UNLV's Laura Rudolphi (below), born in West Germany, now lives in Vegas, where her dad works in a casino. Hoping to land a sheepskin in social work, Laura spends her down time jet-skiing and checking out the local bands. San Jose State's Tonya Poole (opposite) is a former Army brat now studying child psychology. Tonya's ambition: "to become a *Playboy* centerfold." Who says our universities aren't teaching the right values?

VOLKSWAGEN

presents fun facts from the

BIG WEST

"Go west, young man," Horace Greeley advised, inspiring a generation to seek its fortune in a strange, uncharted wilderness. At the time, the words conjured up visions of quick-draw gunslingers, grizzled old prospectors and sassy cancan girls. Well, more than a century later, the West has been won and, boy, have things changed! Now it's hot-shot athletes, diehard sun worshipers and women of natural beauty. We toured the ten schools that make up the N.C.A.A.'s Big West Conference and came back smilin'. Check it out.

CAL STATE FRESNO

The Thrill of Victory: At the annual Vintage Day celebration, students can participate in such events as cow-chip-tossing contests and tricycle races.
Hot Spots: The Bucket (across from the Student Union); Wiliker's, good food and good times; and Yogurt and Jazz, a night spot specializing in health food, cool sounds and packed crowds.
What's in a Name?: The institution's full title is California State University, Fresno, but the school's athletic program goes by the moniker Fresno State.

CAL STATE FULLERTON

Spy Dispatch: "Fullerton is the best girl-watching school in the Big West."
Hot Spots: Carl's Jr., for fast food; The Pub, featuring live music from the likes of ex-Door Ray Manzarek; and Brian's (big-screen TVs and small tables make it a tough weekend ticket).
"If You Build It. . . .": Ground was recently broken for a new sports complex. Coincidentally, actor Kevin Costner (who built his own ball park in *Field of Dreams*) attended Fullerton.
Keep on Winnin': Teams have captured ten national titles in seven sports.

CAL STATE LONG BEACH

United Nations: CSULB enrolls students from more than 110 countries.
Hot Spots: Weekdays, The Nugget, an on-campus pub; weekends, ski slopes in the San Bernardino Mountains.
Really Hot Spot: The upper Quad, a lush sculpture garden, for tanning.
Back on the Side Lines: After a lengthy absence, ex–Redskins and Rams coach George Allen returns to football as top dog of the CSULB 49ers.
The Dropouts: Director Steven Spielberg and funnyman Steve Martin.

Last April, NC State's Lainie Fuller (above) drove off in a new VW Cabriolet when you named her Dream Girl of the A.C.C., and reader Susan Brewer of Loogootee, Indiana, won a VW Corrada. For information on Playboy's Big West Sweepstakes, see facing page.

NEW MEXICO STATE

Hot Spots: The Sports Connection sports bar; the Triple R Dance Hall and Saloon.
Slam Dunks and Scrums: The NMSU men's basketball team (which made the 1990 N.C.A.A. tourney) isn't the only game in town: Check out that rough-and-tumble rugby squad.
St. Valentine's Day Massacre: A condom giveaway slated for the day when all the world's in love—February 14th—was nixed by the administration.

SAN JOSE STATE

Kudos: To SJSU's Student Affiliation for Environmental Respect (SAFER), for bay cleanup.
Hot Spots: The Cactus Club (kept on jammin' after the 1989 quake); F/X (artsy dance in an old X-rated-movie theater).
Wonder Women: The SJSU women's golf team (1989 N.C.A.A. champ) and hard-hitting softball team.
Famous Faces: Among SJSU's alumni: sports sociologist Dr. Harry Edwards; former San Francisco 49ers coach Bill Walsh; former Olympic guru Peter Ueberroth.

UC IRVINE

Rebels with a Cause: In ultraconservative Orange County, UCI is a self-dubbed "bastion of individuality." Activists oppose nuclear proliferation, support gay rights and safe sex.
Sound of One Hand Clapping: Few jocks here. One student cracked, "You can hear crickets at basketball games."
Noogies: Each year, engineering students poke fun at themselves with "E

Week." Highlight: a nerd contest.
That's the Ticket . . . : Noted alums: Olympic diving champ Greg Louganis, *Saturday Night Live*'s John Lovitz.

UC SANTA BARBARA

Sun-Screen U: UCSB is the only Big West school set right on the beach.
Cool Kids on the Block: Most of UCSB's 18,000 students reside in Isla Vista, where rules prescribe bare feet and open doors.
Slippin' and Slidin': UCSB hosts an open house for prospective students, featuring a food fair ond "ooze ball" (volleyball ployed in six inches of mud).
Flying Saucers: UCSB hos the Big West's most enthusiastic Frisbee tossers.

U OF NEVADA, LAS VEGAS

High-Water Mark: UNLV men's basketball team captured the 1990 N.C.A.A. Chompionship with a record-breaking victory over Duke, 103–73.
Hot Spots: Carlos Murphy's, a restourant/bar; The Elephont Bar (the cover charge is peanuts); Tarkanion's, a sports bor named after basketball cooch Jerry "Tark the Shork" Torkanion.
Twinkle Toes: The Cincinnati Bengals' Ickey Woods, choreographer of the "Ickey Shuffle," hails from UNLV, where he did not mojor in donce.
No Yoke: The winner of a 1990 egg-eoting contest consumed 45 hard-boiled eggs in on hour.

UNIVERSITY OF THE PACIFIC

Sure Bets: Greek Week chariot races; Pacific Days International Food Fest.
Hot Spots: Stockton Rocks, for live music; El Torito's, for Mexican fare.
15% off the Top: A major major is entertainment monagement. Students hope to represent such fomous former UPers as Jamie Lee Curtis and her mom, Janet Leigh.

UTAH STATE UNIVERSITY

Dry Spot: Utah State prohibits drinking on its campus.
Wotch Your Back: The campus Student Activity Boord (STAB) hosts theme parties such as STAB in the Dork (all-night dancing ond movies) and STAB in the Sand (beach bash).
Pucker Up: A true Aggie must kiss a girl under the full moon at midnight while standing on the A-shaped cement block in front of the Old Administration Building. The tradition dotes bock 70 years.
Great Grads: Fomous USU alums include two-time astronaut Mary Cleave and former Rams star (and florist pitchman) Merlin Olsen. —COMPILED BY DAN CURRY

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Here are the two-digit personal codes for the Girls of the Big West.

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PIGSKIN PREVIEW

(continued from page 122)

"By the end, FSU may have been the best team in the nation. Crunch time comes in October."

and backup Jake Kelchner was injured in spring practice. The running game is solid, with Rodney Culver at fullback and Ricky Watters at tailback. Tony Brooks, who missed last season because of disciplinary measures, is expected to return. The receivers, Playboy All-America wide receiver Raghib Ismail and tight end Derek Brown, will benefit from a more pass-oriented attack. The defense should be even better this time around. Michael Stonebreaker, who was out last year after an auto accident and subsequent disciplinary problems, is back. Ditto defensive tackle George Williams, lost in 1989 because of anemic grades. Nose tackle Chris Zorich, who bench-pressed 460 pounds this spring, and Playboy All-America defensive back Todd Lyght round out a very strong unit. The national championship will likely be decided when ND meets Miami on October 20 at South Bend, though Michigan and Tennessee could also bend the Irish. 10–1

3. COLORADO

Loaded with talent and united by the death from cancer of quarterback Sal Aunese, Colorado had its dream of a perfect season shattered by Notre Dame last year in the Orange Bowl. The season may have ended, but the dream didn't: The Buffaloes are again one of the most talented teams in the nation. Quarterback Darian Hagan, who became the sixth player in N.C.A.A. history to pass *and* rush for more than 1000 yards each, is only a junior. Tailback Eric Bieniemy has recovered from the broken fibula that sidelined him for five games last year. Guard Joe Garten and Playboy All-America tackle Mark Vander Poel return to lead the offensive line. Outside linebackers Kanavis McGhee and Playboy All-America Alfred Williams are tough against the run and pass. Colorado's nonconference schedule is brutal and the Buffaloes play at Lincoln this year. 11–1

4. FLORIDA STATE

Only eight starters return from a 10–2 team, but don't expect any fall-off. The Seminoles have finished among the top three teams in the land three years in a row, and coach Bobby Bowden thinks this year's squad is at least as good as Miami, Notre Dame and Colorado. Casey Weldon, a redshirt junior, will step in at quarterback. And sophomore running back Amp Lee will take over the tailback spot vacated by Dexter Carter, drafted by the 49ers. Florida State's biggest asset is speed, on both offense and defense. Bowden's challenge is to find replacements on the defensive line. The Seminoles have stumbled out of the blocks the past two seasons; their only loss in 1988 came in their opener against Miami (31–0), and they dropped their first two games last year. But by the end of both campaigns, FSU may have been the best team in the nation. Crunch time comes in October, when FSU meets Miami and Auburn. 10–1

5. NEBRASKA

Nebraska returns only two starters on offense, the lowest number in coach Tom Osborne's 17-year tenure. That doesn't mean that the Huskers won't roll up their usual big rushing numbers. Leodis Flowers—who averaged 7.5 yards per carry as a backup last season—and sophomore Scott Baldwin will operate behind an offensive line short on experience but long on talent. Junior quarterback Mike Grant, fully recovered from a shoulder operation, should start. Up front on defense, Osborne will look to experienced second-teamers to plug some holes. The Huskers are very strong in the secondary, where Playboy All-America Reggie Cooper and three other starters return. Colorado and Oklahoma are the only teams on the schedule that have much chance against Nebraska. 10–1

6. MICHIGAN

Pity the poor fellows who follow in the footsteps of legends. Will we remember new Michigan coach Gary Moeller a few years from now or simply that Bo (Glenn E. Schembechler) was simply too successful and too colorful to replace? With a career record of 194-48-5, he put Big Ten titles back to back before hanging up his headphones for a job as president of baseball's Detroit Tigers. Moeller may walk in a big shadow, but Schembechler left him enough talent to build his own winner. Moeller says the quarterback job "belongs to Elvis Grbac, unless he loses it." Grbac got some playing time last season when Michael Taylor went down with an injury. The offensive line, led by Playboy All-America guard Dean Dingman, returns intact. Grbac's number-one receiver will likely be Desmond Howard, a 5'9" sophomore. Tailback Tony Boles will probably be shifted to flanker because of a knee injury he suffered last year. But freshman Ricky Powers, one of the most recruited high school backs in the country, will be a superstar. Michigan's defense, the key to the Wolverines' success, returns eight starters, including Playboy All-America Tripp Welborne. If he can find a way to slip past Notre Dame in the season opener, Moeller can start his *own* legend. 9–2

7. VIRGINIA

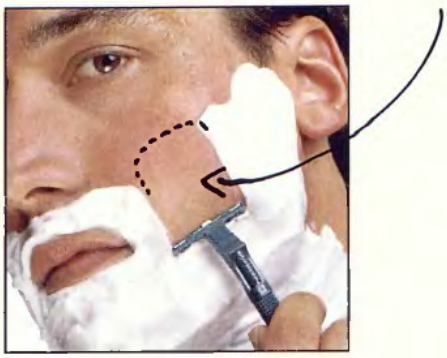
Last season, Virginia had the misfortune of playing the nationally televised Kick-Off Classic against Notre Dame. The Cavaliers got their butts kicked 36–13. They closed the season in front of another national audience, losing to Illinois in the Citrus Bowl. Between those games, coach George Welsh's Cavs played great football, capturing a share of their first-ever A.C.C. championship. Now, with an easier schedule, they figure to do even better. Quarterback Shawn Moore, the U.P.I. choice for A.C.C. Offensive Player of the Year, returns. So do his two best receivers, Bruce McGonnigal and Herman Moore. Lack of depth at linebacker is a potential hole on defense. Still, all four defensive backs return, and Virginia faces its toughest A.C.C. opponents at home. 9–2

8. AUBURN

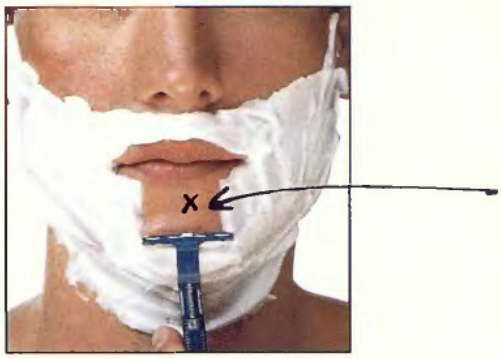
Pat Dye has another dynamic defense down at Auburn. Eight starters, including Playboy All-America David Rocker, return from the nation's second-best defensive unit. If Dye can find someone to fill departed quarterback Reggie Slack's spot, the Tigers may challenge for a national crown. The leading candidates are Stan White, Corey Lewis and Frank McIntosh. Auburn's offensive line, led by Playboy All-America guard Ed King, is big, with four players in the 280-to-310-pound range. Running backs Stacy Danley and James Joseph will get a lot of work in the first half of the season, while the quarterbacks gain experience. The schedule favors the Tigers, with key games against Tennessee and Florida State at home. 9–2

9. HOUSTON

Coach Jack Pardee has moved to the Houston Oilers. Heisman Trophy winner Andre Ware has rolled out to the N.F.L. But the powerhouse that last year smashed N.C.A.A. records for average points per game (53.5) and total yards (6874) will keep rolling. The reason is new head coach John Jenkins, who was Pardee's offensive coordinator with the U.S.F.L.'s Houston Gamblers and New Jersey Generals before joining him in the same role at the University of Houston. Jenkins' trigger in the Cougar run-and-shoot will be quarterback David Klingler. Verlond Brown and Playboy All-America Manny Hazard give Klingler two of the best receiving targets in the nation. With defenses stretched by Houston's wide-open passing attack,

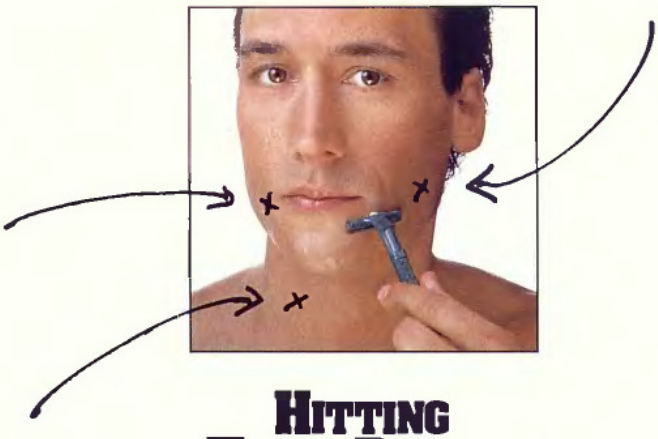


HANDLING THE ZONE.



PENETRATING THE LANE.

HOW JIM PAXSON SHAVES EVERY PLACE ON HIS FACE.



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running back Chuck Weatherspoon will again ring up amazing rushing totals. Weatherspoon set an N.C.A.A. record last year by averaging 9.6 yards per carry. But if Houston lives by the pass, it may die by it. All four starters in the secondary are new this season. The schedule offers some hope—most of the Cougars' early-season opponents have weak passing games. 9–2

10. TENNESSEE

Last season's Volunteers rebounded from a disappointing 1988 to tie Auburn and Alabama for the Southeastern Conference championship. They won the Cotton Bowl to earn a number-five national ranking. This year's team will rely on the same high-powered offense. Running back Chuck Webb, last year's S.E.C. Freshman of the Year, will return after a recent suspension for undisclosed conduct violations. With Webb, the Vols have a dynamic ground game to go with an improving air attack. Junior quarterback Andy Kelly returns, as does wide receiver Carl Pickens, whom coach Majors calls the best natural athlete he has ever coached. Pickens does double duty in the Vols' secondary, where he had five interceptions in five games—including a game saver in the Cotton Bowl. The S.E.C. championship will probably be decided September 29, when the Vols play Auburn. 9–3

11. WASHINGTON

Although Washington coach Don James has a successful formula (more victories than any other Pac 10 coach in history), he's not averse to trying something new. Last year, he experimented with a one-back offense and liked the results so much he's repeating it this season. With the graduation of quarterback Cary Conklin, James has anointed Mark Brunell to run the show. The rushing attack revolves around senior tailback Greg Lewis, who had 1100 yards rushing last year. James admits there are big holes to fill on defense, particularly in the defensive-tackle spot vacated by 6'4", 300-pound Dennis Brown, now a San Francisco 49er. One spot that shouldn't be vacant—but is—belonged to defensive back Eugene Burkhalter, who passed up his final year of eligibility for the N.F.L. draft. Unfortunately for Burkhalter, he was not selected and under current N.C.A.A. rules cannot return to the Huskies. James thinks that because of its speed, this defense can still be one of his best. Five of his 11 defensive starters run the 40 in 4.5 or better. 8–3

12. SYRACUSE

With 29 victories in the past three years, Syracuse has firmly re-established itself as one of the football powers of the East. Coach Dick MacPherson has assembled an offense that will pile up some impressive numbers. Quarterback Mark McDonald is MacPherson's starter, but backup Marvin Graves, whose skills are reminiscent of alum Don McPherson's, will see lots of playing time. The Orangemen have a banner group of receivers, led by Qadry Ismail, a threat to score every time he touches the ball. MacPherson's biggest concern is the defense, particularly at linebacker, where Terry Wooden and David Bavaro were lost. The Orangemen play a tough schedule, with only two of their last eight games at home. 9–3

13. OHIO STATE

It was a question of time before coach John Cooper returned Ohio State to the top echelon of the Big Ten and national standings. After just two Cooper years, the Buckeyes have arrived. Greg Frey, who led the conference in passing efficiency last year, returns for his senior season. Flanker Jeff Graham may be the best receiver Ohio State has ever had. The Buckeyes have a problem at tailback, where Carlos Snow was projected as the starter. Snow had off-season knee surgery and was healing satisfactorily until a malignant tumor was discovered on his hip. The tumor has been removed, but his football career is on hold. Either redshirt freshman Raymont Harris or sophomore Dante Lee will start at tailback and Scottie Graham at fullback. On defense, Playboy All-America Alonzo Spellman has been switched from linebacker to down lineman. If Cooper finds a successful replacement for Snow, the Buckeyes can give Michigan a run for the Big Ten title. 8–3

14. BRIGHAM YOUNG

After a three-year hiatus, Brigham Young last season regained its accustomed position atop the Western Athletic Conference. Quarterback Ty Detmer—a junior who threw for 4560 yards and 32 touchdowns last year—proved he was a worthy successor to Steve Young, Jim McMahon and Robbie Bosco, all N.C.A.A. record setters. Detmer's primary receivers are tight end Chris Smith (60 catches last season) and running back Matt Bellini. BYU's only loss from last season's offense is Outland Trophy–winning guard Mohammed Elewonibi, who has moved on to the N.F.L. While the Cougars have enough offensive juice to make a run at a national championship, their pass defense is suspect. It surrendered an average of 267 yards per game in 1989. BYU's season finale in the Holiday Bowl against Penn State demonstrated the problem: The offense rang up 39 points, only to have the defense give up 50. 9–3

15. CLEMSON

With a major N.C.A.A. investigation under way, 11-year head coach Danny Ford resigned and was replaced by squeaky-clean Ken Hatfield, formerly of Arkansas. The decision paid off, with Clemson getting a one-year slap-on-the-wrist probation that left the Tigers eligible for TV and bowl appearances. Hatfield and Clemson are both familiar with winning on the football field. In the past four seasons, Clemson has posted 38 wins, the same number of victories Hatfield enjoyed with the Razorbacks over the same period. "We'll have the same hard-nosed approach that Clemson has had for many years," promises Hatfield. The Tigers will not, however, have much experience in the backfield. Their leading rusher, Joe Henderson, has graduated and Terry Allen opted for the N.F.L. draft. The starting quarterback will be DeChane Cameron, who

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saw limited action in 1989. The Tigers' defense, however, is solid, with nine starters returning. 8–3

16. ARIZONA

By the tenth game of last season, Arizona had lost 14 starters to injury, illness and disciplinary action. "All we could do was establish a 'Who's next?' attitude," says coach Dick Tomey. "But now our guys expect someone to step in, no matter who goes down." Next at quarterback for the Wildcats will probably be George Malauulu, who took over the job last October and led the Pac 10 in passing efficiency until he got hurt. Tomey has talent and depth at running back, where Reggie McGill, Art Greathouse and Mario Hampton should all see playing time. The Wildcats have led the Pac 10 in rushing in each of Tomey's three seasons as head coach. Defensively, Arizona puts good pressure on quarterbacks but has been vulnerable to the run. Unlike some Pac 10 teams, the Wildcats must play all nine opponents, which makes a Rose Bowl appearance unlikely. 8–3

17. OKLAHOMA

Last year, new Oklahoma coach Gary Gibbs had to weather the transition from the good old days of Barry Switzer—which left the program on N.C.A.A. probation—and a rash of injuries that caused ten starters to miss at least one game. Considering that Gibbs inherited a lesser OU team, his 7–4 performance wasn't bad. The biggest question for the Sooners is whether running back Mike Gaddis will be fully recovered from the blown knee he suffered last year against Texas. Gaddis had 829 rushing yards in only five and a half games before getting hurt. Recognizing that national championships can no longer be won merely by rushing, Gibbs promises to put more emphasis on passing. Two sterling sophomores, unrelated but both named Collins—Steve and Tink—will share quarterbacking duties. Gibbs expects big things from his eight returning defensive starters, led by tackle Scott Evans. 8–3

18. ARKANSAS

When asked about the Razorbacks' chances, new Arkansas coach Jack Crowe said, "Probably the biggest question mark about this season is the coach." The humble Crowe had been the Razorbacks' offensive coordinator under Ken Hatfield, now at Clemson. And while Arkansas has lost several offensive starters to graduation, Crowe is relieved that quarterback Quinn Grovey will return. Grovey's prime target will be flanker Derek Russell, who averaged 16.7 yards a catch last season. Defensively, the biggest question is outside linebacker, where Ken Benson is the only experienced returnee. This Arkansas team will not be as skilled or as deep as last year's version but should still crack the top 20. 8–3

19. ILLINOIS

The Fighting Illini were poised to make a run at a national championship until quarterback Jeff George decided to pass up his senior year to become a millionaire throwing for his hometown Indianapolis Colts. Coach John Mackovic, named conference coach of the year in each of his first two seasons, has four of five starters back on the offensive line, plus a good ground game that features fullback Howard Griffith and running backs Wagner Lester and Steve Feagin. He also has one of the strongest defenses in the nation. Playboy All-America Moe Gardner plays between Sean Streeter and All–Big Ten tackle Mel Agee. Another Playboy All-America, linebacker Darrick Brownlow, is the team's leading tackler. Henry Jones at the corner and Marlon Primous at safety are both outstanding. But the quarterbacking—sophomore Jason Verduzco replaces George—will almost certainly haunt the Illini. Opening games with Arizona and Colorado will give Verduzco his baptism under fire. 7–4

20. TEXAS A&M

While the Aggies didn't lose many starters from last year's 8–4 team, Richmond Webb—the first offensive lineman chosen in the N.F.L. draft—and linebacker Aaron Wallace will be difficult to replace. Coach R. C. Slocum is hoping for a big year from running back Darren Lewis, the nation's second leading ground gainer in 1988, who slumped last season due to injuries. Lance Pavlas is expected to start at quarterback, though Bucky Richardson, who runs the option well, will get some minutes. On defense, Slocum is high on junior Quentin Coryatt, who, with returning starters William Thomas and Anthony Williams, gives the Aggies a solid linebacking corps. Some young players, part of a recruiting class thought by some to be the best in the S.W.C., may get to play. The Aggies' road slate—Hawaii, LSU, Houston, Arkansas and Texas—is tough. 8–4

•

Other teams that have a chance to crack the top 20:

FRESNO STATE

Coach Jim Sweeney has been busy building a minidynasty in Fresno. The Bulldogs were 10–2 in 1988, 11–1 last season and boast a 47-10-1 record since 1985. And despite the early departure of linebacker Ron Cox to the pros, Fresno State is odds-on to sweep to another Big West championship this season. Junior quarterback Mark Barsotti, 21–3 as a starter, balances the pass against the rush with a surgeon's skill. Tailback Aaron Craver is the fifth-leading returning rusher in the nation, with 1313 yards. Steve Lee, a transfer from Oklahoma, replaces Cox at linebacker. As usual, Sweeney has recruited heavily from California's junior colleges. The Bulldogs' only formidable nonconference opponent is Northern Illinois on October sixth. 10–1

NORTHERN ILLINOIS

The Huskies might be the best college football team you never heard of. In 1989, they put together a 9–2 record, they battled Nebraska to a 17–17 halftime tie before succumbing 48–17 and they were snubbed by the bowls. Coach Jerry Pettibone wants "a bowl, any kind of a bowl" this year. With Stacey Robinson, the Huskies' wishbone wonder, plus 52 more returning lettermen, Pettibone may get his wish. Of Robinson, he says, "Oklahoma would die, even kill, for Stacey Robinson. He's that good a wishbone quarterback." Fullback Adam Dach and center Eric Wenckowski are other standouts in the Huskies' high-powered offense. 9–2

HAWAII

We haven't read Hawaii coach Bob Wagner's article "The Personal Touch in Recruiting," but chances are, he doesn't mention that palm trees, beautiful beaches and plenty of wahines are valuable tools not only in recruiting football players but in persuading opponents to play on Hawaii's home turf. However, there's more to Wagner's success (23-13-1 in three years) than the advantages of paradise. On Saturday evenings in the fall around Aloha Stadium, the strains of *Tiny Bubbles* are interrupted by the sound of Hawaii's defense—sixth best in the nation against the rush—cracking helmets with opponents. The best helmet cracker is linebacker Mark Odom. On offense, the Rainbows are run-oriented. Even so, quarterback Garrett Gabriel set a school record for passing efficiency last season. 9–3

GEORGIA TECH

After closing out last season with seven wins in its final eight games, Georgia Tech could sneak up on favorites Virginia and Clemson in the A.C.C. Quarterback Shawn Jones, who threw for 1748 yards last season, is only a sophomore. Coach Bobby Ross's biggest problem is finding someone to fill the cleats of running back Jerry Mays, who led the A.C.C. last season with 1349 yards. T. J. Edwards and William Bell are the leading candidates. The Yellow Jackets' best defender is Ken Swilling, who at 6'3" and 230 pounds is the biggest free safety in the nation. 8–3

LOUISVILLE

Cardinal coach Howard Schnellenberger is an optimist. "We are on a collision course with the national championship. The only variable is time." But while Louisville is improving, that collision is still quite a distance down the road. The strength of this year's team is defense, and the strongest part of that defense is linebacker Mark Sander. Another standout among the ten returning defensive starters is end Mike Flores. On offense, Browning Nagle, who has a good arm but lacks the speed to elude the rush, handles the snaps. Louisville should improve over last season's 6–5 mark, thanks to an easier schedule. 8–3

ALABAMA

How do you measure success at Alabama? Bill Curry coached the Crimson Tide to a 10–2 record but was unhappy enough to accept a job at Kentucky. Curry never played for Bear Bryant. In Tuscaloosa, one strike and you're out. The new coach, Gene Stallings, *did* play for the Bear. In fact, he was one of the Junction Boys, the players who survived Bryant's infamous training camp in Junction, Texas, when the Bear took over as coach at Texas A&M. Stallings, most recently head coach of the pros' Phoenix Cardinals, inherits a 'Bama team long on offense and very short on defense. Quarterback Gary Hollingsworth is back for his senior season after an All-S.E.C. outing last year. Running back Siran Stacy and wide receiver Lamonde Russell were also all-conference. Last year's Alabama defense was erratic. The lack of depth on defense, evident in the fourth quarter of important games last season, may haunt Alabama again. 7–4

PENN STATE

No, you didn't eat some bad oysters the other night. It's no nightmare. Penn State *is* joining the Big Ten. Make that Big 11 in the mid-Nineties, when the Nittany Lions start playing football with the rest of the conference. What can Joe Paterno be thinking? We all know that the Big Ten is a Midwest conference and that Penn State is in the East. Does he harbor a secret grudge against Northwestern and sees this as a way to settle the score? But if Joe doesn't know geography, he knows football. After 41 years with the Nittany Lions, 24 as head coach, he *should* know football. He knows he has a solid team this year but worries that "we're so young on both sides of the ball." Tailback Blair Thomas and linebacker Andre Collins of last year's 8-3-1 club have gone to the pros and will be tough to replace. Paterno will rely on quarterback Tony Sacca and running back Leroy Thompson on offense. The defense returns seven starters and you can be sure that Paterno has a few more Nittany-quality linebackers in the wings. 7–4

MICHIGAN STATE

Hard-nosed defense is a trademark of George Perles teams. Last season was no exception, as his Spartans led the Big Ten in scoring defense. However, with seven starters—including middle linebacker Percy Snow—not returning, MSU's offense will have to assert itself if the Spartans are to match last season's 8–4 record. Senior Dan Enos, who threw for more than 2000 yards and nine touchdowns, is back. He'll look for Playboy All-America wide receiver Courtney Hawkins and senior James Bradley. Tico Duckett, who gained 175 yards against Iowa in his only start last season, replaces Blake Ezor at tailback. Since Perles plays a lot of people on defense, most of this year's starters will already have had some game experience. Carlos Jenkins and Dixon Edwards are solid at the outside linebacking positions and Brian Jones takes over Snow's spot in the middle. 7–4

WEST VIRGINIA

If Major Harris had realized that his only choices in football would be the L.A. Raiders' practice squad or Canada, he might have stuck around for his final year with the Mountaineers. Certainly, coach Don Nehlen would have liked to keep the Major, but he thinks he has a good quarterback in Greg Jones, whose arm he describes as "the best ever at WVU." Nehlen thinks this West Virginia squad has more enthusiasm than he has seen in years. The pivots of his defense are linebackers Steve Grant and Theron Ellis. The Mountaineers may be hungry, but they are also young. 7–4

PITTSBURGH

New coach Paul Hackett is a guru of quarterbacks. Joe Montana, Danny White, Brian Sipe and Steve Bartkowski are just some of the Q.B.s he has helped

"Now, if you two feel you might engage in some sexual shenanigans on your way home, we'll gladly supply a designated driver."

REST OF THE BEST

QUARTERBACKS: *Paul Justin (Arizona State), Darian Hagan (Colorado), Ty Detmer (Brigham Young), Todd Marinovich (Southern Cal), Bill Musgrave (Oregon), Shawn Moore (Virginia), Dan McGwire (San Diego State), Gary Hallingsworth (Alabama), Alex Van Pelt (Pittsburgh), Stacey Robinson (Northern Illinois), Greg Frey (Ohio State), Howard Gasser (Texas–El Paso)*

RUNNING BACKS: *Chuck Weatherspoon (Houston), Eric Bieniemy (Colarado), Darren Lewis (Texas A&M), Chuck Webb (Tennessee), Curvin Richards (Pittsburgh), Harvey Williams (Louisiana State), Matt Bellini (Brigham Young), Ricky Ervins (Southern Cal), Randy Baldwin (Mississippi), Tony Alford (Colorado State), Bob Christian (Northwestern), Sheldon Canley (San Jose State), Aaron Craver (Fresno State)*

RECEIVERS: *Herman Moore (Virginia), Wesley Carroll (Miami), Carl Pickens (Tennessee), Jeff Graham (Ohio State), Derek Brown (Notre Dame), Lawrence Dawsey (Florida State), Lamande Russell (Alabama), Eric Henley (Rice), Michael Smith (Kansas State), Richard Buchanan (Northwestern), Maurice Wilson (Oregon State), Chris Smith (Brigham Young), Mike Geraux (Brown), Rick Isaiah (Toledo), Sean Foster (Cal State Long Beach), Bruce McGonnigal (Virginia), Mark Chmura (Bostan College), Ed McCaffrey (Stanford)*

OFFENSIVE LINEMEN: *Joe Garten (Colarado), Mark Tucker (Southern Cal), Mike Sullivan (Miami), Greg Skrepenak (Michigan), Eric Moten (Michigan State), Stacy Long (Clemson), Darryl Jenkins (Georgia Tech), Terrill Chatman, Roger Shultz (Alabama), Mike Sullivan (Texas Christian), Curtis Lovelace (Illinois), Dale Wolfley (West Virginia), Darren Shoulders (Tulane), Ricky Byrd (Mississippi State), Bob Whitfield (Stanford), Joe Valerio (Pennsylvania)*

DEFENSIVE LINEMEN: *Chris Zorich (Notre Dame), Mel Agee (Illinois), Scott Evans (Oklahoma), Mitch Donahue (Wyoming), Santana Datsan (Baylor), Esera Tuaolo (Oregon State), Shane Collins (Arizona State), Jim Johnson (Iowa), Kenyatta Rush (Temple), Joel Dickson (California), Eric Schaller (Colorado State), Eric Poderys (Pennsylvania), Kelvin Pritchett (Mississippi), Mike Flores (Louisville), John Bell (New Mexico), Roosevelt Collins (Texas Christian)*

LINEBACKERS: *Kanavis McGhee (Colarado), Maurice Crum (Miami), Michael Stonebreaker (Notre Dame), Mark Sander (Louisville), Levan Kirkland, Doug Brewster (Clemson), Darrin Trieb (Purdue), Mark Odom (Hawaii), Scott Ross (Southern Cal), Theron Ellis, Steve Grant (West Virginia), Charles Rowe (Texas Tech), Dwight Hollier (North Carolina), William Thomas (Texas A&M), Morris Lewis (Georgia), Carlos Jenkins (Michigan State), Reggie Stewart (Mississippi State), Robert Jones (East Carolina), Pepper Jenkins (Cal State Long Beach), Mike Croel (Nebraska), Kirk Carruthers (Florida State), Jay Lee (Pennsylvania)*

DEFENSIVE BACKS: *Ken Swilling (Georgia Tech), Jesse Campbell, Fernandus Vinson (North Carolina State), Louis Riddick (Pittsburgh), Richard Fain (Florida), Marlon Primous, Henry Jones (Illinois), Mike Dumas (Indiana), Eric Turner (UCLA), Robert O'Neal (Clemson), Sammy Walker (Texas Tech), Kevin Smith (Texas A&M), Bob Navarro (Eastern Michigan), Darrell Whitmore (West Virginia), Leon Patterson (Cal State Long Beach)*

PLACE KICKERS: *Cary Blanchard (Oklahoma State), Collin Mackie (South Carolina), Jeff Shudak (Iowa State), Philip Doyle (Alabama), Robbie Keen (California), John Ivanic (Northern Illinois), Chris Gardacki (Clemson), Carlos Huerta (Miami), Jason Elam (Hawaii)*

PUNTERS: *Robbie Keen (California), Greg Hertzog (West Virginia), Cris Shale (Bowling Green State)*

ANSON MOUNT SCHOLAR/ATHLETE

The Anson Mount Scholar/Athlete Award recognizes achievement in the classroom as well as on the football field. Nominated by their universities, candidates are judged by the editors of *Playboy* on their collegiate scholastic and athletic accomplishments. The winner attends *Playboy*'s pre-season All-America Weekend—held this year at the Sheraton Bal Harbour Hotel in Bal Harbour, Florida—receives a bronzed commemorative medallion and is included in our All-America team photograph. In addition, *Playboy* awards $5000 to the general scholarship fund of the winner's university.

This year's Anson Mount Scholar/Athlete is Chris Howard of the Air Force Academy. Howard, a starting running back in the Falcons' high-powered wishbone offense, averaged more than four yards per carry last season. He has an over-all grade-point average of 3.7, has made the superintendent's list for three years and carries a military-performance average of 3.5—a mark military personnel at the academy say is "almost unheard of." Howard's major is political science, but his ambition is to fly.

Honorable mention: Pat Jackson (Bowling Green State), Smith W. Holland (Kansas), Donzel Leggett (Purdue), Tim Luke (Colorado State), Mike Welch (Baylor), Greg Lahr (Kentucky), Toby Heaton (Michigan State), James Jones (Oregon State), Darin Kehler (Yale), Donald Hollas (Rice), Stefen Scotton (Georgia Tech), Kyle Stroh (Cincinnati), Tony Robertson (Mississippi State), Frank Schenk (Navy), Pat Aragon (Pacific), Mike Hopkins (Illinois), Bill Musgrave (Oregon), Todd Sandroni (Mississippi), Keith Arnold (East Carolina), Lance Pavlas (Texas A&M), Dave Roberts (Florida State).

develop. Last year, as offensive coordinator and quarterback coach under Mike Gottfried, Hackett tutored the Panthers' latest Q.B. phenomenon, Alex Van Pelt. Van Pelt, who broke Dan Marino's single-season passing mark with 2881 yards, is back for his sophomore year and Hackett has succeeded Gottfried. Van Pelt is not the Panthers' only offensive weapon: Running back Curvin Richards is coming off back-to-back 1000-yard seasons. But Hackett thinks Pitt's strength will be its defense, led by senior safety Louis Riddick. The schedule is daunting, as usual, with four opponents who finished in last year's top 25. 7–4

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

According to one USC assistant coach, "If anyone wants to get us, this is the year to do it—because we're going to be a bitch in the next few years." The biggest reason the Trojans are vulnerable is the departures to the N.F.L. of Mark Carrier, winner of the Thorpe Award as the best defensive back in the nation, and of linebacker Junior Seau. The good news for Trojans fans is that quarterback Todd Marinovich, forced into a starting role when Pat O'Hara went down with a pre-season injury last year, is only a sophomore. Marinovich was All–Pac 10 as a freshman when he set a USC single-season completion-percentage record. The defense returns only four starters. Coach Larry Smith, who has won Pac 10 titles in each of his three years, believes that "young teams either catch fire early or get off to a bad start and never recover." Smith and his team will be severely tested, since their schedule opens with Syracuse, Penn State, Washington and Ohio State. 7–5

WYOMING

After winning W.A.C. titles and making bowl appearances the previous two years, Wyoming slipped to a disappointing 5–6 in 1989. Coach Paul Roach attributes the Cowboys' showing to inexperience. "We made too many errors on both sides of the football," he says. With Tom Corontzos back at quarterback—the first time in four years that Roach has a starting Q.B. returning—he expects the offense to improve on fundamentals. Just in case, he has simplified the offense somewhat, though the Cowboys will stick with their wide-open pro-set style of play. Wyoming's biggest weakness is at running back, where all six 1989 players are gone. Defensive end Mitch Donahue, W.A.C. Defensive Player of the Year last season, returns for his senior campaign. 7–5

CAL STATE LONG BEACH

The best story in college football this season is the return of 72-year-old George Allen, the one-time head coach

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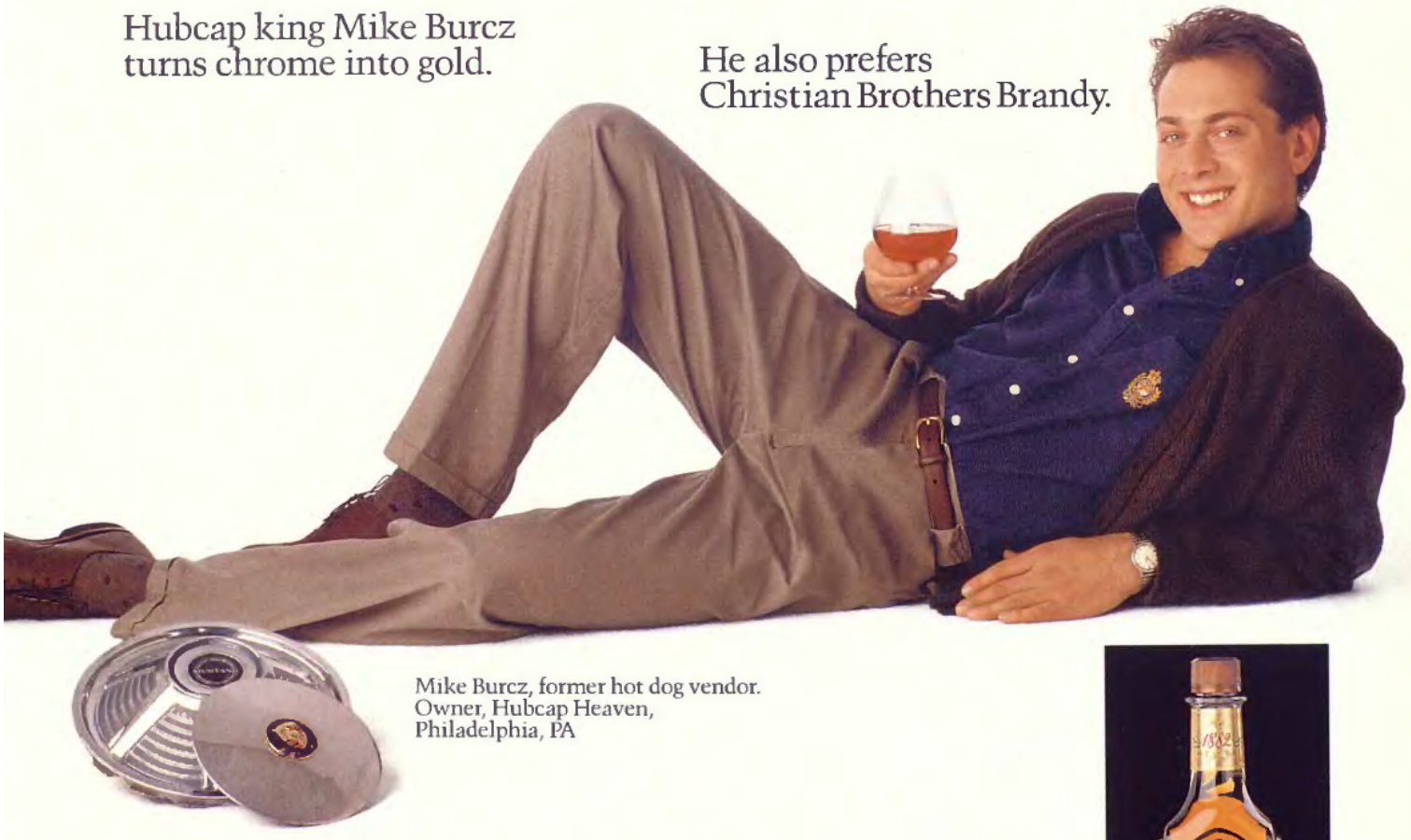

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of the Los Angeles Rams and the Washington Redskins. Allen, who cut his coaching teeth as an assistant to George Halas with the Chicago Bears, retired from football in 1984 to become chairman of the President's Council on Physical Fitness and Sports. Last year, he got a call from Leon "Shorty" Shortenhaus, associate director of admissions at tiny Morningside College in Iowa. Shortenhaus, who captained the 1948 Morningside grid team that was Allen's first as coach, invited Allen to come back to help Morningside end its 15-game losing streak. Allen gave pep talks and drew Xs and Os on a blackboard for two weeks and—you guessed it—Morningside won a game and Allen was bitten by the coaching bug all over again. The septuagenarian rookie coach has devised a 4–3 defensive scheme for the 49ers and recruited the junior colleges heavily for defensive linemen. The quarterbacking will likely fall to UCLA transfer Bobby San Jose, whose name will cause confusion when Long Beach plays San Jose State in October. 6–5

EAST INDEPENDENTS

Syracuse	9–3
Pittsburgh	7–4
West Virginia	7–4
Penn State	7–4
Army	6–5
Navy	6–5
Boston College	4–7
Rutgers	3–8
Temple	2–9

After the football powerhouses of **Syracuse, Pittsburgh, West Virginia** and **Penn State, Army** emerges as the East's most consistently competitive team of the past few years. Jim Young coaches the Cadets to perfection in a wishbone offense that has put them in the nation's top five in rushing every season since 1984. The heart of Army's wishbone is Playboy All-America Mike Mayweather. The Cadets are also deep at the essential quarterback position, with Bryan McWilliams and Willie McMillian. Army's defensive depth, however, is suspect. **Navy** should equal Army's win total, against a weaker schedule. The Midshipmen's star is quarterback Alton Grizzard, a three-year starter. First-year coach George Chaump will try to improve a porous Navy defense. **Boston College,** once a perennial top-20 contender, has fallen on hard times. The Eagles, coached by Jack Bicknell, finished a disappointing 2–9 last season. Linebacker Matt Kelley and tight end Mark Chmura star on yet another BC team that's otherwise short on talent.

IVY LEAGUE

Yale	8–2
Harvard	7–3
Princeton	6–4
Dartmouth	5–5
Pennsylvania	5–5
Brown	3–7
Cornell	3–7
Columbia	2–8

In college football, the art of winning is sometimes handed down, the way grandmothers pass along their recipes to favorite granddaughters. **Yale** coach Carmine Cozza got his recipes from grandmas Ara Parseghian and Woody Hayes when he played for them at Miami of Ohio in the Fifties. One hundred and fifty wins and ten Ivy League titles later, it's clear that Cozza hasn't forgotten any ingredients. In his 26th season, he's cooking up another potent stew. Quarterback Darin Kehler, who with 1773 total yards had the third best offensive season ever by a Yale player, is back for his senior year. A full complement of running backs also returns, as does the better part of the offensive line. The Elis' defense looks solid, with the possible exception of the secondary, which was hit hard by graduation. **Harvard,** of course, won't give in to Yale without a fight. Only six starters remain from last season's 5–5 squad, but coach Joe Restic's multiflex offense will take some pressure off a yet-to-be-anointed quarterback. **Princeton** may pass the ball more often now that running back Judd Garrett has graduated. Quarterback Joel Sharp is diminutive (5'9"), but he runs and passes well. One of the players he'll throw to is Matt Tarkenton, son of Minnesota Vikings great Fran. **Dartmouth** came on strong at the end of last season, winning its last four to finish 5–5. The Big Green's defense boasts eight veteran starters, including nose guard Pete Chapman and linebacker Rich Joyce. **Pennsylvania** dominated the Ivy League during much of the Eighties, winning the conference crown six times, but last season, under new coach Gary Steele, the Quakers managed only four wins. Offensive guard Joe Valerio, at 6'5" and 295 pounds, is a legitimate pro prospect. New **Brown** coach Mickey Kwiatkowski says, "The Ivy is the most balanced league in America, with the differences between the top and bottom teams often imperceptible." Kwiatkowski has perceptibly the best receiver in the conference in Mike Geroux.

"It's not that I don't trust you, Kevin, I just don't trust the women who've been with the men who've been with the women who've been with the men who've been with the women you've been with."

SOUTHEASTERN CONFERENCE

Auburn	9–2
Tennessee	9–3
Alabama	7–4
Louisiana State	7–4
Florida	6–5
Mississippi	6–5
Georgia	6–5
Kentucky	6–5
Mississippi State	5–6
Vanderbilt	2–9

Auburn and **Tennessee** will battle for the conference championship while **Alabama** plays bridesmaid. **Louisiana State** will try to rebound from a disappointing 4–7 season. Since Tommy Hodson, a four-year fixture at quarterback, has moved on to the N.F.L., LSU coach Mike Archer will likely emphasize the run—both because Hodson's potential replacements lack experience and because tailback Harvey Williams can carry the mail. Defensively, the Tigers lost

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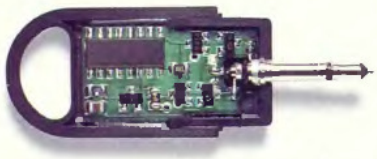

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three of four linebackers but have some promising youngsters, notably Roovelroe Swan. Ex–Duke coach Steve Spurrier, who takes over at **Florida** this season, is one of the best offensive coaches around and will make a star of one of the Gators' aspiring quarterbacks. Given Spurrier's emphasis on passing, it is no surprise that Florida running back Emmitt Smith decided to forgo his final year of eligibility to join the pros. Spurrier will switch the Gators from a 3–4 to a 4–4 defense. Playboy All-America Huey Richardson, who played linebacker last year, will switch to down lineman. The Gators have lots of adjusting to do while facing one of the toughest schedules in the nation. **Mississippi** coach Billy Brewer will start sophomore quarterback Russ Shows, used primarily in short-yardage situations last season. The Rebels, who finished last in Southeastern Conference defense last season, will not improve much, particularly since All-S.E.C. safety Todd Sandroni's effectiveness is questionable after knee surgery. **Georgia** will feel the loss of running back Rodney Hampton, another of those who left a year early for the pros. Coach Ray Goff will look to freshmen to fill the vacancy. With the Bulldogs' rushing game a question, quarterback Greg Talley will do more passing. Goff's defense is young and probably a year away from gelling. At **Kentucky**, coach Bill Curry will find less football talent but more friendly faces than he encountered at Alabama. Offensive coordinator Tommy Bowden, son of Florida State coach Bobby, prefers to pass first, then run. Quarterback Freddie Maggard, who had 1515 yards passing last season, should roll up even bigger numbers.

ATLANTIC COAST CONFERENCE

Virginia	9–2
Clemson	8–3
Georgia Tech	8–3
North Carolina State	6–5
Duke	6–5
Maryland	4–7
North Carolina	3–8
Wake Forest	3–8

It's a three-way race for the conference crown among **Virginia**, **Clemson** and **Georgia Tech**, with the Cavaliers likely to come out on top. **North Carolina State**, 7–5 last year, has to replace quarterback Shane Montgomery, who owns most of the Wolfpack's passing records, and defensive tackle Ray Agnew, voted by league coaches as A.C.C. Defensive Player of the Year. However, most of the rest of the league's number-two defense is back, including strong safety Jesse Campbell. **Duke** had a great 8–4 season last year, good enough to get coach Steve Spurrier that head-coaching job at his alma mater, Florida. Spurrier's assistant Barry Wilson, who gets the unenviable job of replacing an offensive coaching genius, has two good quarterback candidates in Dave Brown and Billy Ray, plus some decent receivers—though none as good as graduated Playboy All-America Clarkston Hines. Randy Cuthbert is a good-enough running back to make the Blue Devils consider rushing more often than in the past. In his three years with the Terrapins, coach Joe Krivak has yet to get **Maryland** on the right side of .500. With only two offensive starters returning and tough nonconference games against Michigan and West Virginia ahead, Krivak's chances of success still appear slim to none. **North Carolina**, which has suffered through five losing seasons in six years, is in for another rough go of it, despite strong recruiting efforts by coach Mack Brown.

SOUTH INDEPENDENTS

Miami	11–0
Florida State	10–1
South Carolina	6–5
Virginia Tech	6–5
Southern Mississippi	6–5
East Carolina	6–5
Tulane	6–5
Memphis State	4–7

Miami and **Florida State** are the only South Independents that will wind up in the top 20 this season. **South Carolina** coach Sparky Woods has to replace quarterback Todd Ellis, a four-year fixture. Woods may favor junior Bobby Fuller, a transfer from Appalachian State, where Woods coached two years ago. The mainstay of South Carolina's defense is linebacker Patrick Hinton, who led the team with 108 tackles in 1989. Kicker Collin Mackie and punter Daren Parker are one of the best kicking tandems in the nation. Last season, **Virginia Tech** lost four starters to academic problems and its starting quarterback and tailback to injuries and still managed a 6-4-1 record, with upset road wins over West Virginia and North Carolina State. Offensively, the Hokies should be better this year. Seven starters, including quarterback Will Furrer, return. However, their new defensive unit lacks the experience that provided the glue for last year's team. **Southern Mississippi** should have quit after its first 1989 game; the Golden Eagles traveled to Jacksonville and upset national power Florida State. After that promising beginning, coach Curley Hallman's charges dropped four straight and finished 5–6. The Eagles' 1990 version will again feature quarterback Brett Favre at the helm. A three-year starter, Favre already holds most USM offensive records. USM also has a talented defensive secondary, but there are holes at linebacker and in the defensive line.

•

Michigan is the favorite to take the Big Ten crown this year, but don't be surprised if **Ohio State** is there at the end. **Illinois** comes up short because Jeff George defected to the N.F.L. **Michigan State** doesn't have enough offensive firepower to challenge. Hayden Fry is the winningest coach in **Iowa** history (82-46-4), but the victories have been harder to come by in the past couple of years. Last year, at 5–6, the Hawkeyes suffered their first losing season since 1980; they may need a little luck to fall on the right side of .500 this year. As usual, Fry has a competent quarterback. Matt Rodgers, only a junior, passed for more than 2000 yards last season. Iowa's running backs are good if not spectacular. However, its passing attack lacks a deep threat, with Danan Hughes the only experienced receiver. Last season's defense, which allowed opponents an average of 25.3 points per game, will have to find a replacement for linebacker Brad Quast. **Wisconsin**, sick of finishing near the bottom of the conference standings, has hired Barry Alvarez as its new head coach. Alvarez, most recently defensive coordinator at Notre Dame, has always been associated with winners. Tony Lowery, who sat out last season, will return to handle the quarterbacking duties. Alvarez has flip-flopped several other players between offense and defense in an effort to make the most of his talent. Don Davey, last year's Anson Mount Scholar/Athlete in football, is the Badgers' best defensive player. For the first time in many years, **Indiana** will get more from its defense than from its offense. Coach Bill Mallory has nine seasoned defensive starters, the best of whom is safety Mike Dumas, who blocked four punts last season. On offense, the Hoosiers have the difficult task of replacing 5000-yard career rusher Anthony Thompson and 5000-yard career passer Dave Schnell. Ernie Thompson, Anthony's younger brother, and Vaughn Dunbar, a junior college transfer, will handle the rushing, along with fullback Cal Miller. The quarterback will be redshirt freshman Chris Dyer, a walk-on. **Minnesota** coach John Gutekunst labeled his spring practices Star Search because he had so many starters to replace. Not only is Darrell Thompson—who owns almost all the team's records in rushing and scoring—gone; so are wide receiver Chris

BIG TEN

Michigan	9–2
Ohio State	8–3
Illinois	7–4
Michigan State	7–4
Iowa	6–5
Wisconsin	5–6
Indiana	5–6
Minnesota	3–8
Purdue	3–8
Northwestern	1–10

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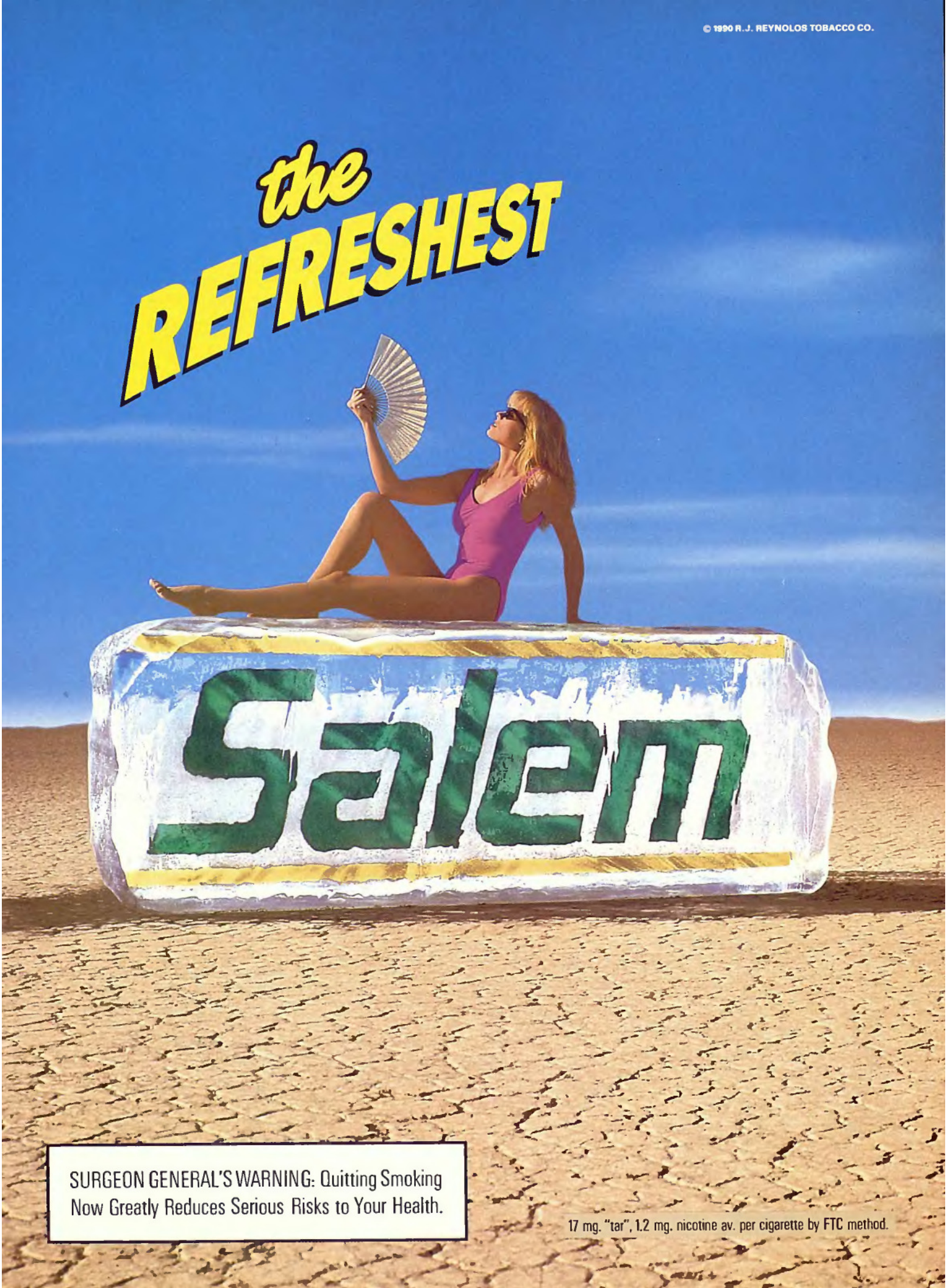

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Gaiters, linebacker Jon Leverenz and a host of offensive and defensive linemen. Golden Gopher hopes are pinned on junior quarterback Scott Schaffner and Skeeter Akre, who will play linebacker or defensive end. **Purdue** coach Fred Akers is having a tough time turning the Boilermakers around. Purdue was 3–8 last season. Akers is 10-22-1 in three years at West Lafayette. Freshman quarterback Eric Hunter gave Boilermakers fans some reason for hope when he came in to win a couple of games toward the end of last year. However, the Boilers' offensive line is unimpressive, and none of the running backs has shown significant promise. The defense should be strong, with the aid of linebacker Darrin Trieb, who has led the Big Ten in solo tackles for the past two years.

MID-AMERICAN CONFERENCE

Central Michigan	7–4
Toledo	7–4
Eastern Michigan	6–5
Western Michigan	5–6
Ball State	5–6
Bowling Green State	4–6
Miami of Ohio	3–8
Kent State	2–9
Ohio University	2–9

Central Michigan, Toledo and **Eastern Michigan** all appear ready to make strong bids for the conference crown. Central Michigan returns nine defensive starters from last year's 5-5-1 team. The success of the offense hinges on running back John Hood, who missed last season with a knee injury. Toledo's new coach Nick Saban inherits eight returning starters from the conference's leading offense. Saban, formerly defensive coordinator for Michigan State under George Perles and most recently defensive backfield coach for the Houston Oilers, will go to work on the Rockets' defense. Eastern Michigan can make a run at the M.A.C. title if coach Jim Harkema finds a replacement for quarterback Tom Sullivan. Defensively, the Hurons will try to make up with aggressiveness what they lack in experience. **Western Michigan** finished conference play at 3–5 last season, but four of those setbacks were by a single point. Quarterback Brad Tayles is the key to the Broncos' success. **Boll Stote,** last year's conference champion, has lost M.A.C. Player of the Year David Riley at quarterback and three-time M.A.C. Defensive Player of the Year Greg Garnica at linebacker. Tailback Bernie Parmalee, holder of BSU's all-time career rushing mark, returns for his senior season.

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Notre Dome has enough talent to field three good Division I teams. The Irish will battle for the national championship if they win their opening game against Michigan and beat their nemesis, Miami, in October. **Northern Illinois** will have an impressive won–lost record for the second straight season but may again miss a bowl bid due to its weak schedule. **Louisville** is another team that will rack up the wins but may miss a bowl bid because its schedule is soft.

MIDWEST INDEPENDENTS

Notre Dame	10–1
Northern Illinois	9–2
Louisville	8–3
Cincinnati	2–9

BIG EIGHT

Colorado	11–1
Nebraska	10–1
Oklahoma	8–3
Iowa State	6–5
Missouri	4–7
Oklahoma State	4–7
Kansas	3–8
Kansas State	3–8

The traditional Big Two of the Big Eight is now Three, with **Colorodo** equaling and even surpassing **Nebroska** and **Oklohomo. Iowo State** will put a potent offense on the field, but there are questions on defense. Coach Jim Walden is particularly concerned about a lack of experienced linebackers. Junior Chris Pedersen is Walden's pick to replace two-year starter Bret Oberg at quarterback. Walden thinks his offensive line will be better than last year's, despite the loss of Keith Sims, now in the N.F.L. The jewel in Walden's offense is Playboy All-America Blaise Bryant, the leading returning rusher in the nation. Coach Bob Stull's first season at **Missouri** was rocky, with the Tigers managing only two victories. With a year to assimilate Stull's pro-set offense, quarterback Kent Kiefer should post impressive numbers this season. Wide receiver Linzy Collins and Playboy All-America tight end Tim Bruton will be two of his targets. Several junior college transfers may be the key to solving the Tigers' defensive problems. Free safety Niu Sale was defensive player of the decade in his California junior college league. After consecutive ten-win seasons, **Oklohoma Stote** slumped to 4–7 last year. Losing running backs of the caliber of Thurman Thomas, who led the Cowboys' attack in 1987, and Barry Sanders, the Heisman winner in 1988, contributed to the fall-off. The fact that the program is in the middle of a three-year probation barring the school from TV and bowl appearances has a negative effect as well. This season, coach Pat Jones faces the problem of replacing quarterback Mike Gundy, the Big Eight's all-time leading passer. Sophomore Earl Wheeler is heir apparent. **Konsos** racked up four wins last season and called it a success. The

Jayhawks will have an improved defense, thanks to linebacker Curtis Moore, who missed last season with an injury. Junior tailback Tony Sands totaled 1000-plus yards rushing last season. The Jayhawks are improving, though their record won't show it this season after nonconference games with Virginia, Louisville and Miami. The schedule maker was kinder to **Kansas State**, which has five of its first six games at home. Coach Bill Snyder's squad has depth at quarterback, plus glue-fingered wide receiver Michael Smith.

SOUTHWEST CONFERENCE

Houston	9–2
Arkansas	8–3
Texas A&M	8–4
Baylor	7–4
Texas Tech	6–5
Texas	5–6
Texas Christian	4–7
Rice	4–7
Southern Methodist	4–7

The Southwest Conference is improved top to bottom. However, despite coaching changes at both schools, **Houston** and **Arkansas** are still the favorites. **Texas A&M** may challenge if running back Darren Lewis can avoid injuries and get back to his 1988 form. **Baylor** coach Grant Teaff has installed a new I-formation veer offense that puts a strong emphasis on the running game and cuts down on turnovers. He expects his new offense to develop slowly; in the meantime, he will rely on a strong defense led by tackle Santana Dotson. **Texas Tech's** Spike Dykes won Southwest Conference Coach of the Year honors last season after the Red Raiders surprised everyone except Dykes by finishing 9–3, capped by a 49–21 victory over Duke in the All-American Bowl. Unfortunately for Dykes, nine of last season's offensive starters—among them running back James Gray, who gained more than 1500 yards—are gone. Tech's nonconference opponents include Ohio State and Miami. The **Texas** Longhorns had some high points last year. They whipped Oklahoma for the first time since 1983, then stunned unbeaten Arkansas in Fayetteville. However, everything turned sour as the 'Horns finished 5–6, their second losing season in a row. Passer Peter Gardere, who was effective when healthy, returns, along with receiver Johnny Walker. Defensively, linebacker Brian Jones and end Oscar Giles are Texas' leaders. Opening games against Penn State and Colorado condemn the Longhorns to a slow start. **Texas Christian's** permeable defense allows too many points to give the Horned Frogs much of a chance. However, coach Jim Wacker's run-and-shoot offense will score points of its own, particularly with two promising candidates at quarterback—Matt Vogler and Leon Clay. Roosevelt Collins at end is TCU's lone standout on defense. An improved **Rice** team will surprise a few opponents this season. The Owls, who haven't had a winning record in 27 years, have a brilliant quarterback in Donald Hollas. Receiver Eric Henley—the brother of Darryl and Thomas, both with the Los Angeles Rams—had 81 receptions last season. **Southern Methodist** coach Forrest Gregg proved last season that there is life after the death penalty. After an N.C.A.A. football embargo of two years, Gregg fielded a team of freshmen and sophomores, only seven of whom had ever appeared in a college football game. "A lot of people said we wouldn't win a game for three years," Gregg recalls. By season's end, not only had the Mustangs won two games, they had almost recorded one of college football's greatest upsets, having led ninth-ranked Arkansas in the fourth quarter. After playing all those underclassmen last year, Gregg now has a maturing crew ready for 1990.

PACIFIC 10

Washington	8–3
Arizona	8–3
Southern California	7–5
Oregon	7–4
Arizona State	6–5
UCLA	6–5
Washington State	5–6
Oregon State	5–6
Stanford	3–8
California	3–8

Washington and **Arizona** will vie for the conference title, while **Southern Cal** plays an unaccustomed game of catch-up in a well-balanced Pac 10. **Oregon** will make some noise if Bill Musgrave, one of the nation's better quarterbacks, stays free from the injuries that hampered him in his freshman and sophomore years. Coach Rich Brooks, who coached the Ducks to an 8–4 record last year, is hoping that Ngalu Kelemeni can replace Derek Loville, Oregon's all-time leading rusher, at tailback. Quarterback Paul Justin of **Arizona State** has the arm strength, field presence and height (6'5") that make pro scouts drool. Coach Larry Marmie's biggest headache is a defense that finished last in the Pac 10, despite the presence of Playboy All-America safety Nathan LaDuke. In 1989, perennial national powerhouse **UCLA** experienced its second losing season (3-7-1) in the past 18 years. Coach Terry Donahue made several coaching changes in the off season, notably the rehiring of offensive coordinator Homer Smith, who spent the past two years at Alabama. The Bruins retain sophomore quarterback Bret Johnson but lack experience elsewhere on offense. The defense should be

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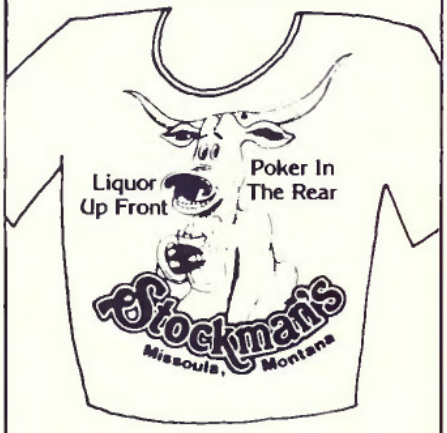

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stronger, particularly in the backfield, where Eric Turner and Matt Darby are the leaders. The Bruins' record will be held down by a tough out-of-conference schedule that includes Oklahoma and Michigan. **Washington Stote's** Cougars know offense. In the Eighties, WSU's offense generated more than 4000 total yards in a season eight times. Even with the departure of running back Steve Broussard, the 1990 version should do as well. Brad Gossen and Aaron Garcia will share quarterbacking duties, while tailback Rich Swinton, who gained more than 1000 yards in 1988, returns for his senior year. The Cougars are youthful along the defensive line. With an improved team, five home games and a favorable nonconference schedule, **Oregon State** should have its first winning season in 19 years. Receivers Maurice Wilson and Jason Kent are excellent and quarterback Matt Booher, who started six games last year, has an accurate arm. Coach Dave Kragthorpe is extremely high on defensive tackle Esera Tuaolo. **Stanford's** murderous schedule makes an improvement over last season's 3–8 record improbable. It opens with Colorado, UCLA and Notre Dame before facing their regular Pac 10 slate. Running back Jon Volpe, who missed most of last season with injuries after gaining more than 1000 yards in 1988, returns. Coach Dennis Green, Bill Walsh's assistant both at Stanford and with the 49ers, realizes what it takes to win football games and probably realizes he won't see many Ws this year.

•

The W.A.C. will probably not be decided until the final game of the regular season on December first, when **Brigham Young** visits **Howaii. Wyoming,** attempting to rebound from a disappointing 1989 season, is a solid choice for the number-three spot. **Air Force,** which next to BYU has been the W.A.C.'s most successful football franchise (six bowl appearances in the Eighties), will miss diminutive Dee Dowis. Dowis graduated after setting an N.C.A.A. record for most career yards rushing by a quarterback (3612). The leading candidate to run the Falcons' wishbone is junior Ron Gray, who came into the program as a quarterback but, because Dowis had a lock on that job, rotated at halfback and returned kicks. Gray has 4.4 speed; it remains to be seen how well he'll make those all-important option decisions. Only four starters are back from last year's defense, the best being cornerback Eric Faison. Pro scouts will keep a close eye on **San Diego State** quarterback Dan McGwire, brother of the Oakland Athletics' Mark, this season. In 1989, his per-game average of 285 yards total offense ranked him fifth in the nation. At 6'8", Dan has no trouble seeing over his offensive line. If coach Al Luginbill can improve a defense that allowed opponents more than four touchdowns per game, the Aztecs may surprise. Former Ohio State coach Earl Bruce has found a home at **Colorado State** and is busy trying to transform the Rams into winners. He came close last season (5-5-1). Eight offensive starters, including first-team All-W.A.C. running back Tony Alford, will suit up. Mike Gimenez and Kevin Verdugo, a transfer from Kansas, will battle for the Q.B. spot. Road games against Arkansas, Arizona State and conference rivals Air Force, Hawaii and BYU will stall Bruce's drive for a winning record. **Utah's** 1989 quarterback Scott Mitchell was yet another junior who decided to pass up his senior year for the N.F.L. dollar. Mitchell was probably frustrated by playing for a team that scored lots of points (365) but allowed even more (524). The Utes have hired a new coach, Ron McBride, who wants his defense to punish opponents. "We want players who will light you up when they hit you," he says. Without an improved defense, it will still be lights out for Utah.

WESTERN ATHLETIC CONFERENCE

Brigham Young	9–3
Hawaii	9–3
Wyoming	7–5
Air Force	7–4
San Diego State	6–5
Colorado State	6–6
Utah	3–8
Texas–El Paso	3–8
New Mexico	3–9

BIG WEST

Fresno State	10–1
Cal State Long Beach	6–5
San Jose State	6–5
Utah State	6–5
Nevada–Las Vegas	5–6
Cal State Fullerton	4–8
Pacific	3–8
New Mexico State	2–9

Fresno Stote has the best team in the conference and **Col Stote Long Beoch,** with the hiring of venerable George Allen as coach, the best story. But Allen is only one of five new head coaches in the Big West. In 1989, **Son Jose Stote** gave Claude Gilbert a new five-year contract that reportedly called for Gilbert to emphasize recruiting high school players rather than rely on junior college players, as he often had in the past. After he signed 21 transfers and no high schoolers last February, the university relieved him of his coaching duties. N.C.A.A. violations were also rumored to have played a role in Gilbert's demise, as did San Jose State's feeble 14 percent graduation rate of football players during his reign. In April, with one week of spring practice remaining, Terry Shea, formerly offensive coordinator with the University of California, took over. Despite the turmoil, the Spartans may still have one of the better teams in the conference. Running back Sheldon Canley, second in the nation in all-purpose yards last season, and four veteran starters on the offensive line should give SJU plenty of firepower. The Spartans' defense, with seven seasoned starters, must avoid giving up the big plays that plagued them last year. **Utah Stote** expects to have its best team in coach Chuck Shelton's five-year tenure. Linebacking and pass defense are the Aggies' strong suits. By the way, wouldn't it be a good idea for Utah State and **New Mexico State** to battle it out once and for all for exclusive rights to the Aggies' nickname in the Big West? Jim Strong takes over the reins at **Nevada–Las Vegas.** Strong—most recently Lou Holtz's offensive coordinator at Notre Dame—wasn't intimidated by UNLV's bad-boy image, its success in basketball or its lackluster history in Division I football. Given a chance to recruit, he should make the Rebels a contender.

Here's hoping your team wins.

HARTWELL

(continued from page 118)

bright face. "But, Hartwell, don't ever, under any circumstances, give this to a student."

"I knew it was good," he said to me. "I knew it. Do you see? I'm writing again."

"Do not," I repeated, "give this to Julie. You will create a misunderstanding."

"There is no misunderstanding," he told me, folding the poem back into the old maroon book. "It is a verity," he said. "I am in love."

As everyone knows, there is nothing to say to that. I stirred my coffee and saw from how high an altitude my friend was going to fall.

•

April is a terrible month on a campus. This, too, is a verity. Every pathway reeks of love newly found and soon to be lost. It is one of the few times and places you can actually see people *pine*. The weather changes and the ridiculous lilacs bloom at every turning, their odor spiraling up the cornices of every old brick building in sight, including, of course, old Normal. Couples lean against things and talk so earnestly it makes you tired. Everywhere you look, there is some lost lad in shirt sleeves gesturing like William Jennings Bryan before a coed, her dreamy stare a caricature of importance. This goes on round the clock in April, the penultimate month in the ancient agrarian model of the school year, and as I walked across campus that spring, I kept my eyes straight ahead. I didn't want to see it, any of it.

•

Of course, Hartwell and I couldn't be more different. That's clear. But I had a sensation after he'd left that afternoon that reminded me too strongly of when I had had my troubles, such as they were. Years ago—a lifetime, if you want—a student of mine became important to me. She wasn't like Hartwell's Julie at all. Her name isn't important, but it wasn't a pretty name and, in fact, she wasn't really a pretty girl, just a girl. She came to my notice because of an affliction she carried in her eyes—a weight, a sorrow.

This is not about her, anyway, but about me, in a sordid way. I saw what I wanted to see. What I needed to see. She was frail and damaged somehow and I was her teacher. Well, who needs details? It was the same story as all these other shallow memories—some professor off balance and a young person either willingly or unwillingly the victim or beneficiary of it all. My student, this strange girl, received an A for B work, and I waited for her to pick up her term paper a week after the semester ended. Let me explain this to you: There was no reason for me to be on campus, sitting in my office in Normal Hall, no reason whatsoever. I had my door cracked one inch and I waited. Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday. On Friday afternoon I was still on the edge of my chair. Just having her paper (which I read and reread, held in my lap as I waited) was enough, and undoubtedly, it would have powered me through the weekend. I am the kind of professor who is in his office more Saturdays and Sundays than he will ever admit. On Friday evening, when I was preparing in my routine way to leave and go home, she came. I heard a step on the stairs—the first step that was not the janitor's step—and I knew she was coming. How long could it have taken between the sound of those beautiful footsteps and their pausing at my opened office door? Twenty seconds? Ten? Whatever the time, it was the aeon between my young and my old selves. I had a chance, as the old scholars put it, to know my tragic flaw. Not that I'm any more than pathetic, and certainly not tragic, but I came to know in that short moment that I was a fool. The girl came to my door and paused and then knocked. She acted surprised to find me there. She acted as if she had expected to retrieve her paper in a box outside my door. I told her no, that I had it. I handed it to her, still warm from my lap. She nodded and averted her eyes and said something I'll never forget. "This was a good class for me," she said. "You made it interesting." And then she turned and touched the rippled floor of Normal Hall for the last time. Without her paper and with no reason to be on earth on Friday night, I became a fool and, in a sense, the guardian of fools.

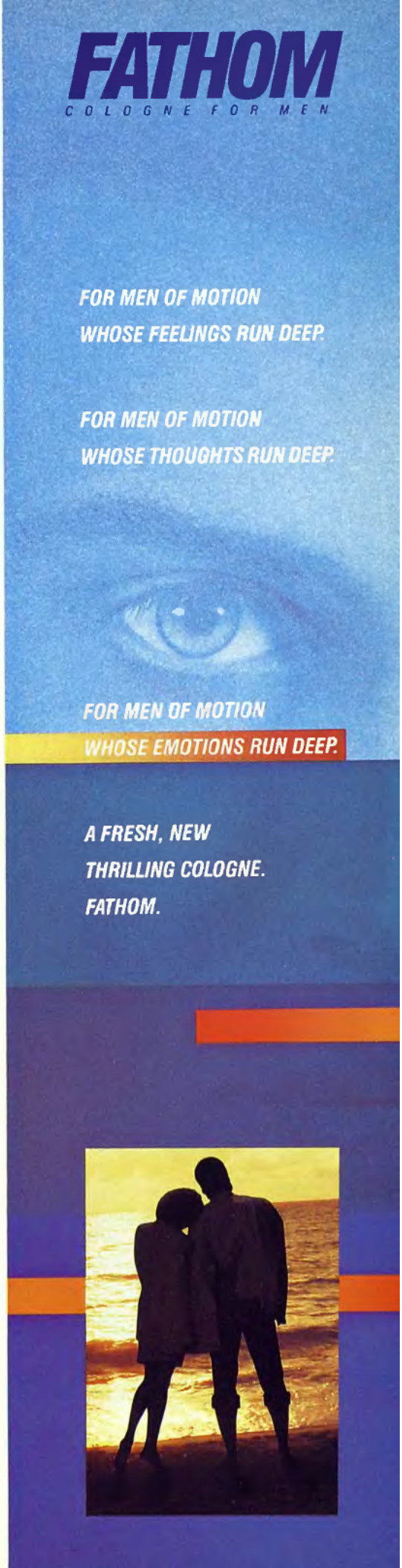
Like Hartwell.

•

But what could I do? This Julie was as shrewd as any I'd seen come along. Not only had she accepted his poem, she'd commented on it. I quizzed him on what she had said, but he just shook his head and smiled until his eyes closed. He was so far gone that I had to smile, too.

But Julie hadn't stopped there. With no reason whatsoever, she had invited him to the spring carnival. There was no reason to do that. She'd already won her grade and her victory. Hartwell was absolutely incandescent about it. He was carnival this and carnival that. I should go, he said. Oh, come with us, he said. It was as if they were engaged. I told him no. It was a sunny spring afternoon in the Pantry—too hot, really, to be drinking coffee—and I told him no, to go ahead, but for God's sake be careful. If you want to know the meaning of effete, just say *Be careful* to a fool in love. My advice didn't get across the table.

The spring carnival on our campus is a bacchanalian festival. It is designed with clear vengeance: Victory over winter has been achieved and this



celebration is to make sure of it. Years ago, it was held on the quad and consisted of a few quaint booths, but it has grown—exploded, really—to the point where now every corner of campus is covered with striped tents and the smell of barbecued this and that clouds the air. I haven't been in years.

But Hartwell's invitation was tantalizing and was made even more so by something that happened the last week of classes. I was packing my briefcase in my office in Normal when the door opened. There wasn't a knock or a hello; the door just swung open and Hartwell's Julie was hanging on it, half out of breath, her hair swinging like something primeval. "Oh, good," she said. "You're here. Listen, Downey," she said, using my nickname without a hesitation, "Hart and I are going to the carnival and he mentioned you might like to go. Please do. You know it's Friday. We're going to eat and then take it all in." Julie looked at me and smiled, her tan cheeks not 23 years old. "It's going to be fun, you know," she said and left.

Well, an encounter such as that makes me sit down, and down I sat. I took the old bottle of brandy out of my bottom drawer—a bottle so old my father had bought it in Havana on one of his trips—and I had half an ounce right there with the door wide open. Downey. I was jangled. So she and Hartwell called me Downey when they called me anything. The prospect of being talked about set part of me adrift.

•

To the carnival I went.

But I didn't go with them. I told Hartwell that I might see him there but to go ahead without me. It was the last week of classes and I had a stack of rhetoric papers on my desk when—outside my window—I heard the gypsy parade, the kazoos and tambourines that signal the commencement of festivities. A feeling came to me that I hadn't had in years. I had heard this ragtag music every spring of every year I'd been in Normal Hall, but that year, it was different. It called to me. I felt my heart begin to drum, and I put down my pen like a schoolboy called outside by his mates. It was the last Friday of the school year and I was going to the carnival.

Part of all this, naturally, was a sympathetic feeling I had for Hartwell. After all, Julie had invited him to the carnival. I was—and I'll admit this freely—happy for him. At the corner, I stopped and bought a pink carnation and pinned it to my old brown jacket and I thrust my hands into my pockets and plunged into the carnival. Crowds of shouting and laughing merrymakers passed me in the alleyway of tented amusements. It was just sunset and the shadows of things ran to the edge of the world, giving the campus I knew so well an unfamiliar face, and I had the sense of being in a strange new village. Bells rang, whistles blew and a red ball bounced past. I saw Melissa, Hartwell's former wife, on the arm of one of our Ph.D. students, eating cotton candy. By the time I'd walked to an intersection of these exotic lanes, I had two balloons in my hand and it was full dark.

I bought some popcorn and walked on beneath the colored lights. Groups of students passed in twos and threes. They didn't see me, but I knew that I had taught some of them. I felt a tug at my arm and it was Julie, saying, "Downey. Great balloons!" She had Hartwell by the other arm.

"Yes," I said, smiling at both of them and tugging at the two huge balloons. "They're big, aren't they?"

Hartwell was in his glory. He looked like a film actor. Confidence came off him in waves. He wore a new white-flannel jacket and a red-silk tie. "They're absolutely grand!" he said, his face shining with affection. "They're the best balloons in this country!"

Julie pulled us over to a booth where, for a dollar, a person could throw three baseballs at a wall of china plates. The booth was being managed by a boy I recognized from this semester's rhetoric class, though he wouldn't make eye contact with me.

"I want you two to win me a snake," Julie said, pointing to the large stuffed animals that hung above our heads.

"Absolutely," Hartwell said, reaching in his pocket for the money. He was going to pitch baseballs at the plates. It was a thrilling notion—and when he broke one with his final throw, that was thrilling, too.

"Well," I said, "if we're going to ruin china, I'm going to be involved." I paid the boy a dollar for three baseballs, smashing one plate only.

We stayed there a while, until, on my third set, I broke three plates and the boy, looking as shocked as I did, handed me a huge cloth snake. It was pink. Hartwell was right there, patting my back and squeezing my arm in congratulations, and I imagine we made quite a scene, Julie kissing my cheek and smiling as I handed her the prize. I'll say this now: It was a funny feeling there in the green and yellow lights of the carnival—I'd never been patted on the back before in my life. I am not the kind of person who gets patted on the back, which is fine with me, but when Hartwell did it there, calling out, "Amazing! Magnificent!" it felt good.

We floated down the midway, arm in arm after that, until I realized we had walked all the way down to Front Street, which is the way I walk home. I said good night to them there, Hartwell and I bowing ridiculously and then shaking hands and smiling and Julie kissing my cheek lightly one more time and calling, "Good night, Downey!" I turned onto

"Miss Fisher! I'd like a word with you about your filing system!"

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FATHOM

COLOGNE FOR MEN

FOR MEN WHOSE EMOTIONS RUN DEEP

Front Street and then turned back and watched them walk away, Julie hanging tightly on Hartwell's arm. They stopped once and I saw them kiss. She put her hand on his cheek and kissed his lips.

As I moved down Front Street, the noises of the carnival receded with every step and soon there was just me and my two balloons in an old town that I knew quite well.

•

It was not like me to enter houses uninvited. I had never done it. But I was in a state. I can't describe the way I felt walking home, but it was about happiness for Hartwell and a warm feeling I had about Hartwell's Julie. I had begun to whistle a lurid popular tune that I'd heard at the carnival. And when I came to Old Tilden Lane, where all the sorority houses are lined up, I turned.

I'd been to all of the Greek houses at one time or another. Each fall, the shiny new officers invite some of the faculty out to chat or lecture or have tea in the houses, and we do it when we're younger because it counts as "service" toward tenure or because we're flattered (we're always flattered), and I had done my canned English Department presentation at Tri Delta years ago.

I found Tri Delta halfway down the winding street, tucked between two other faded mansions. It was almost ten o'clock. The lights were on all through the house and the windows and doors thrown open. I walked up the wide steps and into the vestibule. Everyone was at the carnival at this hour and I felt an odd elation standing in the grand empty house.

This was among the strangest things I have ever done as a college professor—wander into a sorority house. But I did. I went through the living room and up the wooden stairway to the second floor and I went from door to door, reading the name plates. The doors were all partially open and I could see the chambers in disarray, books scattered on the beds and underthings on the floor. The hallway smelled musty and sweet, and the doors were festooned with collages of clippings and photographs and memorabilia, so that many times, I had to read the notes to discover whose room it was. It was kind of delicious there in the darkened hallway, sensing that hours ago, a dozen young women had dressed and brushed their hair in these rooms.

At the end of the corridor, on a dark paneled door, there were several sheets of white typing paper, and I saw instantly that this was Julie's room, even before I went close enough to read any of it. It was, of course, Hartwell's poetry. The poem I had seen was taped there, along with five others he had typed and not shown me. Now, however, each was scrawled with red-ink marginalia in the loopy, saccharine handwriting of sorority girls. Their comments were filthy, puerile and inane. Obscene ridicule. My heart beat against my forehead suddenly, and my eyes burned. Through her open door, I saw Julie's red-plaid kilt on the floor next to a black slip. I felt quite old and quite heavy and very out of place.

I fled. I rattled down the stairway, taking two steps at a time, across the foyer and back into the night. A couple, arm in arm, were coming through the door. They were drunk and I nearly knocked them over. I recovered and hurried into the dark of Old Tilden Lane, where I found something in my hand, and I released the two balloons.

I am a man who lives in six rooms half a mile from the campus where I teach. I like Chopin, Shostakovich, Courvoisier and Kona coffee. I have a library of just over 1000 books. After these things, my similarities with Hartwell end. He has his life and I have mine, and he is not like me at all. We are lonely men who teach in college. I'll give you that.

Automotive Report

(continued from page 99)

produced the Eclipse, Laser and Talon coupes hasn't been idle. Its latest effort is a 160-mph, twin-turbo, all-wheel-drive, four-wheel-steering challenge to the 300ZX. Dodge's version is named the Stealth; Mitsubishi's has a tamer name—the 3000GT—and slightly more exotic styling. Both models are well engineered, very quick and great buys at just over $30,000 each.

Infiniti is betting heavily on its G20, a pint-sized four-door version of the Q45 with front-wheel drive and a two-liter, twin-cam four-cylinder engine. Priced at just under $20,000, the G20 will appeal to sports-sedan fans, but it's being challenged by Nissan's own Maxima and the Mitsubishi Galant VR-4. The latter features optional all-wheel drive *and* four-wheel steering, similar to what the 3000GT offers. Finally, Nissan will capitalize on the four-door Maxima's popularity with a coupe version early next year—intensifying its in-house rivalry with Infiniti.

THE FUTURE OF AMERICAN CARS

With import wheels tallying more than half of all auto sales in progressive California, it's time to ask the question Are American cars passé? Far from it. Buick has shown signs of progress with its Park Avenue Ultra and Regal—especially in Gran Touring trim. Pontiac is taking its "We build excitement" slogan seriously with a more powerful V6, plus enticing sneak previews of next-generation Firebirds. And although Chevrolet's Caprice successor is a bust (it looks like a Sixties throwback), don't count out the G.M. division that created the ZR-1.

The jury is still out on the Saturn. General Motors took a long time developing it, placing heavy emphasis on a new manufacturing process—early prototypes emphasized quality control, with few advanced styling or mechanical innovations. In today's market, however, it's not enough to be as good as the Japanese and European competition. You have to be better. If it succeeds, the Saturn project may signal a turnaround for the domestic auto industry.

At Chrysler, Iacocca's tough public stance on his Japanese rivals diverts attention from the real issue: competitiveness. While Chrysler was dabbling in aerospace and Iacocca was saving the Statue of Liberty, they took their eyes off the ball. Their extracurricular activities delayed research-and-development efforts that could have produced better products sooner. Truly new Chrysler platforms won't arrive until the 1992 model year.

Even Chrysler/Plymouth's popular minivans are being challenged by Toyota's Previa and Mazda's MPV. (We've just driven Dodge and Plymouth 1991 minivans. Although the styling changes are subtle, the numerous interior and chassis refinements will guarantee that Chrysler will keep its leadership position in this market.) And despite more horsepower and smart new trim packages, the Jeep Cherokee is under attack from Ford's capable new Explorer and Nissan's four-door Pathfinder. Now the good news: The Dodge Spirit R/T sports sedan boasts a new performance suspension that contains a twin-cam, high-revving four-cylinder engine. Not content with that bit of hot-rodding, Chrysler has also revived the Jeep Renegade and dropped a potent 180-bhp fuel-injected six-cylinder engine into it, while rounding off its corners with a snappy plastic fender package.

Ford is now the savviest American car maker. Its quiet partnership with Mazda (responsible for the Probe and the redesigned Escort) is a model marriage, ensuring that Ford's small cars of the future will be world-class competitors. And Ford's purchase of Jaguar brings some new efficiency to that classy marque: Although the long-awaited Jaguar F-Type sports car has been canceled, plans for a redesigned XJ-S coupe and a new mid-sized sedan to challenge BMW's 5 Series point to progress. Jaguar gives Ford the respected heritage it needs to challenge the top luxury marques.

ATTACK OF THE JAPANESE LUXURY CARS

Despite price cutting by BMW and Jaguar, Toyota's Lexus and Nissan's Infiniti have stolen some of the established European luxury makes' thunder. Lexus' advertising showed the car. Infiniti's famous "rocks and trees" campaign drew attention at first but soon got annoying—evidenced by the fact that the Lexus LS 400 currently outsells the Q45 three to one. Compounding Infiniti's problem, its entry-level car was the rather dated M30 coupe. Lexus presented a more practical choice in the ES 250, a four-door sedan based on the Camry. But don't give up on Nissan's designers. They're serious players with deep pockets, and they're in the game for keeps.

What's next from Acura besides the aforementioned NSX? Spy photos have captured a Mercedes 300–like Legend II coupe—probably with a V10 engine—on the test track. Any time Acura's engineers want more power in the Integra, they can unveil a sizzling 160-bhp motor with variable valve timing that has been waiting in the wings.

Mazda has a V8-powered BMW 5 Series type of luxury sedan ready to go but can't seem to decide whether to sell it in Mazda showrooms or to spring another new name plate on an already model-weary public. They'll probably compromise with new showrooms next to existing Mazda dealers. Meanwhile, the Miata is now available with an automatic

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Mitsubishi has launched its Diamante sports luxury sedan in Japan. Taking a cue from the oft-imitated BMW, the mid-sized Diamante V6 features in its most expensive configuration all-wheel drive, four-wheel steering and other high-tech features including a satellite navigation system. U.S. availability will be next spring, probably with a Sigma label.

THE GERMANS ARE COMING—AGAIN

In the face of all these innovations from the Far East, German engineers remain confident that they can out-tech the Japanese, but they may be underestimating Japan's reaction time. Perhaps more important, there's suddenly a slew of brilliant innovations in relatively inexpensive Japanese cars. Fighting back, BMW and Mercedes-Benz have announced lower-priced models: the BMW 318is (about $22,000) and the Benz 190E (about $30,000). Mercedes is emphasizing its 50-year pioneer effort in safety; a company spokesman confidently said it is 20 years ahead of the Japanese. Mercedes is also readying a behemoth six-liter, 400-bhp V12 S-Class sedan it insists will be superior to any luxury car now on the road. And if there's another fuel shortage, Mercedes is ready. Its freshly minted turbodiesels sacrifice little in performance to their gasoline counterparts.

We've recently driven the thundering 500E, a factory hot rod featuring the 500SL's 332-bhp V8 stuffed into a 300 sedan with upgraded suspension. Look for this autobahn burner in 1992.

Porsche sales recovered slightly from the pounding they took over the past three years. Banking on the innovative Tiptronic automatic transmission—probably the best sports automatic ever designed—Porsche has increased its prices three to four percent and brought back the wickedly fast 911 Turbo. From the 944S2 coupe at $43,350 to the 911 Turbo at $95,000, Porsches remain playthings for the wealthy.

Priced about $17,900, Volkswagen's supercharged pocket-rocket Corrado is an interesting option in the hotly contested bargain-GT market and so is its Passat sedan. The speedy Corrado has a stubby boy-racer look we like. The Passat is surprisingly roomy yet nimble for a sedan its size.

THOSE OTHER EUROPEANS

A few rusty 124s and X/19s are all that remain of the once-powerful Fiat presence in America. Fiat builds popular low-priced cars in Europe. Can it make a comeback here? Consider its success with Ferrari. Now almost completely owned by Fiat, the blood-red machines from Maranello are shining examples of how the Italians can make a car right. For 1991, the squat but incredibly fast V8-powered 348ts is even quicker than its big brother, the Testarossa V12. But don't rush out to buy one. The waiting lists at Ferrari dealers stretch into 1992. Those same dealers won't even quote a current price over the phone. If you have to ask, you probably can't afford it.

Fiat also owns Alfa-Romeo. While secretly making overtures to buy Chrysler, it organized a joint venture with carefully selected Chrysler dealers to distribute Alfa's stylish front-wheel-drive 164 sports sedan here. Based on a platform similar to Saab's speedy 9000 Turbo, the 164 boasts terrific handling, a high-revving Alfa V6, a choice of five-speed manual or four-speed automatic transmission and a head-turning Pininfarina-styled body. If Alfa succeeds, look for more Fiats to follow.

France, like Italy, has made a major impact in the fashion industry, but French auto makers have failed to establish an automotive presence in America—perhaps because French styling and quality suffer by comparison to other European makes. That's no longer true. Enthusiasts who drive the snappy Peugeot 405 Mi 16 sedan and its fun-yet-functional companion, the 405 S Sportswagon, won't be disappointed. Both are sporty and fast.

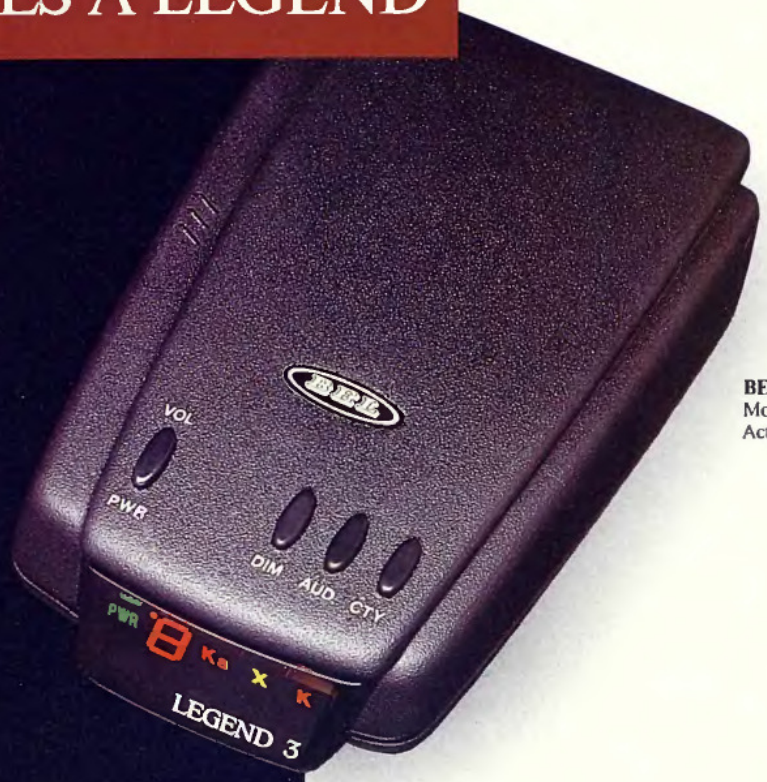
Saab's 9000CD notchback has a feisty new 150-bhp 2.3-liter four-cylinder engine—smoothed with balance shafts—that gives the car a six-cylinder kick. Saab's most powerful model, the 9000 Turbo, is still available as a four-door hatchback.

Maserati's on-again, off-again marketing has left potential U.S. customers confused, and that's too bad. Its V6 Zagato Spyder roadster is a topless treat with surprising handling and speed. For 1991, Maserati promises a coupe called Shamal powered by a multivalve, twin-turbo V8.

Whatever the make or model, 1991 looks to be a banner year for car lovers. One sweet new set of wheels follows another, and many offer tempting prices. Grab your driving gloves—the bank's open late tonight.

"I'm glad it turned out well. At first, I thought I was in over my head."

BEL CREATES A LEGEND



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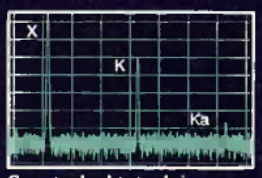
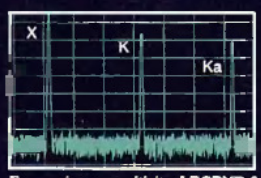


Current radar detector designs use a harmonic of the fundamental mixer to detect K and Ka band radar. This significantly reduces sensitivity on these radar frequencies.



For maximum sensitivity, LEGEND 3 detects X, K, and Ka band radar using a fundamental mixer respouse for each of these radar frequencies.

BEL-TRONICS LIMITED
The Intelligent Choice

966PB

KIEFER SUTHERLAND

(continued from page 125)

went to church every Sunday evening in a kilt. [*Grins*]

9.

PLAYBOY: Your stepdaughter is ten years your junior and entering her teens. Can you keep those years in perspective, having been through them so recently yourself?

SUTHERLAND: If I had met her when she was thirteen, it would have been more difficult. But I took her to her first parent–teacher meeting when she was nine, and the difference between nine and nineteen is considerable. I've seen her go from playing with Cabbage Patch dolls to wanting to get a leather jacket and wear make-up. Having that basis of a relationship, I think I probably have more insight into those desires. God knows, a thirteen-year-old doesn't put on make-up because she thinks it will make her look better. But I understand because I had my head shaved and ear pierced by the time I was twelve. I didn't think it made me look better, but it was my own statement of my identity.

10.

PLAYBOY: If one of your daughters told you she was going to drop out of school at fifteen to become an actor, what advice would you give her?

SUTHERLAND: I wouldn't let her do it. And that would be my right as her father. That was my parents' reaction also. The difference was, I had done it already. At that point, all they could say was, "OK, now let's all take a deep breath. We didn't realize this was something you wanted to do so badly." Then they became incredibly supportive. I wanted them to have faith in me, and I was shocked that they did. I'm sure in their hearts, they were dying. I know I would be if either of my daughters were to quit school and take off. And, as a parent, I would do everything in my power to stop it from happening, short of tying her to a chair. Ultimately, you have to gauge things according to people's desires and what they're willing to do to *show* how much they want to achieve something.

11.

PLAYBOY: You achieved teenage dudedom in the Eighties. What has changed for teens of the Nineties?

SUTHERLAND: In my high school, you had your druggies, your smokers, your jocks, your academics—and even *they* intermingled, depending on who was having a party on Friday night. But now the political structure of a young person's scholastic environment is so complicated it makes Congress look like a Saturday-afternoon tea party. In Los Angeles, at least, with its huge Asian influx, the academic pressure is monumental compared with what it was when I was in school. The Nineties will be a volatile period, because this age group is the first to experience a universal world. They won't have that comfortable feeling that America is pre-eminent, and they're going to be pissed off. It's a world market now, and they're the ones who have to bridge that gap and be able to adapt.

12.

PLAYBOY: Aside from your walk-on role in *Max Dugan Returns*, you and your father haven't shared the screen. When can we expect that to happen?

SUTHERLAND: Not for a long time. We've been looking into it. There's a great script, *Woman Wanted*, that we've wanted to do for a while. It's about two scientists, a widower and his son, who live together. They hire a housekeeper and both of them try to seduce her. It takes place in one room, like a play, and it's a real dirty film. We hope something comes of that, but if not, there are other things we'd like to try.

13.

PLAYBOY: Before *Young Guns*, had you ever fired a gun? And after *Young Guns*, did you ever want to fire one again?

SUTHERLAND: Yeah and yeah. I am not a firearms activist, but I'm also not one of those preachy fuckers who say putting six bullets in a target is any different from archery. I don't feel guilty getting the same kind of thrill firing a .44 at a target as I got when I was eleven firing a BB gun.

14.

PLAYBOY: We heard that while in Chicago filming *Flatliners*, you and Kevin Bacon left fifty- and hundred-dollar tips in restaurants. Have you ever stiffed someone?

SUTHERLAND: I don't remember ever consciously stiffing anybody. I also don't remember leaving a fifty- or hundred-dollar tip. Kevin and I were both taken by that. It made us look generous, so fine. [*Laughs*] There could be a lot worse things said about us.

15.

PLAYBOY: Is there anyone you'd like to work with whom you haven't worked with yet?

SUTHERLAND: Gene Hackman. He's the most proficient and efficient actor I've ever seen.

16.

PLAYBOY: What do you do when you have to say a terrible piece of dialog?

SUTHERLAND: Let's say you've got a good line in front, an average line in back but a real stinker in the middle you've got to get past. You submerge it. Burt Reynolds is a magician at that. Nick Nolte can do it. Gene Hackman does it all the time. They can take a line that is so fucking bad and make it *disappear*. They make it disappear in the inflection, so that it just passes through you. You get the information, but there's nothing attached to that line other than that it sets up the next one.

17.

PLAYBOY: What's the worst line you've been saddled with?

SUTHERLAND: I've had lines that were the best and worst together, lines that I thought were complete pieces of shit but turned out to be all right—which shows how much I know. And they were all in *The Lost Boys*. Joel Schumacher, who also directed *Flatliners*, enabled me to fly with them, to almost make them camp. Just try saying "Michael, it's time to die" or "Now you know what we are and now you know what you are" seriously. An actor's job is never to hit any one topic right on the head but rather to let the audience do the work. It's hammering a nail, but you *push* the nail in with your thumb. In *Lost Boys*, we took a jackhammer to a twelve-inch nail. That went against everything I'd learned from everyone whose opinion I valued. But it worked.

18.

PLAYBOY: What pisses you off most?

SUTHERLAND: Well, you know when you're making love and. . . . [*Laughs*] A reviewer made a statement that just enraged me. Roseanne Barr came out with a film—I don't know her personally and I didn't see the film—but the reviewer said, It's bad enough that we have to watch her on TV at this weight, let alone pay seven dollars. Well, number one, *you* don't have to pay seven dollars to see her, asshole. And, number two, the guy isn't slim himself. If I wanted to pick on his wardrobe or some aspect of his personality, I could have a field day. I respect reviewers, but attacking someone on a personal level because you don't like a film—I find that more arrogant and infuriating than anything else.

19.

PLAYBOY: Do the Young Gunners have any secrets for avoiding saddle soreness?

SUTHERLAND: Yeah, to start off, we wear padded bicycle shorts under our trousers. After riding every day for five or six weeks, there's no problem. The most serious pain I got was from the indentations the saddle makes around your knees. I had to wear bandages. They tell me I was hanging on too tight because I was scared shitless.

20.

PLAYBOY: In *Chicago Joe and the Showgirl*, you flip a cigarette in the air and catch it in your mouth before lighting it. Was that a skill you brought to the movie?

SUTHERLAND: No, I learned it just for that one scene at the end. [*Demonstrates*] I thought it would be a nice touch. Then, after the filming was done, I couldn't do it anymore, and that freaked me out. But I realized it was the fear of not being able to do it that had enabled me to get it right every time. That was one of those little things that made me realize how much I enjoy what I do.

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IN THIS CORNER *(continued from page 101)*

"It is refreshing to see one professional athlete who resists—or at least tries—hustling product."

about Mike Tyson; I told her I'm the son of Bill and Lula Douglas."

•

John Johnson looks like Rip Torn, complete with the devilish eyebrows and deep reptilian eyes. He is Douglas' manager. Johnson's idol is Woody Hayes, with Jesus Christ running a strong second. Still, he is likable enough, considering the various species of vermin that inhabit the world of boxing. He feigns congeniality better than Wayne Newton. There is still plenty of the West Virginia coal country left in his voice—Red Jacket, West Virginia, land of the U.M.W. and hardscrabble poverty, black-lung disease and football.

"I'm a coach; my license plates say COACH J." When Johnson mentions Hayes, he blows a kiss skyward, toward heaven. No shit. He tells me of the great sense of hope he gets from Douglas.

"I walked up to Don King at the weigh-in in Tokyo. I kinda smiled at him, looked over Tyson, and then I told him, 'We gonna kick his fuckin' ass. He's too little.'" Johnson gives me a smile. He doesn't like King, but he tempers his remarks so as not to do irreparable damage. Well, almost. "I ain't worried about him; besides, his ass belongs to us now."

Figuratively, it's an interesting statement. Since the "long count" nonsense (Douglas was knocked down and given a standing eight count that King contended was a few seconds too long), the tables have turned a bit. King tried to blow smoke up the collective ass of every governing body in boxing. With his Houdinilike way with the English language, he had damn near stolen back the heavyweight championship. He had José Sulaimán and the rest of boxing's alphabet boys looking squirrelly at one another, wondering if they'd all seen the same fight. Johnson is still sore about that. "That fuck! He comes into the greenroom at HBO the night after the fight and he's lookin' at us, kind of laughin', so I walk up to him and I tell him, 'You'd better not be laughin' at James Douglas, 'cause if you are, buddy, you are history.'" Johnson smiles big and wide like a hungry alligator. "James Douglas is wearing the belt, my man."

•

As fights go, it wasn't even close. Douglas chased Tyson down like an errant kid brother; for the first time in Tyson's career, he was the hunted. It wasn't so much a fight as it was a simple old-style ass kicking; not so much science as passion, more will than skill. Tyson looked sluggish and a tad fat, and he ran into a willful, emotionally charged fighter who meant to do more than survive the meanest pachyderm of all. As he'd said a week before, he meant to knock out Tyson.

•

The first scheduled stop for Douglas today is a grammar school, Edward Jenner Elementary, in the Cabrini-Green housing project on Chicago's Near North Side.

The entire way there, Douglas looks out the window of the white stretch limo, adding one-word or two-word comments to whatever conversations are going on. The conversations are about image-making stuff. What little entourage Douglas has is certainly tight-lipped and wary of the press, putting out one message: Douglas is a nice guy. Not a wife beater or a head case like his brooding predecessor. So far, Douglas has made all the right public moves; he has done practically nothing but charities like Farm-Aid; he has visited orphanages and has done all other manner of good-guy events short of kissing babies. I ask Douglas why he isn't copping to the commercial-endorsement gravy train. Johnson leaps in to answer that question: "This is what gives him inner peace, my man."

By this time I realize that Johnson is a PR man's wet dream. Only in America can a man who looks like a bad velvet painting of Elvis and possesses the heart and soul of a pit bull manage the heavyweight champion of the world. However, it is refreshing to see one professional athlete who resists—or at least tries to resist—hustling product.

It also could be that the Madison Avenue sharks are waiting to see how Douglas fares against Evander Holyfield or, better yet, Tyson again before they unlimber their wallets. Douglas will beat Holyfield, and then he will beat Tyson. Again. And if old man Foreman gets a crack at the championship belt, he'll beat him, too. In fact, Foreman might even be the most interesting of the three fights. How do I know? The night of the fight, I called around to all the bookies I know, trying to lay a sucker bet on Douglas (even though I was sure he was going to lose). The odds were 42–1. You do the math: Had I been able to find a bookie who would have taken the bet, I would have made myself some considerable cake. The weirdest thing happened, though—no one would take my dough, not even my regular book, a guy who takes money from every kind of social leper.

I took this as a sign from God, because any time your regular bookie passes up 50 easy bucks, it's time to check his pulse. Or something big and unexpected is going to happen.

•

Douglas grew up in Columbus, Ohio. His father, once a middleweight

contender touted as Bill "Dynamite" Douglas, was always around to make sure the future champ walked the line. James's uncle J. D. McCauley was also involved in boxing, as a trainer. James's grandfather hung the tag Buster on him, and from the age of ten, he was boxing. He also garnered praise as a basketball player, eventually earning a scholarship to Mercyhurst College. "I played basketball all day and the girls all night," he says.

Perhaps the most stabilizing factor in his life was his mother. She would offer helpful criticism of his fights, often telling him to quit, knowing full well it would goad him into doing better. The Douglas household was neither rich nor poor. "I always had plenty to eat; the refrigerator was always full. I never went without in my life. My parents sacrificed a lot for me. They made sure I got an education."

His father also made sure that he got the best training for the ring. Douglas refers to him as one of his boxing idols, along with Muhammad Ali. When I asked why his father walked out of Douglas' camp before the Tyson fight, Johnson suggested I not bring it up again.

•

Cabrini-Green stands like an ominous field of tombstones. The buildings are colorless cement boxes with broken and boarded windows. This place is a standing monument to urban poverty and the economic slavery that its residents live with day in and day out. It suffers some of the worst gang violence in Chicago.

We pull into Cabrini in the limo. This is the first time any heavyweight champion has ever visited Jenner Elementary.

Douglas is led to a small, packed auditorium by state representative Jesse White and is greeted by absolute pandemonium—children standing, some on their chairs, clapping, hooting and cheering. Douglas cracks his first smile of the day. He takes his time and moves his eyes over the crowd as if recording every face. After some brief comments by White—most of which are about staying in school and away from drugs—Douglas is introduced. His comments are interrupted by a small black voice: "Why you whoop Mike Tyson?"

After that, Douglas' veneer of calm is gone. He smiles ear to ear. Johnson leans over to me: "This is why he loves being the heavyweight champ."

Douglas is at ease with the children. In this setting, he looks more like a popular teacher than like a fighter. He is wearing a conservative gray pinstriped Brooks Brothers suit, a white shirt and a tie with a pin. The little girls seem especially smitten, staring up at him with wide, longing eyes and pursed lips. The boys, however, swagger up with home-boy bombast, all puffed out, as if

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to mirror the champ and seek his notice. Douglas gives each child his attention. He answers the kids' questions, no matter what they ask, in a deliberate, measured voice that assures them he is listening. His PR man is nervous about time, looking at his watch and gently reminding the champ that he has other stops to make, but Douglas doesn't budge until each kid has an autograph or a handshake. One of the last boys reaches up and gives Douglas a shot on the jaw, a pugnacious gesture; Buster looks him over evenly and tells him he wouldn't do that again. The boy retreats with a grin wide enough to paddle a canoe through; he then quietly confides to a friend, "I just whooped the heavyweight champion of the world and he didn't do shit."

•

On our way out of Jenner Elementary, Douglas spies a boy sitting in the principal's office. The kid has a nervous look on his face, the kind that lets one know that somebody's in deep shit. Douglas puts his hand on the kid's head and says, "Stay out of trouble, 'cause I'm counting on you." The boy nods his head and assures Douglas that Jenner Elementary will suffer no more of his brand of terrorism, for the rest of the day at least. Down the hall Douglas looks over at me. "I've been in that doghouse myself; nothin' to it."

•

Douglas' career hasn't exactly been the stuff legends are made of; he has lost to some bums, including the slow-as-a-postcard David Bey and the wholly unspectacular Jesse Ferguson. "I should have killed him," Douglas says. "What a dumb fight."

He also fought to a draw with Stefan Tangstadt, the 207-pound herring from Norway. With the possible exception of Tony Tucker, Douglas' résumé reads like a *Who's Who* of heavyweight bumhood that includes such luminaries as Percell Davis, David Jaco and the aptly named Jerry "Wimpy" Halstead.

A closer look will give one a better idea why Douglas was ready for Tyson. His two prior fights were with Trevor Berbick, whom Tyson had reduced to an unconscious form of break dancing, and Oliver McCall, a mostly unknown but powerful heavyweight from Chicago—and a former sparring partner of Tyson's. Both fights were ten-rounders and neither was a cakewalk. Douglas had to know that the only kind of fighter who would have a prayer against Tyson would have to (A) be taller and (B) have reach, lots of reach, to avoid Tyson's body attack and left hook. Douglas won this fight by counterpunching, the only way anyone can beat Tyson. Tony Tucker nearly had a handle on him a few years ago. For the first four rounds, he threw long jabs and stayed away from the alley fight long enough to actually back Tyson up with a long uppercut. Had Tucker stayed with his own fight, he'd have outpointed the Brooklyn bully and we would have a very different heavyweight picture now. But Tucker decided to dance Tyson's dance and got swallowed whole.

Douglas went at Tyson with will, giving him all the credit and caution one would afford a small obstacle; it was as if he had reduced Tyson to nothing more than a detail of the larger picture.

Tyson's corner also helped him lose. While Iron Mike's eyes were swelling up like large purple plums, his corner was looking for ice. They had forgotten to bring the hunk of cold steel that reduces swelling. This is a little free advice for Tyson: Get Kevin Rooney back and lose Don King. Old hurricane head has done you no solids, and he doesn't hang much with Larry Holmes anymore, in case you haven't noticed.

•

A little before one o'clock, we enter through the back door of Walter Payton's America's Bar in Chicago's River North district. The place is a Yuppie nightmare of red, white and blue, complete with waitresses in cheerleader outfits and late-Seventies disco ambience. We are led upstairs to the office, where Payton appears with two management toadies. One of the managers is the talker, full of mechanical warmth. Douglas cuts him short to tell him that he had trouble gaining admittance to one of Payton's clubs in Columbus, Ohio. He curtly adds that he wasn't the only black who had trouble getting in. Payton glares at the managers. Douglas adds, "It was some big motherfucker named Tony." Payton makes a slow kicking gesture while staring the managers down. They get the message. The poor bastards start a verbal backpedal so fevered that their heads sweat. Payton and Douglas smile at each other.

After Douglas finished signing boxing gloves for a charity auction, we move downstairs to the dance floor/dining room for an informal press conference. The place is a madhouse. Seemingly every sportswriter, gossip columnist and media scrounge in Chicago is here.

Payton and Douglas move through the crowd like old pals, squaring off from time to time when a photo op arises, both media savvy enough to yuk it up a bit so it makes good copy; but mostly, they're just two guys on top of the world and enjoying it. Douglas has a one-of-the-guys aplomb that serves him well in this crowd; he is at ease, perhaps more so than Payton, who has incredible charm and polish that seems more like armor; Payton is gracious without being ingratiating. I figure it is the way he survives this crowd. Douglas exudes an accessibility that is disarming. He is articulate, and he seems perfectly happy being who he is.

Douglas is signing everything from magazines to speed bags. He is markedly different from the way he was at Jenner Elementary. He is polite but curt. One mousse victim with a bad tie asks him to sign something to the effect of "To a fellow Buckeye"; Douglas looks up at him and writes, "James 'Buster' Douglas, love and peace," with a smiling face, his standard autograph.

During all of this, Rodney Rodgers watches with a plaintive smile. Rodgers is every bit as big as his famous friend. He rarely says anything unless he is talking with Douglas. One can tell immediately that he is not a hanger-on; when he and Douglas speak, they tuck their heads together like two schoolboys sharing a dirty joke. They've known each other since childhood and often communicate with gestures only the two of them understand. It's nice to see a fighter with a real friend rather than "his people," the endless entourages that inhabit the half-world of celebrity. While Rodgers and Douglas take a break to eat, both laugh and joke as though unaware of their surroundings. In the middle of their meal, some Yuppie sticks his face between them and starts babbling. One sharp look from Rodgers ends the intrusion.

•

Back at the Fairmont: For the first time all day, I have Douglas alone. Well, almost. Rodgers is there, but he is so quiet that I barely notice him. I ask Douglas about Evander Holyfield.

"He'll come right at me." He pauses. "I got something for him."

He's right. Holyfield doesn't have much in the way of a bag of tricks, but he is always in superb condition and he is deceptively fast. Although he's not a natural heavyweight, moving up in weight hasn't taken anything off his punch. It should be a good fight and Douglas should win. He is bigger and stronger. If Holyfield pulls an upset, he will be only the second light-heavyweight fighter in boxing history to move up in weight and capture the heavyweight title; Michael Spinks was the first, in a bout with the seemingly comatose Larry Holmes.

Holyfield's corner could get stupid, too. Lou Duva, his trainer, recently cost Meldrick Taylor his title in a bout with Julio Cesar Chavez. Taylor, ahead on every card for virtually every round, came out for the last of a 12-round bout and, at Duva's prodding, mixed it up with Chavez and got himself knocked out with two seconds left in the fight. Smooth move, Lou. So, as far as brains in the corner go, Douglas is well ahead with his uncle J. D. McCauley.

I mention to Douglas that no one expects him to beat Tyson twice.

"I hope they keep on thinking that; their doubt is what fueled me the first

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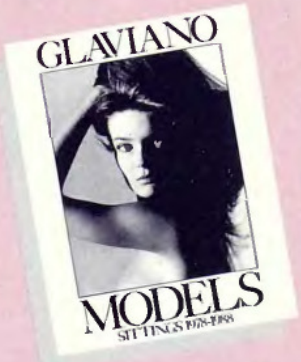

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time. I don't seek their approval, see. I want them to doubt me. I need no one's approval."

I decide to go on to another topic: Don King.

"He's a smart man."

I almost choke on my coffee. I remind the champ that this is the man who tried to steal his title.

"And he was smart in the way he tried to do it. . . . Hey, he is a character."

I can't believe what I hear. Everything I've seen in Douglas today has led me to believe that he is decent, moral, coherent and, above all, acutely intelligent.

"It was business, not personal."

I want to stay on the subject, but it seems there's nothing else to say. All of a sudden, the heavyweight champion of the world stands straight up and his face breaks into a beaming smile. I look over my shoulder and automatically stand up at the same time. Muhammad Ali walks in, throwing play jabs at Douglas. I'm speechless as the champions embrace, Douglas as clearly in awe as I am. The Greatest. We are introduced and I just nod, because I can't get real words out. I can only play back the silent movies one remembers in the presence of history: Clay standing over Sonny Liston; Ali knocking out George Foreman in the sweltering heat of Zaire; Clay spouting poetry; Ali embodying it; Ali coming back for Leon Spinks; rope-a-dope; Joe Frazier falling; Tyson groping for his mouthpiece.

It dawns on me that the authors of the two greatest upsets in the history of boxing are sitting across from me, and it's odd to me how much Clay–Liston and Tyson–Douglas seem like distant mirrors of each other.

After that thought, I feel like an intruder. I want to leave them alone and let them share in each other's history. Just then, Douglas shoots me a hard look.

"That man is still sharp as a tack; you make sure you write that." We stare at each other, and I nod.

•

After Ali retreats to Douglas' hotel room, I ask Douglas if he has done any shopping yet.

"I'm gonna get a boat . . . a Caddy in the water . . . me and my son are gonna go fishin' . . . and then I'm gonna buy a team."

I ask him if he wants to be an entrepreneur.

"A little-league team."

Douglas returns to the subject of his mother. "Here I am, man . . . king of the world . . . and my mother isn't here to see it." Douglas gets quiet for a second.

"Two or three fights, tops . . . Holyfield, Tyson and maybe Foreman . . . then I'm done . . . start livin' . . . boxing is a means to an end."

As we finish up, John Johnson interrupts, telling me to get lost, telling the champ that "you don't keep Muhammad Ali waiting." That was the truest thing he had said all day.

I shook hands with the heavyweight champion of the world, the son of Bill and Lula Douglas.

"Free weights, Nautilus, jogging, racquetball. What are you doing instead of sex?"

THE HEADER

(continued from page 96)

"We'll live with my friends Eric and Fran," Larry Olseth said. "They're spray-paint artists. They've got a studio next to the electrical plant in Union Way. Wait till you see it, Agnes. Graffiti poems on the walls and ceiling. Paintings of shrunken heads and bicycle handle bars. Eric's got one of a fire hydrant, and all around it are these yellow cats. Not dogs but cats. It's terrific. He's got it displayed in their bedroom, under the basketball hoop."

"Someone's missing throats!" Dung-Dong said, and he didn't mean Uma-san or Saka-san.

"Throat, throat, throat," his brother Hwen-Mao said. "Three throats!"

Larry Olseth hummed a song when he told me we'd hike the Tibetan plain. "I've got this friend, Arun. He owns a restaurant in Mussoorie, India. We'll leave from his place. Think of it, *masala dosa* for lunch, *tandoori* chicken for dinner. In the evenings, we'll bathe in the headwaters of the Ganges, pray to the sacred Siva, sleep under the Hindu heaven. Imagine, Agnes, riding a one-humped camel, meals served to us on banana leaves, sipping arrack and reading Upanishads to each other until dawn."

The crew was quickly becoming annoyed. No one liked the looks of Larry Olseth's fish. We kept looking down the belt to see how Ido-san was grading them. If too many fish went into the wrong tote, we might have to find new jobs. Windell wouldn't fire a college boy, we knew that, even if he sent 5000 fish to the cannery. Larry Olseth butchered in jerks, like he was gutting a deer. He shoved in the knife the way you would bust open a sternum, and he carved mouths in the gullets, complete with curling lips. After a while, I had to stop watching him.

"Cut the throats!" Dung-Dong said.

"The bloodlines!" Hwen-Mao said. "Cut the bloodlines!"

"This is what we'll do," Larry Olseth said. "We'll stock a cupboard with sex tools. Vibrators, dildos, fruit-flavored jellies. We'll only use condoms with little nubbins on them, and we'll video-tape our sexcapades. In Korea, Agnes, men and women pull strings of pearls out of each other. We can order through the mail. I'll get two, one for each of us."

"Look," I said and held up a fish. Eggs poured out its open neck like bath-oil beads. "I'm behind because of you."

Dung-Dong was losing his patience. "Goddamn," he said, and shook his head. "Goddamn."

Paolo's voice boomed from the end of the line. "Too much blood in the fish!"

"Goddamn." Dung-Dong couldn't scrape the blood if the bloodlines weren't cut.

The fish with guts in them were two slots from Hwen-Mao's scraping spoon. Between them and me were no fewer than six fish. Larry Olseth turned his eyes on me. They were as blue as a pair of marbles. "What's eating you, Agnes?" he asked. Just then, I backed into the steel toe of Hwen-Mao's rubber boot and I landed flat on my back on the carpet of guts. Spleens and intestines covered my face. Larry Olseth offered me his hand.

"Stop the belt!" Hwen-Mao said when he opened a fish and saw its guts and eggs intact.

Carl turned off the belt and came around the far end of the header. "What's going on?" he asked, picking up an end wrench from the box of tools and slapping it in his palm a few times. No one wanted to annoy Carl. He was strong enough to throw a wrench five times the length of the one in his hand, sure-sighted enough to hit an empty beer can from 12 yards. When Carl was only 15, Windell had caught him with his daughter up on Alitak Mountain, fucking on the flat slab of rock next to the fallen-down radio tower. Windell marched him down the side of the mountain back to the cannery, a rifle barrel pointed at his head. Then he handcuffed Carl to the flagpole for the night, and in the morning, Carl watched the helicopter lift off with the girl in the cockpit. The next summer, Windell made Carl foreman. At 19, he was a better foreman than men twice his age.

"The new guy," Dung-Dong said.

"What new guy?" Carl asked. He knew who Dung-Dong was talking about, but playing stupid was part of the game. Most of the people on the butcher line couldn't have explained a situation in English to save their lives, which was why we made an effort to get along.

"The new guy," Dung-Dong said, and motioned with his head.

Carl looked at Larry Olseth, but his back was turned, helping me pick gonads and bladders off my jacket. Anger flashed in my brother's eyes, but Larry Olseth was as oblivious to it as a fish on the belt. "I'd like to take you right here, Agnes. Right here in the guts," Larry Olseth whispered. Carl lowered himself off the platform, came up to me on the other side of the belt and slid two slick fingers underneath my chin.

"You all right, Agnes?" he asked.

"Yes, Carl," I said, and pushed Larry Olseth away.

"You fall by accident, or somebody push you?"

"Nobody pushed me, Carl," I said.

He looked at me. "You need to be meaner," he said.

One of the ways he had tried to make me meaner was by putting the barrel of a deer rifle to my temple. "Look out the window and make up a story," he would say, punching out the safety on the magazine. And looking into the winter fog, which rose up out of the sea as thick as grass, I would begin a story about the Japanese glass float, the plastic doll's leg or the teacup handle of Chinese porcelain—all bits of exotic jetsam I'd discovered while digging for steamer clams. But before I could get past the setting, he would make the hammer click-click-click in the hollow chamber. "You're boring me, Agnes," he would say. He believed that to live year round in Ahkiok, Alaska, a person had to be mean. I believe a person mustn't get bored.

He withdrew his fingers, which left my throat wet. I watched him grab the rail of the platform and pull himself back up. When Carl was halfway back, Dung-Dong said, "Aren't you going to say something to the new guy?"

Carl spun around. He thought a moment. "I might tell Windell Dung-Dong's getting too old to work."

"I'm not too old!" Dung-Dong shrieked. Some refugees worked until they were 100.

Carl started up the header. "Life's short, Agnes," Larry Olseth said. The fish came one to a slot, packed in as tight as the links on a watch band. Larry Olseth said, "All right, Agnes. I'll do the job right."

"You couldn't if you tried," I said.

"Oh, yeah?"

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"Yeah," I said.

But he did. He bowed to Uma-san and asked him to teach him the Japanese way of salmon butchering. Uma-san raised his eyebrows so they looked like little V-shaped temples on his forehead. "Japanese way?" he asked.

"Yes," Larry Olseth said.

I was amazed. Larry Olseth's fish improved as soon as Uma-san showed him how to hold the knife and glide the blade. He slit the throats, bellies and bloodlines perfectly, so that the egg sacs slid out as smoothly as Popsicles. We were happy. Hwen-Mao and Dung-Dong scraped the snakes of blood off the spinal columns and flung them at Chung-Soo when he came to collect the tote of fish heads. "Good job, Larry," Uma-san said. Paolo's voice boomed in song.

For a while, total harmony united us, from the slimers and the scrapers on down the line to me, the egg puller. I asked Larry Olseth, "Why'd Windell put you on the butcher line? You've never even butchered before."

"Because I asked him to," Larry Olseth said.

"And he just did it?"

"Sure. I told him I was in love with you, Agnes. I said, 'Listen, Windell, if you don't let me butcher fish next to Agnes Agnug, it'll be your fault if I leave tomorrow and never see her again.'

"He said, 'You're absolutely right, Larry. If I did that to you, I'd be unable to sleep nights, I'd be so disgusted with myself. I'll put you on the butcher line first thing after ten-o'clock mug-up.'"

I shook my head.

"Seriously, Agnes. I asked him to put me here and he did."

That didn't surprise me. The college boys wore caps advertising the names of their fathers' firms: National Can Company, American Clip Manufacturers, Mermaid Ocean Delicacies. Larry Olseth's cap said CRYOVAC, the company that made the bags we froze the fish in. Still, it angered me.

Larry Olseth said, "Leave with me tomorrow and you'll never be poor."

"But I don't love you," I said.

"You don't?"

"No," I said.

"But you told me you did."

•

True. Three nights earlier, I had told Larry Olseth I loved him. How it happened was, I was sitting on his bed when he handed me a mirror with two big lines of cocaine on it. "Use this," he said, and handed me a rolled-up $100 bill. We took turns snorting, and when we were through, he set up two more lines and told me I could have them both. I did, and when they were gone, I thought I'd never seen a handsomer boy.

I said, "Let's go for a walk on the pier." He slipped a pint of Johnnie Walker into his jacket and held the door for me. Outside the dorm, a big full moon had risen over the ocean. I said, "The killer whales will be feeding tonight."

We sipped whiskey as we passed the machine shop. Through the cracked window, the drill presses and band saws looked like people hunched over in the darkness, but I wasn't afraid. I'd walked to the end of the pier plenty of nights—sometimes alone. In front of the freezer, I bit Larry Olseth's ear and told him, "Put your arms around me, Larry." He did, and I asked him if he wanted to go to a place only I knew about, a secret place under the dock.

"Yes," he said, and I led him by the hand to the slippery wooden ladder at the end of the pier.

The rungs were wet and cold. When I came within three feet of the glistening water, I called up to him, "Come on, Larry." As I reached with my foot for the slick plank, I could see him start down the ladder, one foot at a time, the soles of his sneakers flitting between the rungs like ghosts. I gripped the rope railing and balanced across the narrow beam, crunching barnacles under my boots, to the bed made out of old two-by-fours. "Come on," I said. A good two feet above the high-water mark, the bed was the perfect place to keep blankets and cigarettes. I reached for Larry Olseth and he handed me the bottle and climbed in next to me. Above us, moonlight filtered through planks in the pier, making bars across our faces. Below us, we heard the swish in water, killer whales drawn to the shimmering schools of Dolly Vardens underneath the dock. I said, "Kiss me, Larry." He unzipped my pants. I said, "Yes, finger me, Larry." And while he did, I said I loved him.

•

At the end of the line, Paolo sang a love song with French words in it. Larry Olseth butchered only every fifth fish, but they were turning out as good as either Uma-san's or Saka-san's, so Uma-san asked him to try every fourth fish. "OK," Larry Olseth said.

"*You're the little girl that I adore*," Paolo sang.

"Love needs time to evolve," Larry Olseth said. "It doesn't happen overnight. Like a seed, it needs to be nurtured, watered, given sunlight."

"I could never love you," I said.

"Then forget about love," Larry Olseth said. "Think of the drugs."

•

I did. Underneath the pier, I told Lar-

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ry Olseth about the deaths, about kids I knew killing themselves for no reason. Most of them did it in the winter, when the horizontal rains slashed against the aluminum siding of the houses for months at a time and no one had any hope of cocaine coming around until May. A boy told his family he was going out to kill a deer. A girl said she was going for a walk and her father hung the rifle on her shoulder for protection against bears. They'd place the end of the barrel against the roof of their mouths and push the trigger with their thumbs. I told Larry Olseth to imagine ripping planks for coffin wood from the floors of the abandoned seiners south of the cannery. That's what little kids in the village did. I told Larry Olseth about the suicides of E.J., Myra and T. Pontiac, and before that of Rhoda, Ewell and Buster, kids who had climbed up the mountain out of the world. Then I told him what I had told many people, that the way to end all the discontent and needless destruction of our youth was to maintain a steady flow of drugs into our community year round.

•

"*I love you, I love you, I lo-o-ove you,*" Paolo sang. Things were going fine. Only diseased fish went to the cannery. Ido-san sent the rest to the freezer.

"We send the coke third-class parcel post," Larry Olseth said. "It's cheap. Nobody checks it. It gets here."

Uma-san said, "Real good, Larry. Real good." He was referring to Larry Olseth's fish, which were good, *mostly*. A couple of times, I noticed a throat or a bloodline that wasn't cut all the way, but I wasn't going to say anything about a couple of salmon. For never having butchered before, he was doing a very good job. Then Uma-san raised his eyebrows. "You try every third fish, Larry?"

"Sure," Larry Olseth said, and Uma-san made a joke in Japanese that I didn't understand.

Larry Olseth had to work his knife fast now, and some of his cuts were a little sloppy. "Your dream, Agnes. You said it was a sign."

•

Yes. Underneath the pier, I told Larry Olseth about the night last March when T. Pontiac came to my house all drunk, asking me whether I had anything to smoke. Just cigarettes, I whispered. He wanted sheesh, he said. But he stood in the kitchen, anyway, eying me as if I were the drugs themselves. I pushed him toward the door. From inside his jacket, he pulled out a pack of Viceroys. They were drenched through. He said he was going to smoke them one after another until they were gone, and then he was going up the mountain to blow off his head.

I said, Not now, Pontiac, you'll wake people. We both laughed hard—but quietly—so that we *wouldn't* wake people. So many kids had killed themselves, mentioning it was almost a joke between us. Pontiac kissed me on the mouth and left through the side door into the rain.

I crawled back into bed with my sister's baby. Carol had won a scholarship to pharmacology school in Anchorage, so every night after she left, I put her little girl, Sarah, between my breasts and went to sleep listening to the little puffs of air, in and out. When the gun went off, I dreamed I'd been shot through the heart. I felt the penetration of bullets and the flip of my body onto the pebbles. I looked up and seven hunters in mukluks formed a circle around me. A boy with feathery blond hair knelt beside me. Move her from the spot and she'll die, said one of the men. No, she won't, said the boy. He stood me up on the stones to show them. Thank you, I said, thank you very much. When I awoke in the morning, no one had to tell me that Pontiac was now dead, for I knew it as if I had had a vision.

•

"Remember, Agnes," Larry Olseth said. "Underneath the pier. You told me I was the blond-haired boy of your dream. You can't deny it. You said it was a sign."

"A sign of what?" I asked.

"How should I know?" said Larry Olseth. He missed some more throats and bloodlines. He cut them, just not deeply enough, so the egg sacs came apart in my glove. Still, I said nothing. He was trying to do a good job.

"Very fast learner, Larry." Uma-san could say that because he didn't have to pull the egg sacs or scrape the blood from fish that were only half finished. Then he said, "I leave now. Bye-bye, Larry," and set down his knife. "You butcher with Saka-san. Every other fish. Japanese." Taking off his apron, he made another joke that nobody except Saka-san understood, then removed his gloves and hung them on the wall behind him. He was done for the summer. Even though it wasn't quite noon, he was going to Japan House to pack his things for the flight to Tokyo in the morning. As he walked through the fork gate behind the header, the fish rolled upon Larry Olseth like waves, pushing him like a raft at sea, until he was butchering fish right next to me, jamming me in the ribs with his elbow.

"Throat!" Dung-Dong said.

"Bloodline!" Hwen-Mao said.

"Agnes," said Larry Olseth. None of the throats and bloodlines were cut now. Sac upon sac ripped in my glove. "Leave with me. It's written in the cosmos. It's meant to be."

Two more sacs ripped in my glove. "I'll leave with you, Larry"—these were

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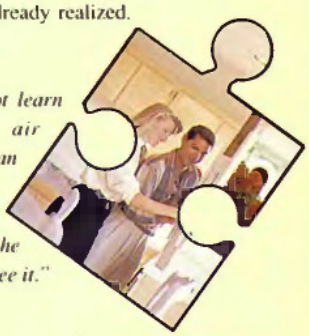

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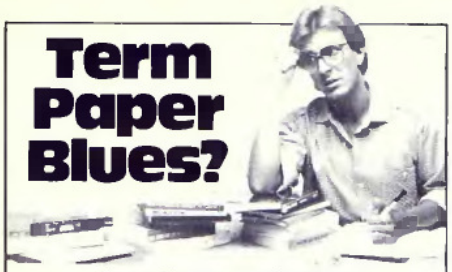

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my exact words—"when all the throats are cut!"

My brother Carl looked at me from the header. All he had heard me say was that I'd leave with Larry.

•

Around three in the afternoon, we finished butchering the last tote of salmon. Carl told us that before we could leave, we had to sweep all the guts into the drains, hose down the header, belt and tray tables and sponge-mop all the fish scales off the butcher-line wall. I beat Dung-Dong to the broom, which meant that the old Vietnamese had to wipe down the header, which was an OK job if Paolo kept the fire hose down. Carl started up the crown lift, forked the tote of fish heads and drove off to dump it from the end of the pier. While the rest of us worked, Larry Olseth leaned against a runner of the garage door, smoked cigarettes and stared at me with his blue eyes. He had kept up all afternoon, the same as Saka-san. Once he'd adjusted to the pace, nobody could complain about his work, not me, not Dung-Dong, not Hwen-Mao.

I kept my eyes on my broom. The purple livers, floppy white gonads and pink strings of tissue swirled like sunset clouds in the whirlpools above the drains. Larry Olseth was going to leave tomorrow on the plane. I had that thought as I swept out fish heads from underneath the belt and sent them coasting off the end of my broom like shuffleboard pucks. I aimed them at the drains, where they plopped through to the ocean below. Maybe we could be pen pals for a year or two or until we forgot the looks of each other's faces.

"Goddamn."

I looked up. Mario, the quiet slimer, was talking to Paolo about orange picking in Stockton, California, where the Filipinos spent the nine months they didn't spend here. This sort of thing happened every day. Paolo got interested and forgot he was holding the fire hose. My face had been blasted plenty of times. This time, though, it was Dung-Dong. The water came straight up and exploded off Dung-Dong's face like fireworks.

Of the 20 or so people who had seen Dung-Dong carried off the line on a stretcher two seasons earlier with a collapsed aorta, not one stepped in to do anything. Larry Olseth, of all people, pushed the fire hose down, and when he did, Paolo said, "Keep your hands off me, you white fucker." His stomach was as big around as a back-yard cooker.

The old Vietnamese climbed down off the platform, his hair as wet and bristly as a newly hatched bird. "Where's Carl?" he asked. "He'll take that goddamn thing out of your hands."

Paolo called the old man a cocksucker and held the nozzle level with the crotch of his rain pants. Dung-Dong made a beeline for the garage door, his wrinkled face trembling like fish wrap in the breeze. Larry Olseth followed him out the door and leaned against a stack of pallets. It made me sick to think he was above having to help us with cleanup.

I climbed the header platform to finish wiping off the scales and blood from the collars, crown and blade. I loosened the bolt on the blade and took it off so that I could pick out the globs of guts that were wrapped around the rotisserie like rubber bands. Dung-Dong returned as I was tightening the blade down. "I thought you went to get Carl," Paolo said as he wheeled around.

"Carl went to the village," Dung-Dong said. "I saw him driving the skiff."

Ahkiok was four miles away by water, which meant Carl had left for the day.

"No," Paolo said, beaming.

"Go ahead, call me a liar," Dung-Dong said.

The fire hose twisted on the floor like a snake. "Another day, another dollar," Paolo said as he turned off the water. I climbed off the platform, though I hadn't finished cleaning it, walked past the fish house, the egg house, the freezer plant, but I found only Carl's crown lift, plugged into a socket in the side of the warehouse, and the hosed-out tote drying in the sun. In the slip where Carl tied up the skiff each morning hung the bowline. Its frayed end wafted back and forth in the current like hair, entangling the legs of starfish stuck to the piling. Normally, he wound and tied the rope and set it neatly under the seat.

"Agnes." I felt Larry Olseth's cool hands soft as a down-filled hood over my ears. "I'm gone from here."

"What do you mean?" I asked, trying to size him. He had dark plates under his eyes that made him look pitiful and charming at the same time.

"This place is not reality," he said. "I'm here, yes. But really, I'm not." He put a wad of Red Man as big as a jawbreaker under his lip. "I've lost my mind, Agnes. It's aeons from here. Off the coast of Egypt where Odysseus' men ate lotus leaves and dreamed of mountains and waterfalls so real they wanted to stay there." He cleared his throat and drooled a string of saliva a foot long off the end of the pier.

"So I'm saving that old Vietnamese man's life back there—what's-his-name, Ding-Bat. But what I'm thinking about is this thing I read about how botanists identified a certain hallucinogenic fern they believed to be the actual lotus eaten by the mariners. You saw that Filipino giant. He wanted to rend me limb from limb, but what I'm thinking about,

Agnes, is picking the little ferns and stuffing them in my bag."

"Come on," I said. "Let's get out of here."

"All right," he said. We took off our rain gear and boots, hung our pants and jackets on nails in the cloakroom, clipped our gloves to the clothesline. I asked Larry Olseth whether he had any coke.

"Of course," he said, so we walked side by side in broad daylight past the open door of the machine shop, past the high-pitched whir of the power grinder, past the flying sparks of old Dan the machinist. We walked through the center of the mess hall, past Tiny, the head cook, singing, "*Doo-doo-doo-didlee-doo-didlee-doo-doo!*" He would be gone tomorrow. At the top of the stairs, we walked past work boots, deck boots, tennis shoes, past coveralls hanging from hooks and spotted with grease. No girls or women were allowed in the men's dorm. That was Windell's law. Larry Olseth opened the door to room six.

"We should be quiet," I said. Larry Olseth locked the door. His underwear, socks, shampoo, washcloths lay on his bed, ready to be packed. I moved a couple of his shirts and made a place for myself on the bedspread. He opened the drawer of the bureau, removed a blue bag with a black drawstring. Inside it were the mirror and the canister of coke. "Tomorrow, Agnes, I'll be back in Seattle." He dumped some of the chunky white powder onto the mirror and began to chop it with a razor blade. We spoke through our noses because a misdirected breath could send the particles flying. "The first place I'm going," Larry Olseth said, "is Umberto's Italian Ice. For some raspberry." With the edge of the blade he made four thick lines. "You ever wanted something so bad you could taste it?" he asked.

"It wasn't raspberry," I said.

"Coke whore," Larry Olseth said. He handed me the mirror and the rolled-up bill. I snorted my lines a third at a time, each one a burst of coolness like a breeze in my head, like the mist that curls off the breakers at high tide. I asked whether there was more.

"More what?"

"You know," I said.

"What's left on the mirror. Go ahead, lick it off." I did, and felt the tingle on my gums and tongue as I reached for the fly of Larry Olseth's jeans.

•

At three A.M., we woke to Carl's pounding. He wanted us to let him in or he'd blow down the door.

"What do you want?" Larry Olseth asked. My hand rested on his bare chest. My lips were at his ear.

"I'm going to hide in the closet," I said. "If he finds me here, he'll cut me into strips and stuff me into a crab pot."

Larry Olseth looked at me. "I'm serious," I said.

"Let me in," Carl said. As quietly as I could, I slipped off the bed, put on my clothes, picked my shoes and socks up off the floor. I didn't do the zipper because I thought it would make too much of a sound.

"Can't we ignore him?" Larry Olseth said from the bed. "Won't he just go away?"

Carl pounded the door.

"Give me a minute." Larry Olseth rose from the bed and covered himself with a white bathrobe. As I moved into the closet, my head nudged a bunch of loose hangers. "Dang," I said, trying to steady about 30 of them with my hand, but they clanged anyway like chimes inside a clock. I pulled the closet door shut from the inside, slowly, to keep the hinges from snapping.

"Now," Carl said, "or I'll blow down the door."

"I'm coming," Larry Olseth said. I heard the lock on the door click and my brother step into the room. The overhead light came on, making shafts inside the closet at my feet, above my head and through the cracks in the panels. I moved to the far end of the closet and pressed myself against the wall.

"Where's Agnes?" Carl asked. He was scanning the room, taking in the stuff on Larry Olseth's bed and the indentations left by our bodies. I knew he was looking for things of mine in the mess the way he looked for deer droppings on the side of the mountain. "She's been here," he said. "Her scent is here."

"She left hours ago," Larry Olseth said. "She said she was going back to the village."

"I've been to the village," Carl said.

"Yeah?" said Larry Olseth.

"She wasn't there." He paused. "You two fuck like rabbits, or what?" he asked.

Larry Olseth shook his head. "This is crazy, Carl."

"So you two think you're leaving tomorrow on the plane?"

It was funny. Larry Olseth was in the bedroom and I was in the closet, but in that instant—the instant when we knew why Carl had come—our heads were as linked to each other as boats in tow. Larry Olseth laughed, not because anything was humorous. "We were kidding around, Carl. She never said she'd go."

"I heard what she said."

"I've got a *girlfriend*, Carl," said Larry Olseth. "Allison's her name. Allison

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Wheeler. We've set the date."

"What were you doing with a fifteen-year-old, then?" Carl asked. I heard the click of the safety and knew then that Carl had brought the deer rifle along with him. But I wasn't worried about Larry Olseth. The gun never had any bullets in it. Besides, it was me Carl wanted, not him.

"So what did you promise her?" Carl asked. "The world?"

"I didn't promise her anything."

"We'll wait for her and see," Carl said. "In the meantime, I want you to tell me a story."

"OK," Larry Olseth said. "Ever hear the one about the sailor?"

"The sailor and the midget?" Carl asked.

"That's a different one," Larry Olseth said. "In this one, he's sitting at supper with his wife and kid."

"Tell it," Carl said.

"The guy's spent his whole life collecting things," Larry Olseth said. "He's done pretty well for himself. Even on the junky items. One day, a dervish passes his house and sees the marble pillars and onion domes and thinks to himself, Why should he get to bask in Allah's favor, eat pecans, drink tea, when I'm lucky to get a slice of goat cheese? The more he thinks about it, the more pissed off he gets. 'I work at least as hard as him. Yet I go hungry while he dines on the brains of monkeys.'"

"Get up," Carl said. I heard the rustle of bedding, the sigh of the mattress, as Larry Olseth stood up. "We're going for a walk," Carl said, and I heard Larry Olseth's feet on the carpet. "Keep talking," Carl said. "You're getting me interested." The hinges creaked as Larry Olseth opened the door. Through the wall of the closet, I heard them in the hall. I opened the closet door and crept across the room. I peeked around the molding as the two boys moved past rooms 11 and 13.

"So the sailor invites the guy in," Larry Olseth said, "puts him at the head of the table, says, 'Eat.' So the guy eats. The sailor says, 'Perhaps when you've heard my story, you'll think twice before you envy me again.'" Larry Olseth opened the door of the second-floor landing.

"Out," Carl said, and pushed the barrel into the back of his head.

They were moving down the steps. I crept down the hall after them and opened the door at the end of the hall and slipped into the night. Their footsteps creaked on the stairs like boats against the pier. "'On my first voyage,' says the sailor, 'the captain mistook the back of a sea monster for a small island.'" Larry Olseth stepped onto the sidewalk, a ghost in his white bathrobe. The rifle barrel linked them like a horse and rider. "'Some of us disembarked. Soon the ocean quaked. The island sank beneath our feet. We watched our ship depart without us.'" I followed them past the nurse's office, the laundry room, the main desk. The moon was as full as the underbelly of a whale. There were no clouds, no colors, only shades of white and black. "'Some were devoured by the monster. Others by the sea. But by the mercy of the waves, a few of us were thrown ashore on the island of Cassel, once the waiting grounds for grooms of the benevolent maharaja but now the home of the giant, man-eating Cyclops.'"

I stayed in the shadows next to the carpentry shed, crouching behind the concrete blocks stacked next to it. They disappeared behind the corner of the machine shop. When I came to the corner, I made myself as long and narrow as a drain spout and poked my head into the walkway.

"She's out there," Carl said. "She's listening." He pushed Larry Olseth past the cannery, the paint-supply closet, the scale room, luring me along with the sound of Larry Olseth's sweet voice.

"'He scooped us up in his hands the second we arrived and locked us in his cave.'" They came to a halt in front of the entrance to the butcher line. I followed in the darkness, darting between the stacks of pallets.

Carl dropped the key to the garage door on the concrete apron. "Open it," he said. As Larry Olseth picked up the key, I realized he was telling this story to save my life. He thought the longer he kept Carl interested, the more time I would have to go get help. And the truth was, I'd have banged on the door of Windell's cottage, screamed bloody murder to the stars had I truly believed Larry Olseth was in danger.

The garage door rattled on its runners. "'He looked at each of us. He picked me up by the neck. Then he set me down. I wasn't savory enough for him. He had his eye on our captain.'" I moved along the outside of the corrugated shed. Lights came on above the butcher line. A thousand tiny rays shot out holes in the metal sheeting. On the other side were the belt, tray tables and header.

"She's out there," Carl said. "I smell her." I was beside the entrance, next to

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I'm not really trying to impress you with my wealth. All I'm trying to do here is to prove to you that if it wasn't because of that money secret I was lucky enough to find that day, I still would have been poor or may be even bankrupt. It was only through this amazing money secret that I could pull myself out of debt and become wealthy. Who knows what would have happened to my family and me.

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With this secret the money can roll in fast. In some cases you may be able to cash in literally overnight. If you can follow simple instructions you can get started in a single afternoon and it is possible to have spendable money in your hands the very next morning. In fact, this just might be the fastest *legal* way to make money that has ever been invented!

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This secret is simple. It would be hard to make a mistake if you tried. You don't need a college degree or even a high school education. All you need is a little common sense and the ability to follow simple, easy, step-by-step instructions. I personally know a man from New England who used this secret and made $2 million *in just 3 years.*

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Here's what newspapers and magazines are saying about this incredible secret:

The Washington Times:
The Royal Road to Riches is paved with golden tips.

National Examiner:
John Wright has an excellent guide for achieving wealth in your spare time.

Income Opportunities:
The Royal Road to Riches is an invaluable guide for finding success in your own back yard.

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California Political Week:
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The Tolucan:
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Hollywood Citizen News:
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The Desert Sun:
Wright's *Royal Road to Riches* lives up to its title in offering an uncomplicated path to financial success.

When you use this secret to make money you never have to try to convince anybody of anything. This has nothing to do with door-to-door selling, telephone solicitation, real estate or anything else that involves personal contact.

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I know you are skeptical. That simply shows your good business sense. Well, here is proof from people who have put this amazing secret into use and have gotten all the money they ever desired. Their initials have been used in order to protect their privacy, but I have full information and the actual proof of their success in my files.

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J. K., Laguna Hills, CA

'Made $15,000 In 2 Months At 22'

"I was able to earn over $15,000 with your plan — in just the past two months. As a 22 year old girl, I never thought that I'd ever be able to make as much money, as fast as I've been able to do. I really do wish to thank you, with all of my heart."

Ms. E. L., Los Angeles, CA

'Made $126,000 In 3 Months'

"For years, I passed up all the plans that promised to make me rich. Probably I am lucky I did — but I am even more lucky that I took the time to send for your material. It changed my whole life. Thanks to you, I made $126,000 in 3 months."

S. W., Plainfield, IN

'Made $203,000 In 8 Months'

"I never believed those success stories. . . never believed I would be one of them. . . using your techniques, in just 8 months, I made over $203,000. . . made over $20,000 more in the last 22 days! Not just well prepared, but simple, easy, fast. . . John, thank you for your *Royal Road to Riches!*"

C. M., Los Angeles, CA

'$500,000 In Six Months'

"I'm amazed at my success! By using your secret I made $500,000 in six months. That's more than twenty times what I've made in any single year before! I've never made so much money in such short time with minimum effort. My whole life I was waiting for this amazing miracle! Thank you, John Wright."

R. S., Mclean, VA

As you can tell by now I have come across something pretty good. I believe I have discovered the sweetest little money-making secret you could ever imagine. Remember — I guarantee it.

Most of the time, it takes big money to make money. This is an exception. With this secret you can start in your spare time with almost nothing. But of course, you don't have to start small or stay small. You can go as fast and as far as you wish. The size of your profits is totally up to you. I can't guarantee how much you will make with this secret but I can tell you this — so far this amazing money producing secret makes the profits from most other ideas look like peanuts!

Now at last, I've completely explained this remarkable secret in a special money making plan. I call it "The Royal Road to Riches". Some call it a miracle. You'll probably call it "The Secret of Riches". You will learn everything you need to know step-by-step. So you too can put this amazing money making secret to work for you and make all the money you need.

To prove this secret will solve all your money problems, don't send me any money, *instead postdate* your check for a month and a half from today. I guarantee not to deposit it for 45 days. I won't cash your check for 45 days before I know for sure that you are completely satisfied with my material.

$20.00 FREE!

There is no way you can lose. You either solve all your money problems with this secret (in just 30 days) or you get your money back *plus* $20.00 *in cash* **FREE!**

Do you realize what this means? You can put my simple secret into use. Be able to solve all your money problems. And if for any reason whatsoever you are not 100% satisfied after using the secret for 30 days, you may return my material. And then I will not only return your original UNCASHED CHECK, but I will also send you an *extra $20.00 cashiers check* just for giving the secret an honest try according to the simple instructions.

I GUARANTEE IT! With my unconditional guarantee, there is absolutely NO RISK ON YOUR PART.

To order, simply write your name and address on a piece of paper. Enclose your postdated check or money order for $12.95 and send it to:

JOHN WRIGHT
Dept. 134
3340 Ocean Park Blvd.
Suite 3065
Santa Monica, CA 90405

But the supply of my material is limited. So send in your order now while the supply lasts.

If you wish to charge it to your Visa or MasterCard — be sure to include your account number and expiration date. That's all there is to it. I'll send you my material right away by return mail, along with our unconditional guarantee.

SWORN STATEMENT:

"As Mr. John Wright's accountant, I certify that his assets exceed one million dollars."

Mark Davis

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WHERE & HOW TO BUY

Playboy Style Page
Page 22: Cole Haan Tensile Air shoe collection, available at selected Saks Fifth Avenue; Mark Shale, Chicago and Dallas; Bullocks, Pasadena, Sherman Oaks, South Coast Plaza.

Fall and Winter Fashion Forecast
Page 86: Overcoat, suit and tie all by Cerruti 1881, 212-664-0630. Barney's New York, N.Y.C.; Syd Jerome, Chicago; Cerruti 1881 Boutique, Toronto. Shirt by Verri. Verri, N.Y.C. and L.A.; Jeraz, Chicago. Scarf by Loro Piana for David Glazer. Barney's New York, N.Y.C.; Ultimo, Chicago. Fedora by Bollman Hats, 212-564-6480. J.J. Hat Center, N.Y.C.; Henry the Hatter, Detroit.

Page 87: Overcoat, suit, shirt and tie by Hugo Boss, 212-935-5353. Emanuel, N.Y.C.; Raleigh Limited, Indianapolis; Lenzo of Paris, L.A. Packet square by Salvatore Ferragamo, 212-246-6211. Salvatore Ferragamo, N.Y.C. and select specialty stores nationwide.

Page 88: Shoe Still Life. From top to bottom: deerskin ankle boot by Andrea Getty for Jandreani, 212-753-4666. Jandreani, N.Y.C. Suede ankle boot by To Boot New York, 212-463-0437. To Baot, N.Y.C.; Bergdorf Goodman, N.Y.C.; Dimensions, Philadelphia; I. Magnin, San Francisco. Suede/polished-leather ankle boot from Aldo Brue by Nancy Knox, 212-995-0444. Avventura, Chicago, San Francisco, Costa Mesa, Cal. Suede monk-strap ankle boot, by Charles Jourdan Monsieur, 212-628-0133. Charles Jaurdan, N.Y.C., Atlantic City, Beverly Hills.

Page 89: Coat by Verri. Verri, N.Y.C. and L.A.; Jeraz, Chicago. Sports coat, shirt and trousers by MW Moss, 212-398-1210. L'Uomo Vogue, Southfield, Mich.; Sami Dinar, L.A. Wool tie from Perry Ellis by Manhattan Menswear Group, 212-221-7500. Bloomingdale's, N.Y.C. Belt by Peter Barton, 212-683-596B. Martini Carl, Boston, Mass., and Burlington, Vt. Cap by Worth & Worth Ltd., N.Y.C., 212-867-605B.

Page 90: Scarf Still Life. Above, clockwise from 12: cupid-print scarf by Audrey Buckner, 212-582-0200. Bergdorf Goodman, N.Y.C.; Button Down, San Francisco; select specialty stores nationwide. Feather-print scarf by Peter Elliot, N.Y.C., 212-570-2300. Silk and lamb's-wool scarf by Anne Klein Men, 212-977-9260. Marshall Field's, Chicago. Paisley-print scarf by Loro Piana for David Glazer. Louis, Boston, N.Y.C.; Bergdorf Goodman, N.Y.C.; Wilkes Bashford, San Francisco. Leather gloves with snap wrist strap by Peter Barton, 212-683-596B. Taylor Richards & Conger, Charlotte, N.C.; Weinsteins Inc., New Orleans; Knickerbockers, Beachwood, Ohio. Alligator-trimmed gloves from de Vecchi by Hamilton Hadge, 212-758-9770. Bergdorf Goodman, N.Y.C.

Page 91: Jacket by La Matta. Louis, Boston, Boston; Bernard Hill, Eldridge, Md. Mock turtleneck and pants by Dolce & Gabbana, 212-756-5211. Bergdorf Goadman, N.Y.C.; Bagutta, N.Y.C.; Maxfields, L.A. Belt by Peter Barton, 212-683-5968. Martini Carl, Boston, Mass., and Burlington, Vt.

Page 92: Coat by Andrew Fezza, 212-695-6800. Rich's, Atlanta; Bergdorf Goodman, N.Y.C.; Stanley Korshak, Dallas. Sports coat by Andrew Fezza. Macy's, N.Y.C.; Rich's, Atlanta; Stanley Korshak, Dallas. Mock turtleneck by Andrew Fezza. Bergdorf Goodman, N.Y.C.; Rich's, Atlanta. Pants by Cerruti 1881, 212-664-0630. Alan Bilzerian, Boston; Syd Jerome, Chicago; Mr. Guy, Beverly Hills. Belt from Joseph Abboud by CrookhornDavis. Park & Co., Oklahoma City; Gary's & Co., Newport Beach, Cal.

Page 93: Overcoat by Vestimenta, 212-765-5300. Tyrone, Cedarhurst, N.Y.; Fred Segal Melrose, L.A. Suit by Vestimenta. Barney's New York, N.Y.C.; Evento Uomo, Houston; Butch Blum, Seattle; Julius, Sacramento. Shirt by Vestimenta. Tie by Audrey Buckner, 212-582-0200. Bergdorf Goodman, N.Y.C.; Button Down, San Francisco; select specialty stores nationwide. Hat by Makins Hats Ltd., 212-594-6666. Bergdorf Goodman, N.Y.C.; Marshall Field's, Chicago; Fred Segal Melrose, L.A.

Playboy on the Scene
Page 181: Clockwise: slouch hat by Ballman Hats, 212-564-6480. J.J. Hat Center, N.Y.C.; Henry the Hatter, Detroit. Indiana Jones fedora by Stetson, 800-325-2662. Wallachs, N.Y.; Baskin, Chicago; Silverwoods, L.A. Veloured fur felt fedora by Makins Hats Ltd., 212-594-6666. Bergdorf Goodman, N.Y.C.; Marshall Field's, Chicago, Fred Segal Melrose, L.A. Veloured fur felt soft slouch hat by Jay Lord Hatters, 212-865-3100. Outback fur felt hat by Worth & Worth Ltd., N.Y.C., 212-867-6058.

the block of light, my back pressed against the runner.

"'The Cyclops ran a spit through the head of our captain, then hung him over the fire to cook.'" From the butcher line came the clank of bolts being loosened. Larry Olseth saw what I had been trying to tell him all along—that there was nothing Carl wouldn't try if he thought it had the power to frighten.

"Louder!" Carl said.

"'That night, I dreamed of a plan! When the Cyclops asked my name, I told him it was *Noman*!'"

Carl started up the motor on the header. "She's out there! Tell the story louder!"

The belt started to roll with Larry Olseth collared to it. "'When the Cyclops was fast asleep, I took a spit out of the fire! I climbed his hair! I stood before the huge closed eye!'"

"Agnes!" Carl screamed.

"'I lifted the orange tip!'"

"Agnes!" he screamed again.

"'I drove it into the yellow yolk——'"

I stepped into the light as Carl shifted the rotisserie into gear. Behind it, in a convergence of steel orbits, the blade spun at hundreds of revolutions per second. I walked through the puddles behind the belt. "Go ahead," I said.

"Agnes," Carl said, and shouldered the rifle.

"Agnes!" screamed Larry Olseth, legs flailing as he came round the other side of the machine, arms struggling with the spring-loaded collar.

Carl fixed my forehead in the sight. I saw his eye, brown and luminous, on the lens of the scope. As I climbed onto the header platform, I heard the click-click-click of the hammer in the chamber.

"Carl," I said. I put up my hand and knocked the barrel of the rifle aside. He stumbled against the gear shift, knocking it into neutral. Before he could recover, I turned off the switch. I reached for the rifle and threw it down the wooden slide for fish heads.

"You're a whore," Carl said.

"I'm a whore. Right, Carl," I said.

I unlocked the collar from around Larry Olseth's neck. Under his jaw was a red welt that would turn blue on the plane.

"Larry Olseth," I said. My boots were inches deep in the slime we hadn't cleaned up, and I picked a length of intestine off his white robe. "Here," I said, and handed it to him. "To practice on." My eyes met his as the slimy piece slipped from his hand onto the floor.

"Don't forget," I said to them both, and I made a little bow, the way Larry Olseth had done to Uma-san, and I left. Someone else could clean up.

PLAYBOY ON·THE·SCENE

WHAT'S HAPPENING, WHERE IT'S HAPPENING AND WHO'S MAKING IT HAPPEN

TOP HATS

As we pointed out in our July *Style* page, Hollywood film makers are once again inspiring fashion trends. This year's silver-screen spin-off is the hat. Dick Tracy, who is seldom without his trusty yellow lid in the film, added the fashion fuel needed for the look to take off big time. Tracy's hat, the fedora, is worn with a pointed crown and the brim folded down in the front and up in the back. The more casual slouch, or outback, hat has a wider brim that's turned down all the way around. The slouch often sports interesting braided-leather or feather detailing, while the fedora has a contrasting grosgrain band. In casual headgear, look for newsboy-style caps in wool plaids and tweeds.

STEVE CONWAY

Clockwise from one o'clock: Fur-felt wide-brimmed slouch hat with leather and feather trim, by Bollman Hats, New York, $65. Indiana Jones–style fur-felt fedora, by Stetson, $80. Velour hand-blocked fedora with bowed grosgrain band and feather, by Makins Hats, New York, about $110. Velour slouch hat with handmade ostrich-feather band, by Jay Lord Hatters, New York, about $100. Outback grosgrain-band fedora with ventilation holes on sides, by Worth & Worth, New York, $135. Where & How to Buy information on page 180.

Thompson's Twins

All together, now: Let's kiss off the summer with a standing ovation for starlet MICHELE THOMPSON. You can catch her in motion at the video store when you get your very own copy of *In Search of the Wild Bikini*. Until then, your search is over, because when the subject is swimsuits, Michele knows that less is more. Much, much more.

© ANDY FREEBERG / RETNA LTD.

Flying High

We hail the resurrection of pop music's B-52's for their sense of play and their perfect harmonies. *Cosmic Thing* went double platinum and the group just finished a summer concert tour. Now it's on to Australia and the Far East, beehives and all.

Cruising at Full Speed

JULEE CRUISE has had two major TV moments—singing on *Twin Peaks* and appearing on *Saturday Night Live* with the Diceman. Now that she has your attention, get her LP, *Floating into the Night*.

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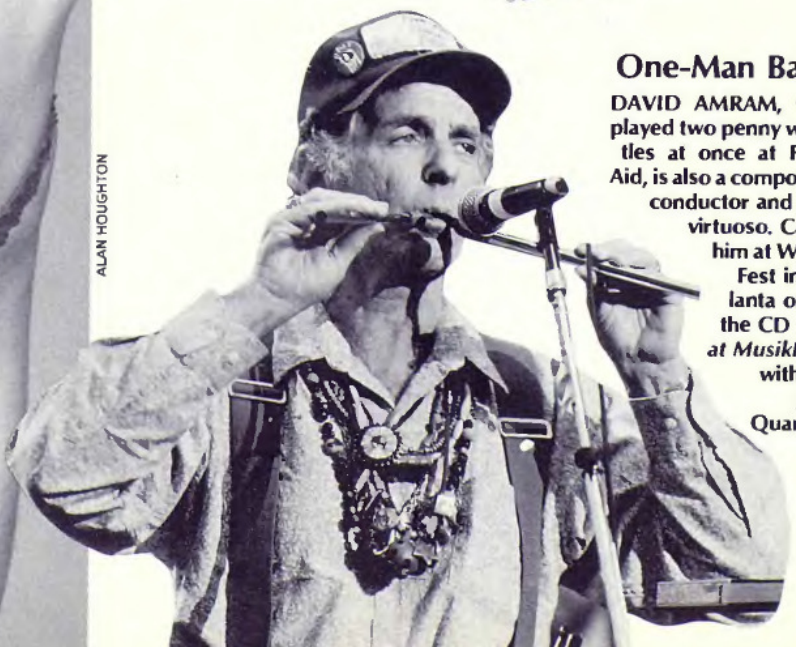

ALAN HOUGHTON

One-Man Band

DAVID AMRAM, who played two penny whistles at once at Farm Aid, is also a composer/conductor and jazz virtuoso. Catch him at World Fest in Atlanta or on the CD *Live at MusikFest!* with his Jazz Quartet.

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Street Beat

Rapper Kris Parker, a.k.a. KRS-ONE, says his latest album, *Edutainment*, will both educate and entertain. If you like to learn while your legs churn, see him on the concert stage or attend one of his Project HEAL (Human Education Against Lies) lectures on college campuses. Says Parker, "I want to show [kids] . . . different ways to be radical."

© PAUL NATKIN / PHOTO RESERVE INC.

Put Some Myles On

Singer ALANNAH MYLES recently finished a summer tour to support her debut platinum LP. If you missed the concert, get the home video. Kick up your heels in the living room and you'll feel Myles high.

You Can't Do That on TV

Actress WENDY MAC DONALD can be seen at the movies in *Dark Side of the Moon* and on TV in everything from *Matlock* to *The New Leave It to Beaver*. But don't expect to find her tempting the Beav in a *bustier* and garters. For that, you need *Grapevine*.

© DAN GOLDEN

MOONMAN MICHAEL

He moon-walks. He talks. He sings. He dances. He's Michael Jackson, and it all happens in his new video game, Moonwalker, recently released by Sega of America. Moonwalker, which can be played only on Sega's 16-bit Genesis game system, features Michael's attempts to save children from the clutches of Mr. Big and his evil henchmen—all, of course, characters from Michael's videos. On screen, the star executes attacks via dance steps and a flying hat. He slides down banisters and even becomes a robot, as he does in his *Moonwalker* video—all to nine-channel digital sound. The game's price is about $50. Moon-walk out to get one soon. They're hot!

NOT WIMPY

According to Hannibal Fitness Products, P.O. Box 190492, Anchorage, Alaska 99519, the Hannibal Upper Quarter Exerciser does wonders for "the development of the medial and lateral rotators of the forearm and humerus." In other words, it will give you muscles like Popeye's. All you do is turn the two hand grips; the Hannibal does the rest for $45, postpaid. Questions? Call 800-888-9773. Tell them Olive Oyl sent you.

HALLOWEEN IV

For Halloween, we've unearthed four original masks by Illusive Concepts in Antioch, California. The Mutant head and body (licensed by MCA) can be purchased separately or as one scary unit: The head is $79.95; add the body, hands and feet and your cost will mutate to $295. Lance Romance, which comes complete with coif and sunglasses, is $54.95. (The mask stops at the shades, so you can easily eat and drink.) The Old Leprechaun mask, resembling a wizened Irishman with a hangover, also costs $54.95. Then there's the Castle Head mask for $80. Weird! For more information, call 213-442-0154.

IF IT'S TUESDAY, THIS MUST BE NISSAN

International Motor Tours and STI, Inc., experienced operators of car-buff tours to Europe, are offering the first tour of Japan designed for auto nuts. October 13 to 27 are the dates; and stop-offs include VIP visits to the Mazda, Toyota, Nissan and Isuzu factories and the Japanese Grand Prix. The price: $4454 (not including air fare). For more info, call 800-525-0525. Fortunately, Joe Isuzu isn't the tour guide.

UNPOP MECHANICS

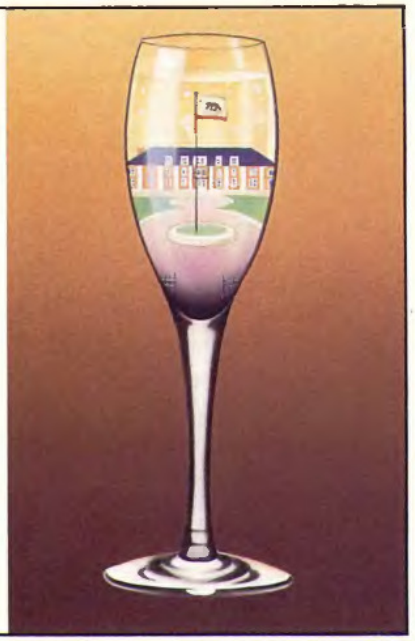
Several years ago, *Reader's Digest* sent auto journalist Robert Sikorsky across the country to investigate whether drivers were getting honest car repairs. His report: "Only twenty-eight percent of my stops resulted in a correct diagnosis and repair." From his notes on that trip, Sikorsky has now written *Rip-Off Tip-Offs*, a 124-page softcover that contains an "expert's advice on finding the good mechanics and avoiding the bad." It's a $9.95 investment that may pay dividends the next time your Porsche conks out in Pewaukee.

SLICK CLICK

Looking for a better way to carry a wad of credit cards than crammed into your wallet? Try the Swiss-made Card Click. Available in either plastic or leather, it holds five credit cards in a slick spring-loaded case that's about the size of a deck of cards. Press a button and the corresponding card pops out, ready for credit action. Prices range from $20 to $40, depending on the model. (One Card Click even incorporates a calculator and a pencil.) A call to Card Click at 800-633-2872 will help you sort out the details. To paraphrase Mae West, "Is that a Card Click in your pocket, or are you happy to see me?"

ANOTHER BUBBLY GOES WEST

Taittinger, the famous French champagne house, in conjunction with Kobrand and Peter Ordway (a descendant of the founder of the 3M Corporation), is opening its first American venture this September—Domaine Carneros, a winery in the southern end of the Napa Valley. At the winery—modeled on an 18th Century French château—you can tour the facilities and buy a $17 Domaine Carneros sparkling blend made from pinot noir, Chardonnay and several other grapes using the traditional *méthode champenoise*. Bubble up!



BOMBS AWAY

The last we heard, the fate of the Stealth bomber was still up in the air. But Stealth Condoms have taken off, in packaging that resembles the aircraft supposedly able to penetrate enemy airspace undetected. Each Stealth Condoms "airship" contains three rubbers in patriotic red, white and blue. All for just five dollars sent to Touchdown Marketing, 11782 Jollyville Road, Suite 109, Austin, Texas 78759. Fly a Stealth Condom and she'll never know you're coming. Yeah, sure.

SOMETHING TO CLAP ABOUT

Musical Hands are just that: gloves that play music when you tap your fingers. Built-in amplifiers produce musical notes and a songbook will have you playing *Michael, Row the Boat Ashore* quicker than you can say "Ignace Paderewski." A pair sells for $22.95, postpaid, sent to Majon International, P.O. Box 1458, Torrance, California 90505. Wear them to your favorite singles spot, drum a few bars of *Lonesome Road* and hope you get an encore.

NEXT MONTH

TANTALIZING TERI

BON VOYAGE

BIG CHIEF

SEXIN' CELLULOID

"CARNAL KNOWLEDGE"—SEDUCED BY A SEXY ANIMAL-RIGHTS ACTIVIST, OUR HERO RAIDS A THANKSGIVING-TURKEY FARM AND DISCOVERS THERE'S LITTLE GLORY IN BEING AN ECOGUERRILLA—FICTION BY **T. CORAGHESSAN BOYLE**

"THE THINKING MAN'S GUIDE TO TRAVELING WITH WOMEN"—THE A.A.A. DOESN'T SUPPLY MAPS FOR LOVE ON THE ROAD, BUT DON'T SWEAT IT. HERE'S THE COMPLETE GUIDE TO HANDLING TIGHT CURVES ON YOUR ROMANTIC GETAWAY. TAKE OUR ADVICE: DON'T LEAVE HOME WITHOUT IT—BY **DENIS BOYLES**

"BIG BAD JOHN"—WHITE HOUSE CHIEF OF STAFF AND RESIDENT BAD COP **JOHN SUNUNU** WIELDS THE BIGGEST STICK IN WASHINGTON. A *PLAYBOY PROFILE* OF A POWERFUL MAN WHO HAS LEFT A TRAIL OF PISSED-OFF POLITICIANS EATING HIS DUST—BY **MICHAEL KELLY**

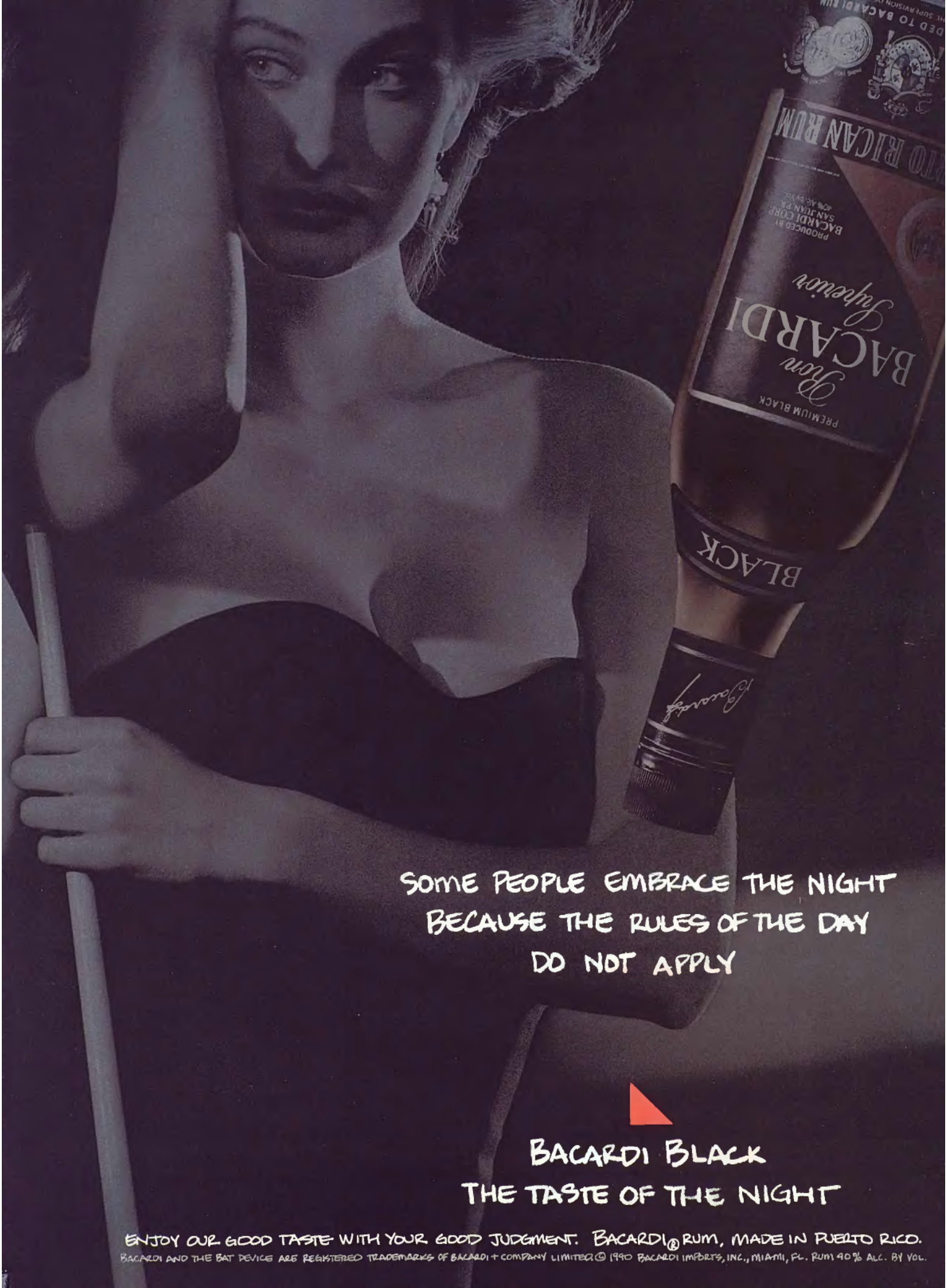
PUBLIC ENEMY RAPPER **CHUCK D** DEFENDS HIS BAND'S CONTROVERSIAL LYRICS, REVEALS WHY YOU'LL NEVER SEE HIM ON *THE ARSENIO HALL SHOW* AND WHY HE NEVER SINGS TO HIS DAUGHTER IN A HIP-HOP **"20 QUESTIONS"**

ACTRESS TERI COPLEY WOWED FANS OF HER TV SERIES AND MINISERIES. GET READY, 'CAUSE SHE'S ABOUT TO DO IT AGAIN ON THE BIG SCREEN IN *TRANSYLVANIA TWIST* AND IN A PROVOCATIVE *PLAYBOY* PICTORIAL—PROVING ONCE AND FOR ALL, SHE'S GOT IT MADE

LEONA HELMSLEY TALKS ABOUT HER PUBLIC AND PRIVATE NIGHTMARE, TAKES AIM AT **IVANA, MARLA** AND THE **DONALD** AND TELLS US WHY THE QUEEN OF THE PALACE REFUSES TO ABDICATE IN A NO-HOLDS-BARRED **PLAYBOY INTERVIEW**

"SEX IN CINEMA 1990"—AS CENSORS TRY TO SNIP WHAT THEY CALL SMUT, SOME FILM MAKERS ARE FIGHTING BACK. FIND OUT WHY OUR CRITIC GIVES THE MOVIE-RATING GAME A THUMBS DOWN—TEXT BY **BRUCE WILLIAMSON**

PLUS: WHY WAIT UNTIL YOU'RE HOME TO GET THE JACUZZI GOING? **"HOME IS WHERE THE SMART IS"** LOOKS AT THE HOTTEST ELECTRONIC GADGETS THAT'LL SAVE ENERGY—YOURS; A *PLAYBOY* FASHION FOCUS ON THE ULTRASUITABLE $500 SUIT, BY **HOLLIS WAYNE;** AND MUCH, MUCH MORE



SOME PEOPLE EMBRACE THE NIGHT
BECAUSE THE RULES OF THE DAY
DO NOT APPLY

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THE TASTE OF THE NIGHT

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